

Reflection of Oneself

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Reflection of Oneself

by [Cherry_TheGenZ](#)

Summary

"You know what L'manberg does to traitors, Ranboo."

An anarchistic pig sneaks into L'manberg for his dog, and witnesses a scene he's seen himself in before, and a kid who is so similar to him.

He saves him.

And the butterfly effect is a strange thing.

[Currently Discontinued. Ch.52 is a note of the continued lore, but the fic kind of ended on a good part! with honors to the man himself, Technoblade. Rest in peace man, we'll remember you.]

Notes

Or: The aftermath of Tommy betraying Technoblade, and the aftermath of Ranboo being exposed as a traitor. The butterfly effect is a strange thing, and the story progresses further and further with each twist and turn. Eventually, myths and legends are brought into Techno and Ranboo's reality.

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Multichap, featuring lots of angst ! I'm expecting a lot of plot, and for anybody wondering why the plot is so twisty and turn-y, it is because of my own impulsive writing. I have an outline for the plot, am expecting at least 60 chapters, but otherwise I've no clue where I'm heading with this. I hope you all enjoy the journey, because not even I - the author - know where this is headed. Careful for any tws, and please do tell me what tags I should add !

Screw canon!

!! Edited Summary on 3/10/21 !!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Panic, Painful Tears

Ranboo cannot stop the crawling, creeping panic that crawls from his shadows into his mind, rendering any thought of common sense meaningless. His mind is all too fast and too slow and he *knows* he needs to calm down but right now the matter at hand is even more important because he-

He can't find his book. He put it in *this* chest, and he should've put it in his ender chest but he's stupid, so stupid and he didn't put it there for safe keeping and maybe he really is dumb and just forgot where it is but-

His mind is clear this time, not filled with enderman static as it usually is but instead focused with anxiety, trying to scan the area because he *knows* he put it in this chest, but it's not *here*.

That book holds all his secrets, everything he needs because when he dies he wanted to remember and when he's alive he wants to remember everything because he forgets, he forgets terribly and horribly and he doesn't want to forget but-

But his book is gone. Why is it gone? What if somebody has it, what if somebody has it and they've read through it he could be destroyed with that book he could be sent away or killed and he's not safe, he's *not* and now he's rummaging through multiple chests in his house and his mind is running through a list of people who could kill him with that book on a range of most dangerous to least but he can't even rank them like that, they're *all* untrustworthy, they'd all send him out without any regret, they did it to Tommy, they'll do it to him-

And there it is. Familiar writing in one of his multiple chests, but it's not in the same spot. It is not in the right chest, not where Ranboo had last put it and he's hit with the realization that somebody had read it.

It is a fact, and Ranboo knows he is not safe.

--

The festival is tomorrow. They're going to kill Dream tomorrow.

Ranboo doesn't think it's going to work. It won't work, because it's *Dream*. A part of Ranboo simply knows that Dream is not somebody to be tricked with something such as this, he's too

intelligent and another part whispers that Dream cannot be killed by normal humans.

He can't help but agree with both little voices.

— —

No. No. No. No. No. No.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no-

[illegible]

This cannot be happening. It can't. This is the worst possibility, the only thing he doesn't want to happen, he needs to wake up from this nightmare and wake up, he wants it all to *stop*.

Why are they fighting again? Why is everybody always fighting. He was told this would be a safe space, somewhere he could belong but all that's happening is fighting and arguing and pain and tears and *hurt*.

He's so confused. The enderman noises are getting louder, so much louder and he can barely *think* and it hurts and Tommy's yelling- why is Tommy in L'manburg he thought it wasn't safe? - and Technoblade's here, he doesn't know why and-

Ranboo doesn't know anything. Where is his book? His book will help him understand. His book-

But his book isn't safe. It isn't safe because somebody read through it and he almost forgot about that because of his confusion but his book isn't safe and neither is he-

And once again is Dream making a big speech, an accusing one that Ranboo *knows* is going to end with one of his friends in pain again and hurting again and Ranboo doesn't *want* that. He wants to punch Dream, wants to knock the masked man out or even worse, because if Dream is gone his friends will be *safe*.

But he can't do that. Because he's Ranboo and he's dumb and he's a coward, of course he couldn't stand up for his friends, he can't even stand up for *himself*.

He's barely paying attention, too wrapped up in his own thoughts and own mind when he realizes that Dream's yelled out his name. Everybody's attention is forcefully dragged to him and he hates it, hates the eyes on him and they're all staring and he doesn't *want* them to, he wants their eyes to stop looking and his endermen part whispers that if he killed them they'd stop staring. He ignores it. (*Even as his hands twitch to grab his sword*)

"And *Ranboo* is a **traitor**! He's been talking to Technoblade, look it's all in his book-"

And rage flows through Ranboo's veins. There is so many eyes on him and he needs them to stop looking so instead he'll give them something *else* to look at.

He punches Dream, right at his mask and the mask chips and it is so satisfying. He hopes it hurts like hell. It's a loud noise, and Ranboo feels no regret for a good fifteen seconds because all the eyes are on Dream and not on him, and Dream is on the ground in shock.

Then the eyes return and his anxiety returns and Ranboo is so scared, he's horrified and he wants to run and so he does. He runs away, far away, not to his house but far into the forest where he can be alone because he doesn't want to see them to hear them he doesn't want to *be here*.

And in the forest he throws his book to the ground, falling to his knees to rip it apart because it's useless, it's meaningless and the enderman noises are getting *louder*, tears are falling to the ground in a rush and they *hurt*, water *burns* but it only burns one side and he hates it he wants to stop crying because he hurts inside and out and he wants it to *stop*.

He wants it to stop but it doesn't stop and the screeches are getting louder and he can't stop. It doesn't stop and it won't stop. It never stops.

How Many Second Chances?

Chapter Summary

Tommy just wants to be warm. Tubbo wants power.

Both of them desperately crave things, willing to do whatever to gain them. Even if it hurts others.

Chapter Notes

yes, i updated the same day i posted this im sorry im just so excited and i love this and love writing this !! SOON IS ANGST AND THE ACTUALL TECHNO VIBES. EXCITEMENT.

enjoy the chapter!!

(PS: tubbo's probably ooc. oops)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Home. A feeling that Tommy hasn't really felt in a long time. Exile was cold, freezing and it felt like being stuck on a floating piece of ice, all by yourself with no way out and it's cold and all you have is your small puffs of air and you eventually cuddle into yourself because it's *freezing*-

Tubbo is warm. Tubbo has been warm. Tommy knows this. Tommy..?

Tubbo is warm. Tubbo has been warm. Tubbo exiled him.

Tubbo feels cold. Warm but cold. Like trying to warm an icicle- it's not freezing but not warm either. It confuses Tommy. He and Tubbo are best friends, right? Tubbo is happy to see Tommy, right?

Tubbo should be warm, but he feels cold.

Why is Tubbo cold? Tommy doesn't know. Tubbo feels like Dream. Tubbo feels cold but warm sometimes and it's similar to Dream and Tommy doesn't like it but it's Tubbo. It's his Tubbo.

Tubbo is always busy. Tubbo doesn't talk to him much.

But it's okay, because he has his Tubbo back and that's what he needed. All he needed was his Tubbo and his discs, and Tubbo would help him get his discs.

Right?

But somewhere in him, the old Tommy is screaming. The old Tommy wants to come back, the old Tommy wants to go back to his older brother. The old Tommy wants real warmth, silly and rough and not perfectly-fake, and certainly not with Tubbo who hurt him and betrayed him then left him alone all alone all alone *all alone all alone*.

Unfortunately, it does not work out like that and this Tommy stays with 'his Tubbo' who doesn't really act or feel like 'his Tubbo'. Tommy craves warmth, anything to chase away the cold, and Tubbo gives him just enough warmth to want to stay.

(This warmth does not amount in any way to the warmth Tommy felt at Technoblade saying he was worthy for the axe of peace.)

--

Tubbo considers himself a good person. He's done what he can for L'manberg, he's been a *good* president. He put the nation above everything else, because that was the role put onto him and no other president had done so.

(Tubbo forgets Schlatt sitting at his office chair for hours, tugging at his hair while trying to sort out the taxes and keep the country together until he eventually gave up- resorting to alcohol due to the realization that this country was already doomed from the beginning.)

So Tubbo did whatever he needed to keep L'manberg together. Because L'manberg was all he had. It was all he *needed* to have. Who cares if Dream bosses him around, if he needs to exile his own best friend? It hurt, but it was for *L'manberg*.

He had Tommy back now, but- he'd been doing so much *better* without his old friend. He was in charge. *He* was making decisions. He wasn't being outshined by Tommy every single *day*.

Now Tommy was back. He didn't want Tommy back.

Tommy came back and *suddenly*, Tommy was their leader. They acted like *Tubbo* wasn't their president. They acted like he was the vice again, like he held no power and Dream's words rang in his head because he's a *bad* president because he has no power and all he can wonder is how to *gain* power.

Wilbur is a bad example. He ruled with influence and charisma, but his insanity wasn't something Tubbo wanted to copy. Schlatt was an alcoholic, simple as that.

Tubbo had to think. Who ruled, who held power and kept power and stayed above them in every way-

Dream.

Dream *himself*.

Dream held power, Dream had influence over *everybody*, people *listened* to him. So surely, if he acted like Dream he'd have power? People would listen to him?

They would hear his voice and not disregard it, his throat would not scream but only release whispers anymore- it could become loud and clear and demanding like Dream's, *Tubbo* could have *power*.

But first, he needed to show his hand of cards, show his power as the president of L'manberg. He had Quackity on his side, knew Quackity was just like him, craving power and authority.

There wasn't much to choose from. Last time, he'd tried and failed to take down Technoblade. He'd long since given up on stopping Technoblade.

But now? Now, Tubbo thinks it's time to give another little 'show' like he'd tried with Technoblade. After all, the execution podium stood there, a perfect spot to deal with a traitor.

After all, L'manberg has its own way to deal with *traitors*.

--

It is the next morning that Tubbo discusses this with Quackity, Fundy, and Tommy. Quackity he knows is all for it, with his eyes aflame with energy. Fundy's a coward, but will follow along since Tubbo has more influence than he does. And Tommy? Well, Tommy looks unsure and confused, as per usual nowadays- but Tommy will always be on his side. That's one of Tommy's fatal flaws, of course.

So it is with gleaming eyes, promising blood that Tubbo explains his plan to deal with Ranboo. This time, there's no way to fail. Ranboo's too dumb, too cowardly and Ranboo couldn't stop them.

They send Tommy to get Ranboo. Because Ranboo would *trust* Tommy most out of all of them; Tubbo knows of at least a few things and included is that Ranboo delivered letters to Tommy in his exile on a normal basis.

Surely, Ranboo is closest to Tommy- and Tommy's just intelligent enough not to inform Ranboo of the plan. It'll all go well because both are naive and touch-starved and maybe Tubbo was like that before. Before L'manberg was destroyed, before his friends pushed him down and down and all he felt was hurt. Current Tubbo hates past Tubbo.

Past Tubbo was stupid. The current Tubbo would be smarter, even if he had to be crueler. Because time took away the happy and brought pain and Tubbo couldn't *care* for anybody else anymore. It had been too long, too much hurt- it was too late for Tubbo to be forgiving and forgiving. So instead he'd use this second chance to rise up.

Chapter End Notes

thanks for reading !! lmao time to start working on the third chapter because im so excited to write ranboo's character!!! im so excited i love writing ranboo's character
aaaaaaaaaaaa

What Happens to Traitors

Chapter Summary

“Well, you betrayed us all the same,” Tubbo mournfully says, “And you know what happens to traitors, Ranboo.”

Chapter Notes

hehehehehheehhehehehehe

i've spent two hours doing sucky art and then finished writing this chapter in five minutes. i'm very smart.

:)))) enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was suspicious and anxiety-inducing, the way that Tommy nervously asked Ranboo to follow him. But Tommy was his friend.

Tommy was his friend, right? Tommy. Tommy. Tommy's his name. And Tommy is his friend. Tommy wouldn't lie, because Tommy...?

Why can't he remember?

Why is Tommy his friend? When did they meet? Why does Ranboo trust him? Where is his book?

His book?

Bad book.

Ranboo shouldn't use the book.

(Why doesn't he use the book?)

But Tommy is his friend and friends are good so Ranboo should follow him. No matter how much anxiety and guilt claws through his stomach as he trails after the blond who promised a big surprise. Ranboo ignores the tendrils of suspicion in his mind.

Because even if Ranboo forgets a lot, he has good instincts and is very intelligent. He is.

He just forgets. Forgets important memories, people, and most of all forgets to be cautious. So blindly he walks into the spikes, forgetting that people are cruel and evil.

--

It is a cruel act. It's cruel and it will hurt Ranboo but something inside of Tubbo cackles happily at the thought of another person hurting.

Tubbo's really not sure where such a feeling comes from, but he wants the naivety to disappear. He wants Ranboo to hurt like he did, for Ranboo to suffer and feel such terrible betrayal that he'll *want* to die.

--

Tommy leads Ranboo to the execution stand, nervously fiddling with his hands. Is this the right thing to do? He's hurting Ranboo. Ranboo who was his friend.

But Tubbo said it was the right thing to do, and Tubbo's his best friend so it was definitely the right thing, correct? It had to be. Tubbo had to be right. Tubbo was all he had left. But.. Ranboo's his friend as well. Friends don't hurt friends.

But didn't his friends all abandon him?

Not all of them. Ranboo stayed. Ranboo sent letters. Ranboo talked to him.

But so did Dream and Dream was just manipulating him. Was Ranboo manipulating him? Ranboo didn't seem like he'd do that. But maybe he would?

Tubbo was right. Tubbo he could rely on, and Tubbo said that Ranboo was a traitor and bad things happened to traitors. But.. shouldn't Tubbo understand? Tubbo should understand, Tubbo was hurt as well, so why was Tubbo hurting somebody else instead?

Tommy didn't know. He didn't want to know. He just wanted to be warm and Tubbo was warm when he asked Tommy to get Ranboo, so Tommy would do as Tubbo says. Because then Tubbo

will be warm again, right?

Right.

--

Tubbo smirked as Tommy told Ranboo to stand on the same spot that Techno had. He could tell Ranboo felt anxious, but as soon as Ranboo was in place, Tubbo pressed the lever on the ground beside the building he'd stood to the side of.

Immediately, he heard a screech of pain, sounding glitchy as endermen usually do. The water buckets had formed a cage around Ranboo, truly ensuring that the enderman-hybrid couldn't escape. Tubbo watched as the tall teen hunched into himself to avoid contact to the water.

He hid his smile under an innocent look as he stepped out of the shadows. He'd have brought Quackity, but then he'd be sharing some of the work with the man and really he wanted to do this himself.

"Ranboo! Ouch, that must sting, huh," Tubbo greets politely, as though he were not the one who set up the trap. Tommy looked horrified, Tubbo noted.

"You see, I can't just *ignore* Dream's words from before, you know? You're a *traitor*, Ranboo," Tubbo says, trying to gain pity as he stared sadly at the floor.

Ranboo tried to speak up, to defend himself, but Tubbo didn't give him a moment, "Why would you do that? Aren't we friends?"

Tubbo's voice is sickeningly sweet, and Ranboo isn't completely stupid, it's a dangerous tone and the water burns and he can't even get out and he's *panicking*.

"Well, you betrayed us all the same," Tubbo mournfully says, "And you know what happens to traitors, Ranboo."

Ranboo freezes at Tubbo's words. He watches fearfully as Tubbo walks closer to the lever, which still holds an anvil on top of the contraption.

He'll be crushed to death. He doesn't want to die. He doesn't want to die he can't die he won't die please he doesn't want to *die*-

He begins screaming, begging Tubbo to let him free.

"Tubbo, we're friends, right?! Let me free, I won't ever do it again, please-" his voice is desperate and loud but Tubbo just smiles at him.

Tubbo's not gonna let him out. Ranboo's going to die. Ranboo's going to die and it's going to be painful and then who knows what Tubbo's gonna do.

He doesn't want to die. He doesn't want to die. *He doesn't want to die. He doesn't want to die.*

"T-Tommy, I'm your friend, don't let Tubbo do this, this is *wrong* ," Ranboo yells, knowing he's right because this isn't good, this isn't Tubbo, this isn't the L'manberg he was *promised*.

Tommy looks away, and Ranboo tries a last effort to run through the water. But it burns, it hurts and he has no where to *go*.

Tubbo's hand is on the lever. Tubbo's hand is on the lever. Tubbo's hand is on the lever.

Tubbo's hand is on the lever and that hand is going to kill him but he doesn't want to die, he doesn't want to be killed like this, he knows it's his fault because he betrayed L'manberg. He betrayed the country which did nothing for him, which he only stayed in for Tommy but Tommy was here now so why was he here? Why was he here and why was he getting killed and-

He doesn't know.

Ranboo never knows anything.

All he does know is that Tubbo pulls the lever, and he looks up to see the anvil falling.

Chapter End Notes

LMAO enjoy the CLIFFHANGER.

im mean. oops

don't worry ! y'all know what happens next <3

A Rescue

Chapter Summary

Techno returns for his dogs, reflects on how Tommy betrayed him- and then finds Ranboo on the same execution stand he had stood on.

He sees himself, and he sees a terrified teen.

Chapter Notes

hehe

enjoy this chapter ! I think you all will like it O_o

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Technoblade has returned for the rest of his dogs- he's almost got all of them out, but he's one trip away from getting the rest out.

He hates this.

He hates needing to move his dogs because Tommy betrayed him.

Because Tommy betrayed him *again*.

Why did Technoblade even take him in? Why did Techno take in the scrawny child taking his things, the teen with the entire world against him, the person who had used him without any remorse then had the nerve to act as though he were the *villain*.

Techno knows exactly why. Because Tommy's his brother.

Because Technoblade saw dull eyes and torn clothes and freezing hands. Techno saw small whispers of trauma curling around the kid's shoes, he saw flinches from sights of green, he heard screams from nightmares in the middle of the night.

And he thought- Theseus was exiled. Icarus *fell*.

Tommy was hurt.

And Techno wanted to help him. It was a craving for affection, to smile with his younger brother, for laughter from Tommy's stupid antics like they had before his brothers got into a stupid war and took him into it.

Technoblade wanted to wreak havoc on the nation which had hurt him and his brothers.

So he let Tommy in. He opened the door, bargained a 'deal' to work with Tommy, because otherwise Tommy would leave and try walking through the cold snow and would have frozen and would have died and then Techno would be alone with two dead ghost brothers and he-

He came on this server for his brothers. He came here for *them*.

Now what is he supposed to do?

He doesn't know, and he hates the uncertainty of it. All his life, he's known what to do next; known who to kill, what he was doing. He picked, and he did.

Now it seemed like there was nothing to *choose* to pick.

It's when Technoblade hears Tommy's voice that he cannot stop the curiosity.

He wants to see. He wants to see if Tommy was really happy without him, if his Tubbo was what Tommy needed-

Because if Tubbo made Tommy happy, then it was fine. It would hurt less, being betrayed and left behind again because then Tommy would be happy.

It would hurt less.

That's what he told himself, as he splashed an invisibility potion onto himself and came to the surface.

He is... not expecting to see what he does when he sees Tommy.

Tommy stands anxiously, leading Ranboo straight to the same spot he was almost executed on, right onto the spot where Quackity tried killing him and Techno doesn't know what Tommy is doing in broad daylight.

Ranboo's visibly red eye is trusting, far too naive for what is surely to come. And with Technoblade's awareness of his surroundings from years of fighting on the battlefield he spots Tubbo kneeling down to press a lever, trapping the enderman-hybrid with four pillars of water.

No.

No, no, no.

No.

*Did they not learn? Did they not **learn**?*

Did they not **learn** from their past mistakes, after Technoblade fucking ***made them pay*** for trying to execute *him*?!

How *stupid* were they?

Techno quietly creeps over to the lever. He has to help the kid. He has to help the kid who's pushing against the confines of his liquid prison just as he did against the iron bars. He has to help the kid who's terrified of the anvil about to crush him, who's fate lays in the hands of the one whose hands lays on the levers.

It takes only a millisecond for Technoblade to grab his swiftess potion, splashing it on himself and then flipping the lever back, the water encasing Ranboo immediately disappearing as he expected it to. He then runs to Ranboo, a second splash potion in his hand and immediately flinging the enderman hybrid away from the anvil with all his strength.

--

Ranboo shut his eyes. He didn't want to watch the anvil fall. A sob mixed in with the noise of an enderman escaped his mouth. At least he wasn't crying. It would hurt, as well.

He tried to keep his shoulders from touching the water. It burned. It burned and it hurt and he was *sorry, he didn't want to die, please-*

Instead of the awaiting pain on his head, he hears the splashing of water.. Receding? And a heavy tug on his arm, flinging him onto the floor away from the anvil.

He blearily blinks up to the bright sky, confused as to why the anvil hasn't dropped onto his head. Then, a familiar voice is whispering to him and pulling him up from the ground, splashing a potion on them.

"Come on, we need to go," whispers Techno's monotone voice. Ranboo doesn't know why he's here. But he is, and he saved him, so Ranboo nods. Techno's grabbed his wrist gently bringing him over. Ranboo can't see Techno or his own hand from the splashed invisibility potion, and the two quietly leave- ignoring Tubbo's screams of anger.

Why is Technoblade helping him? He doesn't understand. He's confused. He's always confused. He has the feeling that Techno has a reason, but he's not sure why.

Ranboo thinks maybe the scene was a little familiar to the piglin-hybrid. But why? Why was the scene familiar to Techno? He doesn't know. There had to be a reason, but Ranboo couldn't really remember it.

Why couldn't he remember it?

All he remembers is a horse. How does a horse relate to Technoblade saving him? It makes no sense. Then again, a lot of things don't make sense to Ranboo. So maybe it makes no sense to Ranboo, but it'd make sense to others because he's Ranboo and he's dumb. So maybe he shouldn't think about it. It's better if he doesn't think about it.

Ranboo looks back to see Tommy's scared face, and he wants to turn around and drag the blond with him.

But he doesn't even know where Techno's leading him. Where is Techno leading him? Why did he- wait no, he said he wouldn't think about it. But he does not know where they're going. He's not even sure if Techno's on his side.

So he promises to himself to return for Tommy. Because Tommy was his friend, even if Tommy-

Tommy? His head hurts.

Because Tommy was his friend, even if Tommy led him to the execution stand. Because Tommy-

Tommy-?

Tommy-?

Tommy... helped him?

Did Tommy help him?

He doesn't know. But he has to go back for Tommy. He *needs* to.

He just hopes he remembers his own promise.

Chapter End Notes

i'm literally so excited for techno + ranboo dynamic !!

ALSO as i write this im gonna need to add more tags.

(ps: im going to make techno get so much more found-family.)

Walking Through The Snow

Chapter Summary

Ranboo doesn't even know where Techno's bringing him.

Chapter Notes

:)

PS: for any of my other readers, i'm definitely going to update Smiles Hid Broken Hearts less than usual ! I will definitely keep updating, it's not on hiatus, but the chapters will be slower to come out. Hope you're all okay with that <333

Enjoy this chapter! not much happens but they do talkkk

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo's simply following Techno. That's all he's doing. Well, maybe it's more like Techno is leading him somewhere?

Somewhere that he does not know.

But he follows, because he'd much rather follow the pink-haired piglin-hybrid who patted his shoulder and quietly suggested Ranboo return home, who never once attacked him out of rage, who'd-?

What else did Techno do? Why does Ranboo *trust* him?

He doesn't know. He doesn't know. He doesn't *know*.

Ranboo shakes his head, following Techno into a sewer-system of sorts. Their invisibility potion's worn off when Techno sits against the stone walls. The rush of water fills as background noise, almost quieting the question which Techno asked, "Do you have somewhere to go?"

Ranboo doesn't know if he does have somewhere to go. He wonders if there is, and he feels like maybe there *was*, but now there's *not*, but he doesn't know either way and he can't remember so he just shrugs.

Techno's sigh makes him anxious. Is Technoblade angry at him? Why would he be mad at him?

Did Ranboo do something? Ranboo had to have done something. Why else would Techno sigh like that? Ranboo had to apologize- but what was he apologizing for?

Techno gets up off the floor, Ranboo barely noticing while he overthought. What does surprise Ranboo and bring him out of his stupor is the slightly heavy weight that suddenly comes onto his shoulders.

Soft. Soft is the fur lining the top of Techno's red cape. The gold chain linking the cape together is cold and slightly heavy as he reaches up to touch it, as if the cape will disappear from his shoulders. He's tall enough that it rises a bit more off the ground than when Techno had worn it but most importantly the cape is-

The cape is *warm*. The cape is so warm and comfortable and surprising. Ranboo doesn't know what to say to Techno. It's very rare to have ever seen Techno without his cape- and although the memories are blurry, Ranboo thinks the only other person who could wear the cape without being killed on sight was Tommy.

It makes him feel.. Cared for.

He can't quite remember how recently he's felt like that, and he's not sure if it's because of his failing memory or just a lack of that particular emotion recently.

--

Technoblade is currently hating his own choices. Then again, what has changed?

He wants to scream at himself, for taking in another kid even when last time he was hurt. It's with wariness he wants to approach this with. Techno doesn't want to care for somebody, only for them to betray him again.

The cold loneliness of being unwanted is an old friend of Techno's- sometimes the old demon is taken away with the presence of Phil, but even then he knows it is not enough. There is a difference between being alone to take time for yourself and being alone because nobody wants to *stay*. It is a difference that Techno is painfully aware of. The only time somebody stays is when they want something of him. They forget he is made of flesh and bones and blood, not of cold steel like everybody believes so. He doesn't want to be used again, he wants to be alone and away from those who've harmed him, away from *society* and *other people*. Because society shaped them, molded them to fit and they did so easily, outcasting those who did not fit in to their own standards.

(Faintly, Technoblade has the realization that the citizens of L'manberg had no clue how to accept those different from them. It's not much of a realization, more of an acceptance.)

But he also cannot leave Ranboo to L'manberg. Ranboo is a kid, a scared kid who showed up one day and then went with whoever had helped him. Ranboo didn't swear any loyalties to anybody- just wanted to repay his own debts and stay on his side.

Ranboo seemed so familiar to him it hurt to think about. Techno looked at the enderman-hybrid and saw a reflection of himself, and it pained him. It pains him because he *can't* leave the kid alone.

Because Ranboo is so similar to him, and Techno knows exactly what loneliness does to a kid who was betrayed. And maybe, just maybe, he remembers his own vow to never let anybody turn out like he did, made on a cold winter day with only his own demons for company.

--

It is a long way to Techno's house. Ranboo wonders if he's been here before, as it has a familiar feeling to it. But maybe he's not been inside.

He's still so uncertain of everything. Is all he can do follow along, unknowing and alone?

They arrive at Techno's doorstep, and Ranboo's.. Confused. Why would Techno himself lead Ranboo straight to his base? Techno shouldn't, was too cautious-

Why was Techno cautious?

Ranboo doesn't know.

He doesn't dwell on it. He's beginning to learn he doesn't know a lot of things.

But Ranboo does want answers. He wants to know, a thirst for the mystery surrounding *everything* because so many things are *missing*.

“Techno, I’m confused. Why did- why did you help me?” Ranboo asks, hating how he fumbles over his own words. The snow is cold against his skin, and it slightly stings. He’s scared of the piglin-hybrid’s answer.

Techno can barely be heard, but eventually he answers, “I don’t know either.”

Ranboo can’t accept that. He knows so little, wants to learn so much of this place- how can he let Techno keep something so important to his own survival away from him? He’s asking for too much. Techno has no right to tell him, but his soul is *begging* for some type of answer. Was it out of pity? On a whim? Or was it something deeper, more personal and that was why Techno did not answer?

Either way, Ranboo wants answers.

“No, no, no. We *both* know there had to be a reason,” Ranboo says, emotion bleeding through his words, “Can’t you just *tell* me?”

He’s desperate for knowledge, for confirmation. He’s spent so long swimming around in an empty sea, no idea of where he was or why he was there- he needs something, something to hold onto and stay afloat on before he drowns.

“Because I saw *myself*, okay?!” Techno yells, spinning around and staring at Ranboo. For some reason, Ranboo doesn’t get the impression he’s really angry. Instead, Technoblade looks conflicted.

“..I’m sorry for yelling,” Techno says awkwardly, minutes of silence after.

Ranboo shakes his head lightly, feeling a twinge of guilt, “I shouldn’t have pried.”

Techno gives a small grin, something Ranboo had never seen- or at least not gentle like this one, “Well, this is where you can stay for now.”

Ranboo gives a grateful smile as they step into the house, Ranboo slightly bending down to get past the doorway. It’s.. cozy. It’s cozy, and warm, and Ranboo likes it.

For any info on me, check out my profile :D

(and well, if you follow my socials, i'm not complaining)

hope you enjoyed reading !! comments are so pog, and i'd love to see what you all think will happen especially since not all of this is planned out for me o-o

Guilt, Warmth

Chapter Summary

Tommy is guilty. He knows that.

--

Meanwhile, Ranboo wakes up and laughs.

Chapter Notes

you guys called my work wholesome so now i chose to hurt tommyinnit ! im a great person.

adniodad there is a wholesome part at the bottom just be careful with what you say since :)))

i mean if you're calling MY work wholesome something wrong has happened and i must fix it by hurting a character adnawwa

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy didn't know how to feel, leading Ranboo to his demise. When Ranboo had *helped him*. Why *did* Tommy let Tubbo tell him what to do? Why had Tommy just *followed* along?

Why had Tommy hurt his own *friend*? Guilt layed heavily onto his mind, the screeches of pain Ranboo had made echoing through his ears. He wanted it to be *quiet*, but he couldn't forget the betrayal in Ranboo's voice, the *desperate begs for mercy*-

What if Ranboo had died? What if Tubbo did it? What would Tommy *do*? He couldn't- his brain was a mess, unable to tell reason from thought and it *hurt*. Tommy clutched at his own shirt, needing to hold something, to feel something physical in his hands-

"What am I *doing*?" Tommy whispered to himself as he kneeled onto the floor, curled into himself and tears dripping down his cheeks.

The guilt felt like a looming beast following him, one he tried to run from but could not escape from; it stayed there, just close enough to scare him but not close enough to hit him. Something in him said that eventually the demon that was guilt would consume him if he didn't do something.

But how could he do that? He had to be good, he should listen to Tubbo-

But why should he? Tubbo didn't come to him in his exile. *Ranboo did*. Tubbo didn't send letters. *Ranboo did*. All Tubbo had done was keep Tommy a distance away, just close enough so Tommy does not leave but far away enough to keep distance. It was a realization which Tommy pained to make- that Tubbo wasn't his friend. Not anymore.

He made a terrible mistake. He shouldn't have listened to Tubbo. He knows that the current him wouldn't listen to Tubbo.

Quietly did he understand how Technoblade felt that day of the festival; how the fear for judgement from his peers snuck into his mind and whispered to do as they said- how a desperation for *acceptance* led to Tommy blindly following them.

It was something so far from what Tommy knows *TommyInnit* would have done. Tommy was supposed to be loud, obnoxious- somebody who refused to listen to anybody else. He supposed it was because it was *Tubbo* who'd whispered like the devil into his ear. He'd trusted Tubbo, held his opinion so high that Tommy simply let himself be dragged around.

But that wasn't *Tommy*. No, Tommy was selfish but most of all *never* listened to anybody else. Not Wilbur, not *Dream*, not *Techno*- and he wouldn't start changing by listening to *Tubbo*. Not *this* Tubbo at least.

All Tommy knew was Tubbo *changed*. Tommy would have to up his game.

And Tommy's *played* these games before. He's fought in battles where he was underestimated- where he took the other opponent's underestimation into consideration and then used it to trick them; to fool them. It was easy, acting dumber than he was. It was an act Tommy had held for many years. Who said he couldn't do it again?

The *only* reason why Tommy seemed so bad at lying was because a small part of him *told him* to appear that way. Tommy knew how to lie properly, was taught at a young age how to speak with a silver tongue by Techno and taught how to act charismatic from Wilbur.

Who *ever* thought that just because Tommy *seemed* like the dumbest of his siblings meant that he wasn't just as cunning were clearly wrong.

Tommy wanted to help Ranboo. The easiest way to do that would be to play the part of 'pitiful, affection-starved Tommy' to Tubbo- for Tubbo to think he is simply one piece in this game.

When really, Tommy's the one playing against Tubbo.

He's ready to *win*.

--

Ranboo wakes in a warm bed, big enough that he does not need to curl into himself to keep his feet from dangling off the side. For a moment, he does not know where he is. Fear creeps around his mind, fear of forgetting again, of the empty void of memories-

It comes back in a flash as he spots a dark red cape left on a chest. Tubbo trying to kill him, Tommy betraying him, Technoblade saving him. It feels as though he is watching a movie, reading a story as that's how the events replay in his mind.

He wants to cry. He knows it will hurt, but his emotion wants to escape in liquid form out of his eyes- he wants the sting of crying to distract him from the stab wound in his heart, made of betrayal.

Ranboo doesn't have time to cry when he smells something from downstairs. It smells *good*. His stomach rumbles and Ranboo thinks about the last time he ate- which wasn't that recently. It was before Tubbo had tried- before Tubbo had tried to execute him. There was a lack of food in L'manberg, but he thinks the last thing he ate was from Niki handing him his favorite cupcake-chorus fruit, which was a delicacy as it only came from the End, which was blocked off ever since that long ago incident. There was a limited supply of the fruit and Ranboo remembers his heart warming at the kind gesture from Niki.

The smell of eggs took Ranboo out of his own memories (faintly, he feels joy at remembering something that nice, of remembering something at all), and he stumbles down the stairs. Somedays, he truly does want to curse his long limbs as he has no idea what to do with them.

He's surprised to see fried eggs on a table which Ranboo is pretty sure was not there last night. There's one serving, and he sees Techno in the kitchen, the sound of sizzling oil from the pan echoing through the small kitchen of Techno's.

Techno wears a white apron, with... pink frills and little pigs scattered around it. A bit strange, but Ranboo won't judge.

“Good morning?” Ranboo greets nervously. Techno turns around, and-

And Ranboo has to hold back laughter- failing terribly. On his apron, in bright pink capital letters is “I PARTICIPATED IN A WAR, AND ALL I GOT WAS BETRAYED AND THIS APRON.”

Ranboo chokes on a bout of laughter, not expecting Technoblade - the *blood god himself* - to wear such a ridiculous apron. Ranboo’s just dying of laughter, clutching his stomach as he tries to stop the giggles escaping his throat.

Techno stares at him, eyebrow risen in joking offense, “What? Are you judging my fashion sense?”

Ranboo starts laughing even harder, loud wheezes as he tries to gain breath in between laughs. A chuckle from Technoblade makes him laugh even harder, and even after the hilarious moment has passed his mind is still hysterical from laughter.

When the hysteria fades, Ranboo stands up straight and looks slightly down to look Techno in the eyes.

Except covering Techno’s eyes are glasses. Simple glasses, the most prominent feature the gold chain hanging off the side and looping behind his ear.

“You wear *glasses*?” Ranboo asks incredulously, as though he didn’t just die of laughter from seeing Technoblade in an apron.

“*That’s* what surprises you?!”

Chapter End Notes

:) a lot of these chapters dont hold as much action as i want, but i tend to focus on the emotional development of characters yknow?

check out my other works they're pretty pogchamp in my opinion!!

also tommy's stream. thats all i will say.

Mob-Hybrid Rules

Chapter Summary

Ranboo finds out things about hybrids he had no clue of before.

Chapter Notes

hehe. this chapter was so fun! hybrid things are SO much fun it makes me happyyy

writing techno and ranboo brother things is so fun !!

ALSO i finally wrote out some plot lmao. i may or may not follow it.

huh its been like a week since i updated wack

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo wakes in a warm bed, big enough that he does not need to curl into himself to keep his feet from dangling off the side. For a moment, he does not know where he is. Fear creeps around his mind, fear of forgetting again, of the empty void of memories-

It comes back in a flash as he spots a dark red cape left on a chest. Tubbo trying to kill him, Tommy betraying him, Technoblade saving him. It feels as though he is watching a movie, reading a story as that's how the events replay in his mind.

But it feels like it wasn't yesterday. As though it hadn't happened just the day before. Ranboo puts it down to shock, and ignores the weird feeling in his gut.

A sweet smell comes up the stairs, making Ranboo head down carefully from curiosity and hunger. Pancakes..?

When was the last time he *ate*? The last time he remembers is the cupcake Niki gave him before Tubbo tried- before Tubbo tried to execute him.

But his stomach does not grumble as he'd expect it to from the lack of food. It doesn't make sense, but Ranboo thinks maybe it's just not hitting him at the moment. Really, nothing makes sense, especially the small thrum of familiarity of being in Technoblade's house.

Ranboo comes downstairs, turning the corner to see Techno sitting at the table, a plate of pancakes sitting in the middle and an empty plate opposite to Techno. Ranboo's eyes caught a pig-patterned apron hanging on the wall, words printed on it that he could not see.

Ranboo stares in confusion at the table, wondering if that was there before. Well, it had to have been.

Even more confusing is spotting Technoblade wearing glasses. *Since when..?*

“Since when did you have glasses?”

The clang of Technoblade dropping his fork onto his plate rings through Ranboo's ears as his head is engulfed by pain.

Ranboo tries to *breathe* through the pain. It feels as though somebody is stabbing knives into his mind, and he's so terribly *confused*. He can only barely hear Techno's worried shouts over the pain, which he doesn't understand as to why it *exists*. He tries to calm down, to soothe his own mind, but the hurt is relentless and Ranboo holds his head in his hands, collapsed on the floor. His world turns black, Techno's voice fading into nothing as he went unconscious.

--

When Ranboo wakes, Techno is there at his side. Gone are the glasses which Techno had worn, and the piglin-hybrid looks... tired.

“Techno?” Ranboo grumbles, rising to a sitting position on the bed. He lets out a gasp as he feels a sharp sting in his head.

“Are you okay?” Techno asks quickly, looking more alert as the enderman-hybrid wakes.

“Uh.. head still hurts, but otherwise I'm okay?” Ranboo answers, confused, “What even happened?”

Techno stares at the enderman hybrid, the pink-haired man slightly tilting his head as he responds in a question of his own, “When was the last time you visited your mob-home?”

Ranboo's confused, glitchy enderman sound is enough of an answer.

For some reason, Ranboo feels like Techno is restraining from letting out a curse.

--

Techno sighs, having just given a lengthy explanation to Ranboo about mob hybrids and their mob homes. It was terrible- the realization that all this time Ranboo hadn't even known the basic knowledge to keep *himself* alive. Of *course* Ranboo would suffer from memory loss if he'd spent months outside of an environment to keep his mob-part healthy. For a mob that wasn't supposed to stay in the overworld, spending large amounts of time from your natural mob home would result in negative effects. Although it didn't hurt as much for *endermen* hybrids specifically, as endermen had adapted to longer trips in the overworld, spending *years* only in the overworld must have been horrid.

Techno wonders why Ranboo never went back, before remembering the end was closed off- endermen and endermen-hybrids were rare after the end was banned; only found in warped forests and occasionally on the overworld.

He tries to ignore the pain faintly echoing in his chest as he wonders how Ranboo forgot that. Did Ranboo know this, at first, but couldn't find anywhere like the end for himself? Did Ranboo slowly lose his memory of his past, stuck in the overworld and losing knowledge he'd known? Ranboo *spoke* Old Endern, the language of the End and Endermen- meaning Ranboo had to have been risen in the End, or learned from another enderman. Meaning that Ranboo should've known the usual information most hybrids knew. It doesn't make sense, but Techno can't focus on trying to solve the mystery that is Ranboo's past.

There's the problem of the End being closed off, and even more so does Techno wonder if Ranboo's memory could even return. He should focus on the most important thing; stopping Ranboo's memory from deteriorating even further.

But *where*? The end was closed off, the end cities inaccessible - the most natural places for *endermen*.

Suddenly does Techno remember one place where endermen could live safely. *The Warped Forests*. It was where you could be closest to the 'End', and the one place endermen visited and inhabited that was accessible.

It would have to work. Ranboo, clearly being a pure endermen hybrid and not of the Warped Forest, would most likely need a lot of time in the nether to restore his health- *months*, maybe.

Ranboo rests in Techno's room upstairs, as Techno takes a piece of paper out and begins sketching out a possible plan for a home in the nether. He himself had one, close to a bastion and a red forest; hidden and one that only Phil knew of. The piglin-hybrid shuddered at the faint memories of the repercussions he had from staying in the overworld too long as a child. He remembers the corruption of the overworld taking him over, rendering him close to a zombified-piglin. He was so incredibly lucky that Phil had brought him to the nether quickly and that a clan of piglins nursed

Techno back to health.

He knows piglin-hybrids in the overworld have a harder time than other mobs, but he knew how staying in the overworld for too long could hurt a hybrid. Normal hybrids, such as goats or any other mob could freely stay in the overworld, their mob side accustomed to the difference in worlds. Many times had Techno felt envy grow in his chest as he sat in the heat of the nether for a week each month- wishing he had the same freedom many hybrids did.

But Techno could not change what he was; only adjust to what the world gave him and survive. He had gotten help from Phil; he hoped he could help Ranboo too.

The more hostile-mob-hybrids had to stick together and help each other, after all.

Chapter End Notes

tehee. were you all confused by the start of the chapter? :)

gosh writing hybrid tingz. so fun

oh yeah, note that i usually dont update during weekends oops

SHAMELESS PLUG LMAO: go read my other works O_o my other fics are kinda poggers too yknow

(unless they're not and my life is a LIE)

Warped Forest - Watching A Close One Change

Chapter Summary

Ranboo moves into the Warped Forest.

--

Sapnap wonders how much his own friend has changed.

Chapter Notes

;)) here begins more plot. i actually made out plot so i know what im doing !

hinting of sapnap's future role <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo really did have no clue about the rules for hybrids. It was *common knowledge*. Even stranger was the fact that Ranboo had never heard of it; even hybrids not of the nether or end would return to a home more fit for their mob side.

But Ranboo didn't know a lot of things, and this made sense to him- really. Besides, there'd be no reason for Techno to take the time to lie to him. Why would Techno give a lengthy explanation to kick Ranboo out, when Techno could kick out the enderman-hybrid anyways?

The enderman-hybrid sighed, taking the crown he wore off his head. He doesn't even remember why he kept wearing the thing; it held no meaning, and if it had he couldn't remember it. Instead of the usual horrible feeling of a forgotten memory, Ranboo feels *curious*. He wants to know why he treasured it- why he *kept* it.

His attention is dragged away to the sound of the door opening. He sets down the book he wasn't reading, standing up to greet Techno.

Surprisingly, the piglin-hybrid smiles victoriously.

"I've got a nice place for you to stay in the Warped Forest."

--

Ranboo stands stunned at the wide room of warped planks and quartz. It's hidden into a side of a nether area, the floor reinforced at the bottom with obsidian and the small cottage hidden from ghasts. It's cozy, with white rugs adding color- there's visible bookshelves for entertainment. Ranboo's amazed that Techno could make such a place in such a short time.

"Wow..." Ranboo says, grinning widely. Already does it feel relieving in the room, the air holding a type of energy his body is desperate for. Faintly Ranboo can tell his hybrid part is taking in the needed nutrients in the air. It's soothing, so incredibly soothing in this environment.

"You and I are the only two who knows where this is, and it's far away from the nether portal hub- you'll be safe here, and my own mob home isn't too far from here."

And Ranboo cannot describe how *grateful* he feels for Techno helping him right now. The piglin-hybrid has no real reason to, and Ranboo doesn't deserve his help, *certainly not*- yet Techno still helps him and-

The next thing Ranboo knows, water forms in his eyes, not dripping out but still slightly stinging.

"Thank you," Ranboo says, hoping those two words can convey his gratefulness. He thinks it does, from Techno looking away to hide his smile

--

Techno knows this place is hidden. It's secluded, far from where anybody would go netherite mining, the endermen are kind here according to Edward- Ranboo should be safe here.

Still, anxiety drags its claws on Techno's back as he thinks of leaving the kid here alone. He *knows* it'll help the kid, but- he's worried. Admittedly, he's worried.

He knows there will be people after Ranboo- after *him*, once they discover he's the one who helped the kid.

Tubbo, certainly. Techno wonders to himself where the bright kid he once knew went. (*Since when did the Tubbo he knew, he **killed** , change into a monster who would exile his best friend and execute another?*)

Dream, as well. Techno knows his ways around Dream's tricks, knows how cunning and manipulative the masked man is- he watched as Dream tried getting both everybody and nobody on his side. Tubbo could be easily beaten, but Dream not so much- not when he still owed Dream a favor. Techno frowns, getting ready to return to his home with his head trying to come up with a way to keep Dream away (and keep Ranboo safe).

Elsewhere, a masked man (*monster*) sharpens his sword and axe. A president (*dictator*) prepares to gain power.

A hero (*scared, tired kid*) lays low, ready to help the ones who stayed on his side.

And a pyromaniac thinks to himself, wondering how his entire world has changed.

--

Sapnap can remember when he knew the person who hid behind a smiling mask- both physically and emotionally.

Sapnap can remember when he knew who Dream was.

The two were best friends- inseparable by all means. The only thing Sapnap could think of that would weaken their bond would be forced-distance by either one of them. And why would the two friends ever push each other away?

Sapnap hates his past naive self. He really set himself up to be hurt, *all the time*.

Still, Sapnap can remember days when knowing who Dream was- was *easy*. Dream was a carefree spirit, tied down only by the chains of his own trauma. Sapnap had been so willing to free him of those chains, to help watch him soar. Dream had such amazing potential, such skill that Sapnap would envy the man if he weren't so infatuated with him.

"If you could be any animal what would you be?" Sapnap asks one day, when the two were still 'kids' to the world and not yet hurt by society. The sun is warm on their face, the slight breeze soothing.

“I’d be a bird, cause then I could touch the skies,” Dream answers, a little too meaningful for such a simple question. Sapnap just smiles.

“I guess I can’t be a panda then, since if I were a panda I wouldn’t have been able to join you.”

A lot had changed. Dream had changed. Gone was the boy with large potential, and now stood a corrupted man starting to destroy himself.

Sapnap could see it happen; he watched as Dream’s beautiful hopes for peace turned into something more horrid; something terrible as Dream swore to do *whatever* it took for peace. What at first came from wishing for his friends’ happiness grew into dark, thorny vines twisting around others and even Dream himself.

Sapnap watched as Dream corrupted himself, and Sapnap watched with his heart cracking just a little more each time. He knew he was losing faith in his own best friend.

But he stayed. Sapnap stayed because deep down, he wanted to believe Dream was still *good*. Sapnap wanted to believe the boy he’d fallen in love with still lived.

Unfortunate that Sapnap has no clue that the boy is dead, killed by Dream himself.

Chapter End Notes

hehehehe. sapnap pain is so much fun to write i swear.

im so excited to write future chapters, since this fic features more action than i usually write- this fic is gonna be a long one for sure. i hope you all will stay with me during this :D

Loud Quiet

Chapter Summary

The quiet can be so loud.

--

How dare he?

Chapter Notes

being cryptid pog! moving the plot around hehe :)
for now it will be sort of 'chill' and preparation for future drama? idk, just expect the next maybe three chapters to be sort of chill.

enjoy the chapter!

ps: dream gets punched AGAIN lmaooo

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Techno's house is quiet. Well- not *silent* or really *quiet*; what with the bustling noises of his villager-roommates downstairs, the buzz of his bees and the faint neighs of Carl outside. Still, Techno's mind latches onto the lack of the sounds he'd grown accustomed to.

Gone is the strange noises Edward made, following the pattern of a language that was surely used in the End Cities. Neither are there small crashes every few moments from Ranboo's clumsy limbs. Ranboo's quiet mumbles to himself are gone from the house and Techno doesn't want to admit he misses it. Such simple noises and in the time they are gone it is so noticeable.

He hates it. His own mind, to say. He hates how it is noticing such small things- reminding him of Ranboo's absence. He *isn't* lonely without the kid. Not at all. Definitely not. That'd be insane.

But, still... it was too quiet. It's disturbing, in the smallest of ways. Techno sits at his table, sipping his coffee and wondering why the quiet is so *loud*. It reminds him of how *silent* it was without Tommy rummaging through his things, without his younger brother making a mess every few minutes. The quiet made him hurt, and it was *silent*.

Even the voices were silent. Although they still buzzed in the back of his mind, Techno could not

pick up on the varied phrases they spoke. It was a jumble of sadness and anger, the most Techno was able to pick up being that they missed Ranboo.

He sipped his coffee, trying to fill his mind with his thoughts, with the taste of the coffee, the chill of the cold- but still his mind grasped onto the loud quiet in his empty home.

A knock at the door interrupts the quiet that Techno was so painfully aware of. For a moment, he hopes it is Phil until a familiar voice yells through the walls.

Techno faintly feels disappointment, and sighs as he gets up to answer the door.

The usual slightly off-putting mask reveals itself, as Dream stares at him.

“What do *you* want?”

--

Dream gives a charming smile, just barely peeking out from the mask covering his face. Techno knows that smile. It is one promising danger.

Dream’s voice is almost sweet, and the tone is persuasive- his voice in itself nice to hear. Any normal person would, even if only slightly, relax with Dream’s tone.

“Well, I need to *inquire* about a *certain* enderman-hybrid.”

Techno wonders why Dream even bothers with the act; the masked-man knows that his kind words won’t work with Techno.

“You really *can* stop the act. It’s disturbing,” Techno responds- not reacting to what Dream had said moments ago.

Dream gives a charismatic grin, “Aw, but that takes away the fun! It’s funny to see *the Blood God* uncomfortable.”

Techno throws a deadpan stare, and finally does the ‘charming’ smile slip off of Dream’s face. Techno is more used to the crude Dream; the one he was ‘friendly’ with.

“Okay, okay, whatever. Anyways, I just wanna know where Ranboo is. I plan on.. *Punishing* L’manberg soon, and I want to know whether he’ll interfere or not. Besides, I have some business with him,” Dream leans against one of Techno’s chests, and Techno feels like under the mask is a dark expression.

Dream’s after Ranboo.

Just like Dream had been after *Tommy*.

Techno’s not stupid. He’s been thinking, ever since Tommy had betrayed him to join Tubbo once more- *why did Dream want to know where Tommy had been?*

*Why had Tommy been so **scared** and **conflicted** because of Dream?*

Techno knew Tommy; Tommy was self-assured, always certain of where he stood. Seeing Tommy *conflicted* and *talking to himself with uncertainty* - it wasn’t normal for the kid.

Meaning Dream had done something. Dream did *something* to make his brother doubt even himself; even his best friend.

Techno knows Dream, as well. He knows how the masked-man hides his own past behind smiles; how Dream drags people in with a fake smile and uses everybody as puppets.

If he’s honest, Techno holds a strong feeling of loathing for the man; the man who killed one of his brothers and even dared to manipulate the other.

*(In the dark nights, when Techno lets his emotions run wild and he dreams of good days when Wilbur was alive and sane does Techno imagine hurting Dream as the man did to him. To tear everything Dream had away from him. To take **everybody** Dream had away from him.)*

Still, Dream remains his ally in chaos. And Technoblade owes him a favor.

Not like Techno planned on doing anything he doesn’t want to.

And so Technoblade answers with no information for the masked man, “Unfortunately, he really is *not* here right now. Hasn’t been for a.. Week or so? You know how it is, hybrid things.”

Dream freezes at that. Techno looks at him with confusion.

“*What?*” Dream asks, his voice low and dangerous.

“He’s at his mob home or something. I dunno,” Technoblade shrugs, as if he was not the one who had made Ranboo a mob home.

“But.. the End is *banned*, ” Dream says. Techno sighs.

“Yes, the End is banned- I don’t really know where Ranboo is, but it’s *probably* not the End.”

Dream lets a frustrating sigh out, and Techno has yet to realize why Dream is so frustrated at that. Is it not normal for hybrids to return to their mob home once in a while? There are horrible side effects depending on the hybrid...

Wait.

No. Techno doesn’t want to believe that. It would be absurd. Even Dream holds respect for hybrids’ natures. Dream wouldn’t- Dream *surely* wasn’t relying on Ranboo’s bad memory?

Dream couldn’t have known. How would..

But Dream knows a lot. Techno can’t peer into his mind but.. How *dare* he?

How could Dream keep information away from Ranboo; how could Dream simply let Ranboo self-destruct with no knowledge, all to **control the kid**?

To put it in simple terms, Dream had purposely kept away mob home information from Ranboo. Dream *knew* about the bad side effects and let it continue, keeping Ranboo vulnerable.

Vulnerable to being used as a puppet.

Rage.

Red, hot anger of Dream manipulating a teen, of *hurting* a teen. Techno had heard Ranboo some nights crying, letting out wails of pain from the contact of water to his cheeks. Techno saw Ranboo go to write almost anything down anxiously into his book, before putting down the pen.

And it was because of Dream. *Dream. Dream did this.*

The voices yell to make Dream bleed. *Techno agrees.*

Dream suddenly realizes how angry Techno is, with his blood-red eyes widened and staring directly at him.

Dream knows he's not strong enough to beat Techno. Not right now, not alone. There's a large chance of Techno beating him.

Techno's fist connects with his jaw, just before Dream's thrown an enderpearl and is running out of the door.

Dream still hears Techno's angered scream as he teleports even further away with the use of enderpearls.

--

Elsewhere, Ranboo converses with Edward and some other endermen. His small home is comfortable, the books interesting, the neighbors (fellow endermen) kind. Ranboo wonders how Techno is doing at home.

Edward helps him out with learning more Endern, and even how to write in Endern- which is actually the enchantment table language. It's interesting, learning and *remembering*. Ranboo stays in his home, not needing to write down memories to keep them treasured and being able to trust his own mind for once. It's a new, wondrous feeling.

Ranboo wonders if he stays here longer, for the two months Techno suggested - in which Techno will visit once a week - if he would regain memories he had lost from before.

Maybe he could find out if he really did destroy the community house?

Chapter End Notes

thank you for reading ! comments make me happy i'm just awkward and don't respond
wdniownda

how much does this hurt after the dream prison thing? (:

Fear of Weakness, Anonymity

Chapter Summary

Dream doesn't want to seem weak.

Maybe that's always been the problem.

-

Techno gains an anonymous ally.

Chapter Notes

i'm literally so snazzy for updating again.

hope you enjoy!

tw//blood but it's just a nosebleed and small.

(idk how tws work that well, but if you do see a possible trigger in any of my chapters please do tell me!)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream returns to one of the bases of which only specific people know of, ripping off the mask that had made the impact of the punch hurt even more. His cheek stings, but what stings even more is the loss of control over Ranboo. Ranboo had been a huge piece in his plans, and he grabs his planning book from his ender chest to furiously cross out almost anything surrounding Ranboo.

If there was one person he could not truly see through it was Techno. Phil, as well. Tommy was impulsive too.

Out of that family, only Wilbur was easy to manipulate. Dream gives a frustrated groan, tearing out pages in the book and crumpling them before angrily throwing them at the wall. Ranboo could have been a wonderful pawn, but now that he was under Techno's care there wasn't much Dream could do.

At least Tommy had gone back to L'manberg and back to Tubbo. At least Dream could regain control over Tommy. Tommy had been the *one* person he could never gain control over, the teen too impulsive. It was impressive in a way, how much the kid could do simply with the backing of his friends. That was Tommy's weakness, which led Dream to slowly removing all of his close

relationships- and with that Tommy had been open to manipulation.

Techno ruined that- well, not completely. Dream would admit he'd pushed too far on Tommy at that time. He could admit his own mistakes at least.

Just as Dream's calmed down and is ready to change his plans, he hears somebody calling his name. Only three people know of this base, this one not being an incredibly important one at least. Only George, Sapnap, and Puffy knew of it. George.. Was mad at him. Puffy had been wrapped up in her own business and rarely visited Dream's bases.

So it was Sapnap.

Dream's thoughts were confirmed when Sapnap turned the corner. Dream watched as Sapnap's eyes looked over the crumpled paper on the floor, at the book in Dream's hands, and finally landing on the bruise forming along Dream's jawline.

"Dream?!" Sapnap exclaims, rushing to gently rub his thumb against Dream's chin. Sapnap carefully raises Dream's head, inspecting the bruise as his eyebrows furrow in worry.

Dream lets it happen, knowing how Sapnap can get sometimes.

"What happened?" Sapnap asks, voice full of concern. Dream looks away. Sapnap doesn't need to know what happened, doesn't need to know it was because of Technoblade, didn't need to know it's because he's trying to keep control of his pawns.

"Nothing to worry about," Dream answers, sounding as nonchalant as he could. Sapnap looks into Dream's eyes with an expression he's seen millions of times- ever so slightly disappointed at Dream for lying, but concerned all the same. It makes Dream want to tell his best friend everything that's been happening, everything he's worried about, and most of all about the demons constantly wreaking havoc on his mind.

"We *both* know that's not true, Dream. Just tell me the truth," Sapnap says. He sounds convincing. It would be so easy, to tell Sapnap. It's such a small thing, too.

But deep down, Dream doesn't want to appear as less than he is in front of Sapnap. He tells himself it is his pride, that Sapnap is too weak to take the load, that Sapnap doesn't really care- but he knows he's just lying to himself.

He lies all the time, though, so he responds with a slightly fierce tone, “I said it’s *nothing to worry about*, Pandas.”

Dream hopes the nickname soothes the other, and Sapnap’s gaze softens slightly before hardening again.

“Dream, just tell me what happened so I can *help* you. We tell each other everything, don’t we?” Sapnap’s words are cracking at the edges, Sapnap’s emotions overwhelming him once more. Sapnap sounds like he’s about to break, and Dream hates it.

So Dream does as he always does and pushes him away.

“Listen, Sapnap, I don’t *need* your pity, or your help- I said it was *nothing*, okay?!” Dream snaps, and there is a moment of silence. Dream hadn’t meant to sound so mean, and now the tension in the air has become more volatile and cruel.

Sapnap’s sadness and worry turns to anger.

“You *never* want my help. You *never* share anything that’s bothering you, even when I do whenever you want! What are you *hiding, Dream?*” Sapnap asks, just as snappish as Dream had been. Dream lets his own cool rage take over his words as he yells at the other.

“ *It’s none of your business!*”

The words provoke Sapnap, and his blood boils with anger- he lets the flowing lava that pumps through his veins control his body and before he knows it, his fist is flying at Dream’s face. Tears drip down his cheeks even as he does so, his body almost shaking from the overwhelming emotions he feels.

Dream carefully reaches up to wipe away the blood streaming out of his nose, looking up dangerously at Sapnap. Almost immediately does Sapnap feel guilty.

“ *Get out,* ” Dream practically hisses. Disbelief fills Sapnap’s chest, and he doesn’t say a word. Dream just looks up, angry and-

And Sapnap's scared. He can't recognize this.. *Monster* in front of him.

So instead the brunette turns and leaves quickly, wiping away tears and trying to ignore the hurricane of anger, sadness, worry, fear, and betrayal.

--

The scratch of a quill, making neat cursive letters unlike the writer's usual messy words, fills the night air. It is dark, only a candle illuminating the small desk.

Once the person is done writing, they slowly crawl out their window, darkness hiding them from sight. They lean down to the water, stuffing the letter to a bottle in which they hand to a dolphin. Although the dolphin is not really a 'normal' dolphin, they trust the shapeshifter who has shifted to a dolphin at this time.

The person nods before returning to their room and laying in the darkness.

--

Outside Techno's house is a strange noise. It is a yip, and Techno wonders which animal it could be. He even hears small thumps on his door.

He opens the door to see a fox, sitting upright with a letter held carefully in its jaw. The fox, which does not belong in the snow, looks unaffected and instead looks expectedly to the piglin-hybrid.

Techno rushes back in to find some berries, returning outside and setting the berries down as a trade. The fox happily drops the letter before picking up the berries, eating them before turning around and running out of sight.

Techno picks up the letter, shaking it off and opening it.

Technoblade,

The president Tubbo has clearly changed- as you surely know from when you saved Ranboo. I

will help the best I can, from within. My best warning is that Tubbo plans not to attack you, but regain power by punishing Ranboo or even Phil. Maybe Tommy, too. He aims for those weak to public animosity. Watch out, although I do not think he is after you specifically. Don't make any rash decisions.

The letter is not signed, and Techno is left to think of who in L'manberg would even think of helping *him*, who had also been a part of the destruction of their nation.

Chapter End Notes

haha all i know how to do is hurt sapnap and have dream get punched LMAO

Arguments; Running from Your Mistakes Once More

Chapter Summary

Who sent the letter?

It's a question Techno does not have the answers to.

Phil visits, and they... talk.

Chapter Notes

I personally dislike canon Phil. a lot. in my head at least. and also... a lot.

anyways

i was planning on writing more, but then this took the whole 1k words i try to keep and i figured you guys would need a bit of time before i reveal more plot oops

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Techno doesn't know how to react to the letter. It holds information he already knows, and even a warning that would normally make him feel as though he was being looked down upon. Instead, it feels genuine and it confuses him.

More importantly, it was from somebody who knew where his house was, who had the coordinates of it. And it had to have been somebody who knew of Tubbo's plans.

There could only be four possible suspects who would know directly of Tubbo's plans to execute Ranboo; Quackity, Fundy, Tommy, and most likely Dream.

Dream wouldn't warn Techno of Tubbo, not even as a form of manipulation. It would prove no use to try getting Techno on his side when Techno already owed him a favour.

So who..? Was it somebody trying to sucker up to him? To gain his protection or his mercy? It seemed unlikely to be anybody; who could buy his alliance? Nobody to his knowledge.

So it was somebody already on his side. Techno squinted at the best cursive writing of the letter

and immediately crossed out Tommy. Quackity had never been an option, anyways. Not after the duck-hybrid had tried to kill him. (*Not after Quackity had betrayed his friendship, had changed-*)

Quietly, Techno sets the letter down on his desk, a headache incoming as the voices questioned loudly on who it could've been. Multiple theories ran through his head, but it was hard to keep any good theories when there were so many voices speaking at the same time. They were usually a faint buzz, but they seemed to get louder if he ever let down his guard. He lets out a large sigh just as his door is opened, bringing his attention to the visitor.

"Phil!" Techno welcomes, slightly pleased by the visit from his close friend. A small part of him was put off by the sudden visit.

Why don't you visit your own kids? A small part of his mind thinks, and he would've brushed it away as one of the voices if it weren't his own monotone voice speaking spitefully.

He waves his own voice away; if he can ignore the other voices that swim around in his mind, he can ignore his own.

Yet his own voice still lingers, quiet but keeping his attention all the same.

Techno brings himself back in time to hear Phil give a hello in return, and watch as the blond sets down a bag of sorts.

"Hey, what's with the stressed aura?" Phil asks good-naturedly.

Techno shrugs, "Somebody gave me a warning about Tubbo, but I still haven't figured out who it was..."

Phil runs over to check the letter on his desk, reading over the wording and trying to figure out who it was from the speech in the letter. Still, there was no telling sign of who it was. Phil looks strangely angry, and Techno's a bit confused as to why he looks as such.

"Techno.. This is dangerous. This means somebody knows where you live," Phil says, his voice sounding more dangerous than what his words meant.

“Phil, they wouldn’t send me this if they wanted to harm me *or* Ranboo,” Techno tries to reason with the slowly angering man.

Phil’s anger was the worst, pushing guilt onto you in a nice, manipulative way that made you feel like the scum of the planet even if you’d done nothing wrong. Techno hated it.

“But it’s dangerous! What if you and Ranboo got hurt?” Phil yells, an outburst in the quiet anger the room was filled with. A small part of Techno feels *terrible*, because Phil is *worried*, *Phil just cares and it’s Techno’s fault-*

The smarter part reminds him this is always what happens when Phil gets angry. He chooses somebody to blame then makes them blame themselves. It’s happened enough times that Techno realizes when it’s happening.

The voices on the other hand argue with one another. Some blindly yell *Dadza!* While the others, the ones who seem smarter, whisper to tread carefully, to not fall for Phil’s tricks.

Techno promises those smart voices he won’t. He couldn’t, anyways, with those same voices analyzing all of Phil’s words and small little movements and release Phil’s true thoughts.

Once again does Techno wonder where these voices come from.

It doesn’t matter right now, not when Phil is angry and Techno wants him to be *quiet*.

“Phil, is it any of your business? Why do you even care, you *know* I can take care of myself and Ranboo isn’t even here right now,” Techno responds, offended in the way that Phil doubted his skills. Techno’s been betrayed enough times to be suspicious.

“Because- because-” Phil’s voice rises louder with each word, stuttering over what he wants to say. Or maybe he was slowly giving drama to say something that would hurt Techno.

“Because you’re my *friend*, and I want to keep you *safe!* ” Phil’s voice is so incredibly loud, emotion leaking into his words, but Techno’s eyes flash red.

His small little voice from earlier that was so resentful of Phil speaks louder in the back of his mind, drowning out the loud chatter of the other voices.

It whispers to him, and he agrees. His own voice speaks the truth. It's a small part of him, saying what he really does think.

His words are quiet, his tone monotone as always but his voice deeper. It contrasts with Phil's loud yell earlier.

“Why don't you want to keep your kids safe, then? Why *didn't* you?”

Phil looks horrified. Techno doesn't even feel guilty. It's the truth. It's the dirty, disgusting truth.

Phil has made so many mistakes with his own kids, and does not once admit it. Nether, he's the one who *stabbed* his own *son*. Never did Phil visit his own child in exile. And Phil held no attachment to L'manberg despite it being formed by Wilbur, carried upon Tommy's shoulders, and finally taken by Tubbo's hands.

Phil was a terrible father. Maybe that's why no matter how much Phil treated him as a son, Techno never called him *Dad*.

Techno hated the thought of Philza being his *dad* after seeing what Phil did for his actual kids.

Phil turns and leaves, clipped wings leaving feathers upon the ground. Phil leaves, and bitterly does Techno only see it as Phil running from his mistakes once more.

Techno's house is quiet now, cold and he's alone but now he is glad for the silence. For the absence of Phil's yelling, and that Ranboo was not here to witness such an event.

Chapter End Notes

hehehehehe

cant wait to write the next chapter. theres lore there!!

edit: i.. i accidentally used 'techno hated the thought of techno being his dad..' and nobody mentioned it smh,,, i fixed it but :D isnt that embarrassing and probably the world telling me i need to at least proofread before posting a new chapter...

not like i'll listen lmao. un-beta'd for life /hj

Lying to Oneself | Familiar Swirl

Chapter Summary

Philza thinks.

(Why did he kill his own son? Why why why-)

He only helps ghostbur because the ghost of his son burns, makes him feel like he's the one who got stabbed-

The blood of his own child is on his hands.

-

Edward shows Ranboo something special. A little room, secret and hidden and-

That swirl on the roof is familiar.

Chapter Notes

Philza being Bad Parent part 2

and also philza not being self-aware enough to call himself out smh

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Philza has no place to return to; L'manburg is gone, he has not spent the time building himself a base and has been half-exploring and half-staying-with-Tech. He'd never thought he'd have to run from Techno.

(You're running from your problems again, his brain whispers. He's always ignored that part of him, though. The part that knew his mistakes. His issues. He ignored it, so he ignored it again.)

Ender. Techno just *had* to-

Had to say it to his face.

Philza really had wanted to keep Techno safe. Techno was... Techno was somebody he could help and even fail without feeling *guilt*. Techno was his *friend*. Techno he adopted, in all but title.

So why did he protect Techno better than he protected his own *kids*?

His brain whispers to him the answers; his own mistakes.

He was scared. He was scared of being *Dad*. Of being *Dad* with no *Mom*, of holding the responsibility of, not one, but *two* other humans who would depend on him and take him as *example*.

Phil was so scared. So he put *distance*, even if he *thought* he wanted to take care of his children, he never admitted he hated the thought of having kids all on his own. Maybe that hate was based on fear, but it was hate all the same.

It was hate all the same, and hate that allowed him to run that diamond sword through Wilbur's chest. It was the last thing he could do for the elder of his children in blood.

A release. An escape from the pain Phil knew he gave Wil.

It was mercy.

But then Ghostbur appeared, and suddenly all that *was* of Wil was *gone*, instead a ghost of when Wil was a child and Phil a good parent in Wilbur's place. And every night, Phil saw once more in his nightmares - the room. The button. Sometimes, Wilbur begged for death and begged and begged, and again did Phil stick the sword in his chest, tears dropping onto Phil's cloak. Wilbur's blood pooled onto his lap as he'd pull his *son* near to hug.

Other times, Wilbur begged to *live*. He pleaded with his own father to *save him, protect him, raise him*.

Phil stabbed him. Phil stabbed the nightmare version of his son, the twisted reality that hurt more than his own son begging him to *kill me, Killza*.

It haunted him. Still, Philza smiled and pretended he was a good father. *No, he is a good father*.

After all, he protected Techno and Ranboo just as a good father does. He protected the two like they were his kids.

Or maybe not. He protected them like he should have protected his kids.

Philza is a nice father (*Just not a good one*).

--

Ranboo curiously follows after Edward, stepping around the twirling vines rising from the floor like second nature. He avoids stepping on mushrooms, but he's a bit distracted as to where Edward is leading him.

"*Where are we going?*" Ranboo asks, his words slipping out in Endern as he addresses the much taller enderman.

Edward gives what a small growl-like noise, sounding like an equivalent of a hum.

Ranboo shrugs, following after the enderman anyways.

Suddenly, Edward's arm reaches out to *just* about stop Ranboo before he steps right off the ledge, into a never-ending pool of lava. Ranboo's breath catches, grateful Edward was here to stop him from falling in.

But Edward doesn't say a thing to him, only bringing him slightly backwards from the edge.

Edward begins...

Singing?

It's hard to label it as singing, but it makes sense. *Sing. Singing.* Ranboo tries to catch onto the lyrics, but although he can tell it's sung in Endern, they are words he does not understand. Was this what Edward wanted to show him?

Slowly, a large chunk of the lava cleared out of the loud expanse of lava; a set of white stairs appeared up from the bed of netherrack from underneath. The stairs slowly rose up to the ledge he and Edward stood at, the mysterious singing from Edward never stopping. Ranboo cautiously stood, waiting for Edward to move first; the enderman stopped singing and turned to give a nod. Edward slowly walked down the white stairs, arms fidgeting in a sign of wanting to *hold*. Ranboo followed after, looking anxiously at the lava being held up at the sides but trusting Edward.

The stairs were so mysterious. *Who knew about this?*

Ranboo had a feeling even Techno didn't know.

--

Ranboo walked through the halls, following Edward further in. There was an entrance leading to something *more*, to something *calling Ranboo*. Edward gives a smile - as much of a smile that an enderman can make - as he gestures to the entrance.

Ranboo takes a step forward into an enormous room. On every wall is a bookcase, even item frames holding some books. Posters line some of the walls, but that's not what catches Ranboo's eyes.

No, what he sees is the very clear *portal* in the room.

Not a nether portal, but the portals of which were banned and forgotten; only remembered in old history books from before the Guardians erased their existence.

The Guardians. They were said to be all-powerful beings, holding a human counterpart. Many said it was simply legends, but anybody of the Dream SMP knew it was fact; Dream himself has a Guardian counterpart by the name of DreamXD. A.. strange name, but DreamXD was powerful; afterall, it was him who sealed off the End.

Staring into the End Portal in the room, and the books lining the walls, marked by subject, Ranboo had to wonder what other Guardians existed. Who of the Guardians could break the seals DreamXD had placed?

Well, maybe Ranboo didn't need to wonder so much. Because there was a very familiar swirl on the ceiling of the large room. For a moment, Ranboo combs through memories he'd only recently regained to find the name of the memory attached to that swirl.

Suddenly, the name pops up in his mind.

Karl Jacobs. *Karl*.

That was the same swirl on Karl's shirt that was painted onto the ceiling of this mysterious room, holding an activated portal to the realm Ranboo *knew* he was from. This room belonged to Karl. Ranboo would ask how, why, *when*- but it seemed the easiest way to find out right now would be to go through all the books lining the walls.

Ranboo heads to the section marked as *Guardians*, and begins picking out books.

Chapter End Notes

hehe. man i'm glad i got this chapter out, and i still have so much loreeee to make!!
soon enough.. soon enough ranboo will return to the overworld. and plot will thicken.

hopefully :D

ALSO. 100 USER SUBS POGG

edit: i changed "philza is a good father. (just not a real one)" to "philza is a nice father (just not a good one)." brrrrrrrrrr

Gaining Knowledge; Cold Loneliness

Chapter Summary

Ranboo reads.

He reads of myths that Karl swears are real, reads of Guardians that sound suspiciously similar to now-

And then moves to a section called Journal Entries

...what had Karl been doing?

--

Sapnap doesn't know where he belongs.

He's alone.

Chapter Notes

Lore ;)

Ranboo goes brrrrrrrrr.

Meanwhile, Sapnap hurts! :D

i still do not know how to make chapter titles. do these chapter titles feel weird? :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

For days, Ranboo sits in the large room, usually sitting in one of the many benches set around the bookcases. A stack of books usually lays on the table next to him. Some of the books are read in Endern, and Edward stays to help with any unknown words.

Edward watches in interest; the enderman also teaches him the words to the song of which was the password to this hidden room, and brings food down to Ranboo on days when Ranboo forgot to return to his mob-home.

Ranboo doesn't dare enter the Ender portal; he's heard that one cannot leave the End Dimension unless they kill the Ender Dragon. A part of his Enderman instincts whisper to *never* kill their queen.

But Ranboo reads; he goes through books describing Guardians, some of which conflict each other in descriptions before he comes across a chapter explaining how Guardians usually change their appearance, keeping only important, telling features. So Ranboo goes through so many books, finding more things than ever and *basking* in the knowledge, knowledge he won't forget.

After a long period of time spent reading the books about Guardians and writing notes on the different Guardians he's read of (*so many which reflect his friends*), Ranboo moves to the next section- *Journals Entries*.

Many books are worn out, and in some places the writing is messy and rushed. The book, the writer Karl, the *words*-

They sound scared. They sound as scared as Ranboo's *Do Not Touch* book felt; and Ranboo can only quietly trace over the words describing the fear Karl felt from slowly losing memory of himself and others, and-

And Ranboo *understands*. Ranboo understands, and it's terrible to completely understand what Karl is writing of, to read the description Karl made of himself to *remember*, to read all the memories put into words so Karl could not forget them. It hurt, terribly, because it had been *Ranboo* doing the same not so long ago.

Curiously Ranboo skims through more journals, some having dates and others not, but the age defined in the pages- and eventually, the newer books get more *clear*. Karl describes a white palace where his memory slowly heals and returns to him. It makes Ranboo smile, knowing Karl did not suffer from the fear of *forgetting* forever.

And then Ranboo tries to think. Are these from the current time? Are these books from right now? If Karl can time-travel according to these journals, then- then when did Karl regain his memory? Was it now? Was it later? It confuses him all the same, but he still goes back to look for any dates written on the journals.

A frown forms on his face when Ranboo realizes Karl had not regained his memory in the *current* time.

--

Sapnap doesn't know where his feet lead him after he leaves Dream. He simply follows the

random direction he's chosen, too wrapped up in his swirling emotions. Hurt blossoms in his chest, and he *tries* to tell himself he's being unreasonable. Dream didn't need to tell him anything.

But-

It hurt.

The realization that Dream didn't trust him enough *hurt*. It *burned*, as Sapnap's emotions usually did, but it felt more like a trail of magma left behind than a raging fire as it usually did. It was burning pain in a *tired* way. Sapnap was so tired of Dream withholding information from him, of Dream *refusing his help*.

Sapnap both understood and could not understand Dream's refusal for help. It was Dream's pride, it was Dream's own trust issues- that he could understand. It was easy to see Dream's pride and how Dream preferred being independent; it gives an easy impression of Dream being *guarded*.

Sapnap knows that; he *has* known that. For years, he simply stayed there on Dream's side, hoping, *wishing* that the blond would take his constant presence gratefully and eventually trust him. Every cut was cleaned and bandaged by Sapnap, any nightmare that woke Dream up at five in the morning was soothed by Sapnap. Sapnap did all he could to show he wanted to help, to *support* Dream without breaking any of the other's boundaries.

But it had been years. Their friendship had lasted so many years - it had lasted through Dream roughly tearing their relationship apart, saved only by Sapnap carefully mending it and making sure that Dream knew Sapnap would *always* be there for him.

It hurt. Sapnap should've stopped and recently-

Recently, Dream changed. He knew that, but he thought, of all things, of *all things*-

Dream wouldn't abandon him. Sapnap gave his undying support, over and over and over and all Dream did was block him out; Dream never returned that support or care, and it *hurt*. It used to burn, become a fire that consumed his entire soul and brought him to *hurt others*, to burn *everything*-

And then the fire was put out, from what feels like both moments and hours ago. The fire was blown out by the strong winds of their argument, leaving only embers and ashes of sadness. Sapnap felt so empty he wanted the fire to return; it felt like something was *wrong*.

Sapnap was so used to his emotions being fire and flame; being relentless, ready to consume him and burning him already- the emptiness in comparison somehow hurt *more*.

It hurt, because he knew- he knew this hurt would not go away. It would ache forever in the back of his heart, it would scar and not heal for a long time.

Sapnap looked up to the gray sky and bright sun, no clouds in sight, and looked around. He shivered in the cold, looking down to find snow beneath him. When had he..?

It had been evening when Dream and him argued; how long had he been walking, stuck in the empty type of hurt in his chest?

The cold itself made him shiver, with Sapnap born of fire and so used to warmth that the snow made his body shiver terribly. Still, it did not hurt as much as it could have. It felt like the cold numbed him, or maybe it was that his emotions seemed so numb that not even the cold bothered him right now.

He was far from his base, far from his house, far from everything he knew and yet he did not mind at all. Sapnap picked an enderchest from his inventory and placed it down before heading to the nearest tree to get some materials.

He didn't really feel like going back to the land he knew.

(Or, maybe, he didn't feel like going back to the land he used to know but was now so unfamiliar it hurt. Maybe, this untouched terrain was what he needed.)

Chapter End Notes

pspspspspsp next chapter's going to be Ranboo's notes. some of which will be first person F

anyhoot, comments are so pog aaaaa. i love seeing people agree/disagree w how i view phil!! of course, its an au so some things must be taken into consideration as this (quite obviously) does not follow canon haha

Ranboo's Notes

Chapter Summary

Ranboo's notes on the Guardians and Karl Jacobs.

Chapter Notes

note: this is not all the guardians ;) and who knows if the information is true? hmm

shorter chapter bc its just ranboo's notes. lmao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Guardians

All Guardians are invincible. All have a human counterpart

DreamXD

- *Ruler/Protector of Dream SMP, Guardian of Cunningness*
- Set up runes to block end
- Human Counterpart : dream
- Powers: runes, Cheats
- Notable features: smiley mask, lots of green, long blond hair
- Sources: Dream SMP History, The Ban of the End, Recorded Evidence of Guardians
- Visited Overworld, but only to enforce laws

Karl:.)

- *Guardian of Time*
- Allows Karl Jacobs to time travel ?

- Opened end portal in secret base
- Human Counterpart: Karl Jacobs
- Powers: Time Travel, Opening Runes, ??
- Notable Features: Swirly pupils, colorful robes
- Sources: Guardian of Time, Recorded Evidence of Guardians
- Has own dimension (According to Karl Jacobs's journals)

Pandas

- *Guardian of Flame and Lava*
- Known for staying in Nether
- Created Blazes
- Counterpart: Sapnap
- Powers: Lava, Fire, Creation
- Notable Features: Long hair, white headband w ribbon, flame symbol
- Sources: Fire Guardian, Nether History, Creation of Blazes, Recorded Evidence of Guardians, Art Collection of Guardians
- Mainly lived in Nether, occasionally visited overworld and left trail of flames everywhere he walked

404NotFound

- *Guardian of Isolation & ???*
- ??
- Lonesome
- Counterpart: George
- Powers: ??
- Notable Features: Heterochromia, wears blue,??

- Sources: Recorded Evidence of Guardians
- Quote: “This Guardian was quiet, but kind. He was loud, but also lonely. Most noticeable was his beautiful eyes, and the vast amount of blue he adorned. He came one day and told me to stay; to not fight in the war. I listened, and by the next day our side had lost.”
- Seems to wander between dimensions

Blood God

- *God of Blood, War*
- Feeds on violence
- Powers: ??
- Strong Skills at Fighting
- Counterpart: ?? (Technoblade?)
- Notable Features: Blood, Pink Hair
- Sources: Wars, God of War, Blood God : A Warning, Legends of Guardians, Recorded Evidence of Guardians
- Quote (Blood God : A Warning): “If one sees a man wearing a mask but most noticeable having pink hair on the opposing side, run. Do not stop running, for he will not stop until everybody is dead. He feeds on blood and fear. Run. Escape. Surrender is not possible.”
- Lived in overworld, born in nether

???

- *Guardian of Chaos*
- Unnamed
- Powers: To Create Chaos, negative/positive emotions
- Counterpart: ??
- Notable Features: ??
- Sources: Recorded Evidence of Guardians

- ??

Twin Guardians

- *Not actual twins, but best friends*
- Connected (emotions)
- Chaotic, Love Playing Pranks
- Shared Powers: ??
- Counterpart(s): ??
- Notable Features: One brunette, one blond - both take on teenager appearances
- Sources: Recorded Evidence of Guardians, The Twins
- Quote: “The two laughed together, lived together, practically breathed together. If one were to die, the other would surely follow. They loved playing harmless pranks; they burnt down the village bell and then helped repair it. It was kind..”
- Interacted in person with people; seemed more human than god sometimes

Nihachu

- *Guardian of Revenge & Loyalty*
- Goddess
- Powers: ??
- Counterpart: Niki ?
- Notable Features: White Wings, Halo, Glowing White Eyes
- Sources: Recorded Evidence of Guardians

PS: more guardians, but these seem most important. Check out Legends of the Guardians for more info. They seem like gods?

IMPORTANT INFORMATION: The Guardians die when their counterpart dies. Then, the two merge and become a ghost.

....*Ghostbur* ?

Karl Jacobs

It looks like Karl has been time travelling for a long time. He only solved his memory loss on 3/5/21. It is currently 1/19/21 for me

- *He made a secret base, of which has an ender portal*
- It can only be unlocked using Ender Singing, using words only Endermen can make
- Made journals on all his time travelling adventures
- Wrote books on the past and future of which he travels to
- He only returns after dying
- He has a goal : most likely to protect his friends?
- Gained time travel abilities from his Guardian Counterpart

Chapter End Notes

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b

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also apparently in the Ranboo-centric tag i'm on the first page if you sort by kudos. H U H ?

On the Way, Corruption, Snow, Anxiety

Chapter Summary

It's about time Ranboo returns to the overworld; besides, Techno kinda misses the kid.

--

Tubbo is angry, but he can wait.

--

Little cottage at the edge of the forest.

Chapter Notes

brrr!!

lunar new year :)

MAKING PLANS FOR PLOT IS HARD WHEN ALL WANT TO DO IS WRITE
LORE

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo is still studying; reading, taking in knowledge as if he needed it to live. It was something new to him, and he enjoyed it thoroughly so; the feeling of learning and *knowing*. It makes him hungry to know more; to learn everything he can for the sake of *knowing it*. He remembers so well the feeling of uncertainty he'd felt with no memory; not all his memories returned - some gone from time, but some returned in the end.

He didn't explode the community house. Of *course* he didn't. He knows that now, but.. But what if Techno hadn't..?

What if..?

Ranboo didn't want to think of the *what if*s. There were so many *what if*s. But right now, he was surrounded by knowledge he could consume, and he'd never felt happier in his life.

That makes him wonder; when was the last time he'd been in his house? He would've headed up, but it was so much easier to just read here. Well, Edward had gone up to the surface and Ranboo would have to come up for dinner or Edward would scold him. In that disappointed way that makes Ranboo wonder if this is what a mother's scolding is like. It makes him laugh, imagining

so.

And Ranboo continues reading, not even realizing it was about time Ranboo returned to the overworld.

--

Techno walked through the nether, allowing his feet to follow along the path he could remember in his sleep. First, he would head to his own mob home. Then, he'd be able to make it to the Warped Forest that Ranboo was staying in. He just had to be careful- it was unlikely, but somebody could be following him.

He let out a deep sigh, checking to make sure his gold armor wasn't breaking. Techno stretched before continuing on the memorized 'path' into the red forest. If anything, he could lose any trail amongst the red vines of the Crimson Forest.

--

Tubbo frowned at the vast amounts of paperwork on his desk. Ender, he'd do anything to get somebody else to do this work. He had *other things* to do. Ranboo escaping had made him so *angry*. Tubbo felt like lashing out at anybody, at putting the monster of negative emotions onto a person, to make somebody *hurt*. It would feel so lovely, to watch somebody *hurt*-

He took a deep breath. He might've failed this time, but there were always other times to prove his strength and grow in power. Tommy was still under his thumb... perhaps, he could use that.

He was angry, now. He wanted Ranboo *dead*. Maybe Ranboo hadn't done *much*, but, well- Dream always found it fit to let practically innocent people hurt to make himself better. What stopped Tubbo from doing so?

Perhaps Techno thought Tubbo hadn't seen him, but there was only one person on the server with pink hair. Now, if Tubbo could *convince* Tommy to scout out Techno's base...

--

Techno, in an anxious manner, ran his fingers through the loose ponytail that kept his hair from

falling into his face. The heat of the nether didn't bother him much, but it was extremely different from the cold of his home in the overworld. Techno walked calmly throughout the red forest. To an outsider's view, he looked lost- but there was purpose in his steps. Behind a tree he pulls a lever and opens the doorway to his own mob home.

His mob home was slightly chilled, with packed ice a new addition to one of the walls in his home. Underneath the packed ice were cauldrons ready to catch any melting water from the packed ice.

Techno hung his cape on the wall by the gold chain that also keeps it around his shoulders when he wears it. He looks around the nice room, checks the time, and decides to read a book while he waits.

--

Sapnap shivers in the cold. And *damn*, is it cold. Still, he places down the spruce wood and cobblestone to make himself a nice, one-story house. If he needs more room for storage, he can just make some underground room or something. Finally, he walks in through the door to the warmth of the house; magma blocks being efficiently used and emitting heat through the floor. Sapnap walks to the living room area, the fireplace's glow reflecting in his eyes, and he lays down. He deserves some rest.

And so he rests in his little cottage-like home at the edge of a spruce forest, unknowing of his nearby neighbors.

--

Finally, Techno is able to make his way to Ranboo's house. Carefully, he goes down to the quick tunnel he'd made connecting to somewhere near Ranboo's place. He grabbed his cloak and began his way through the path.

By the time he's reached Ranboo's place, he's tired and hungry; sprinting for that long was tiring, and although there was enough room for a horse, he didn't feel like risking an animal's life in the nether just yet.

He emerged from underneath some warped-forest grass, the air above only a tad bit more open than the air from underground. Just as hot as ever, though.

Techno doesn't bother knocking on the door; he walks right into the house. He expects to hear some sort of surprised sound from Ranboo, but he hears nothing. It's strangely quiet.

Perhaps Ranboo went out on a walk. It must get stuffy staying at one place; Techno can understand.

Well, Techno can stand waiting for a bit.

Except when the 'bit' turns into 'a very suspiciously long time', and Techno's been sitting for *hours*. Where is the kid? Anxiety churns in his stomach, and he can feel himself go on guard; what if something happened to the kid? Maybe he was being a bit irrational, but Techno had just recently found out both Dream and Tubbo were after Ranboo. He had some right to being worried. So he paces around the room, waiting and waiting for Ranboo to arrive, all while trying to tell himself the kid will be fine, that he just has to be *patient*.

Chapter End Notes

i swear i was planning to write in ranboo n techno interaction. i just. oops. shrug

Worry

Chapter Summary

Ranboo is just a bit (a lot) of an idiot, and well, proceeds to accidentally worry Techno.

--

Boat.

Chapter Notes

It has been so long since I updated oops.

Uh, last week was a terrible week beginning on Tuesday, so I couldn't write at all that week. I wasn't in the right place to write, so I took some time off for my own health.. which means this didn't get updated,,,,, sorry!

Anyways, enjoy the Techno & Ranboo interaction !!!

Boat.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Hours pass. It's been- it's been *too long*. Where is that kid? Where's *Edward*? He knows he turned up unexpectedly, but Techno had at least expected that Ranboo would be here by now. Maybe it's unreasonable. Well, it's probably unreasonable. It *is* unreasonable. Techno's not even that close to Ranboo! Yet.. here he is, worrying over the disappearance of Ranboo. Just- *ugh*.

Techno's brought back to attention when he hears the opening of the door.

"Where the *HELL* were you?!" Techno yells as Ranboo opens the door with his elbow. The kid carries a stack of books, tucked into his chest to keep them upright as he rests his chin on them so they don't tumble. Techno's voice, however, makes Ranboo jump from shock. The books fall to the floor.

Techno doesn't bother keeping the worry off his face; why was Ranboo disappearing for *hours*? The kid- the kid was supposed to stay *in* his little cottage, what if somebody had seen Ranboo, somebody who was after Ranboo-

Even worse, what if Ranboo had gotten injured? What if Ranboo had fallen into lava, or accidentally angered some piglins, or just *fell* and-

What would-

How-

Techno doesn't know. He *doesn't know*.

Ranboo looks startled, but he- he looks *okay*. Techno scans him for any injuries, letting out a small sigh of relief when he sees no visible injuries.

"I-I'm sorry," Ranboo says nervously. In all honesty, Ranboo has no clue as to why he isn't *scared*. Nervous, yes. Slightly guilty.. Maybe?

Techno gives a sigh, "Where *were* you?"

Ranboo laughs, a short, nervous type of laugh, "I was.. Reading."

With a deadpan stare, Techno asks, " *What*. "

--

Of *course*. Of course the kid would be reading (Ranboo just said Edward gave him books, and that sounded like at least part of the truth). And *of course*, the kid would just so happen to lose track of time when reading. Once again, Techno gave a sigh.

Ranboo was in the small kitchen, preparing tea. As to why, Techno had no idea. Was it even safe for Ranboo to drink tea? Doesn't it have water? Won't it hurt the enderman-hybrid?

Still, Ranboo happily poured Techno a cup of tea, before sitting down across Techno on the small table.

"Edward should be coming back soon," Ranboo says, carefully drinking some tea. Techno just nods, bringing his own cup up to his face before taking a sip.

"Seriously though.. I knew you were a nerd, but to think you'd spend so long reading you forget the

time,” Technoblade sighed.

Ranboo then proceeded to spit out all the tea he had just been drinking.

--

Edward walks into Prince’s home, being pleasantly surprised to see his roommate sitting there along with the youngling. He gives a hello, waving to the both of them and not mentioning the tea spill to Prince.

“Roomie!” Techno exclaims in his monotone voice, sounding as though he were, well, emotionless- but under the monotone was slight joy.

Edward just nods before going to stand in his boat.

Boat. Strange little device made by the people, but it’s so fun to sit in. *Boat.* It gives him the same happiness of holding a block.

Prince and Techno continue talking to each other, and Edward doesn’t miss how happy the two of them look. They truly are like brothers, even if Techno is piglin and Prince is enderman. It is normal for those not related to still be family, especially in endermen culture whereas almost everyone is *brother, sister, sibling*.

Yes. Endermen have genders as well. It’s a nice sense of identity.

It is late, Edward thinks. For days, the young Prince (or, Ranboo. But Endermen cannot translate Ranboo to their language, and there is an energy around Ranboo that makes Edward think *prince*.) has been reading in the room that even Edward does not know the original purpose of. All he knows is that it is the only way back to their Motherlands, and it holds knowledge that Edward himself does not know of. A part of him does not wish to know; the knowledge in there has never been for him to read.

Something - something old and ancient and *powerful* - told Edward that Prince was the only one who would be able to use that knowledge correctly.

So Edward sits and watches as Prince talks to Warrior (Techno) and wonders what the future will

bring. He has lived for decades, longer than any human has, and he is one of the few Elders that is so ready for change.

Edward is.. Excited.

--

“So, we’re leaving tomorrow?” Ranboo asks, having cleaned up the tea spill from earlier.

“Yeah, if that’s alright with you,” Techno answers, giving a nod.

“Of course it is! Man, I’m kinda gonna miss this place..” Ranboo trails off, looking at the walls of the place which was his home for what seems like forever. He’s comfortable here. Oh so comfortable. The neighbors are kind, there are books he can read and he can *learn* from, he’s regained certain memories (*Happy moments; sending letters to Tommy in exile, Niki reaching up to ruffle his hair, Tu-*).

Still, he knows he has to return to the Overworld. There’s so much he needs to find out - he wants to ask Karl about his time travel, he wants to connect the Guardians to their mortal counterparts, he wants to help Tommy. All of that can’t be done if he just stays in the Nether, away from the world and society.

“Before we go,” Techno speaks up, a hint of worry in his voice, “There *are* some things you need to know.”

Ranboo tilts his head curiously, and Techno proceeds to tell him of what happened in his absence.

--

So. Dream is after him. Tubbo still wants revenge. They have an anonymous ally. Phil is pissed.

Well.

Well.

WELL.

W E L L .

And here Ranboo was, thinking it would be okay in the Overworld. Just a reminder that he should never think positively or be optimistic.

His anxiety spikes, and he wants to stay here even more, where Dream or Tubbo cannot find him, where he'll be safe-

But what good would hiding do? He'd be trapped here, and he doesn't want to be trapped (*Not again, please, he's sorry, sorry, sorry, not water please it **burns-***) .

Maybe he can ask Techno for tips on fighting when they return?

Ranboo just sighs and curls up on the hammock (not a respawn bed; beds + nether = boom, bye bye Ranboo). Tomorrow will be a fairly long journey back home.

(When did Ranboo start thinking of Techno's house as *home*?)

--

Techno, for what seems like the millionth time today, sighs. He wishes he could tell Ranboo that he was safe, that they'd make the journey and be fine afterwards - but in all honesty, it was safer for the kid to at least know who he's facing.

...Ender. Techno told himself not to care for Ranboo; to not get attached. Yet here he lays on the couch, thinking of how to keep the enderman-hybrid safe.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading ! It was so fun to write Edward's pov..

Also, like, I don't write fluff. I write softness and like. techno calling ranboo 'kid'. edward giving techno the endern name 'warrior' and giving ranboo 'prince'. small lil things :)

[illegible]

comments make me feel poggers. me feeling poggers = not killing off ranboo and having techno sob "kid..."

was that a threat?

... no ?

Return

Chapter Summary

Ranboo returns home.

.

Boat.

Chapter Notes

B O A T .

I really went brrrr, huh? getting back into updating <333

ALSO: If any of you guys think a tag should be added, please tell me. I am simply writing as I go. I don't even have all the plot thought out. This fic will be long. There's gonna be a lot happening I hope,,, so I won't always remember tags I need to add! Please do tell me if any tags should be added and I will most likely add them :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The air is chilly on Ranboo's skin, and he feels slight anxiety as he usually does while walking over snow. He wonders why snow doesn't hurt him; only melted snow harms him. ...Drinking water doesn't hurt him either. Well, just one more added to the list of mysteries that make up Ranboo's existence.

Walking through the snow is difficult, the snow deep but recently fallen and with each step, Ranboo's feet slightly sink into the snow. It's quiet, but comfortably so as it usually is with Techno. Ranboo's always been okay with being left to think; he rambled a lot, but he could always appreciate the quiet. (*He thinks and thinks, to try and quiet the background noise of rushing water and Tubbo's voice.*)

Still, he can't deny that despite the walk through the snow (why *is* the nether portal so far from home?), he felt excited to return. He hadn't lived with Techno for long, but his time there had been comfortable and warm. He woke to warm breakfasts, he was allowed to pet Techno's dogs, and feeding Carl was fun, even if Techno had called it 'paying rent via unpaid labor'. Techno was.. Techno was *important*. Techno had saved him, and Ranboo would be forever grateful. He wanted to pay him back, somehow.

For now, he was just excited to be *home* soon.

When Techno's house became home to him, even Ranboo does not know.

Soon they arrive; Ranboo turns to give a grin to Techno, before running over to Carl. The horse is so pretty in his diamond armor, and Ranboo gives him a quick pet before going up the steps to enter.

His eyes catch onto the coat hanger near the kitchen where Techno's iconic apron hangs. Before his stay in the nether, Techno had let him stay in the living room. He wonders where he'll stay now.

Techno speaks up, "So, uh.. We're home now."

He sounds awkward. Ranboo responds, just as awkward, "Yeah, we are. Uh.. where am I gonna stay now? Cause I could just make my own house, but like I'd need to stay in the living room until I'm done with that-"

Techno cuts him off, "No, I- uh. While you were gone, I made an addition to- I made an extension, and it's empty but I- I *guess* you could stay in there? You'll have to probably pay rent at some point, but-"

Techno effectively stops nervously rambling when Ranboo lunges to hug him, which feels a bit awkward considering Ranboo's taller than the piglin hybrid but Ranboo can't help it. Techno has done so much for him, so much more than he deserved, and Techno wasn't even *friends* with Ranboo before. They'd known of each other's presence, and they'd talked, but they hadn't been anything other than acquaintances before-

Before Tubbo.

But, well, he was safe now and it was thanks to Techno. Techno who made him a home in the nether, who taught him of hybrid laws, Techno who cooked him warm breakfast, and Techno who built him an entire *room*.

Tears well in his eyes, and they *burn* but he's so happy he doesn't even care.

Techno chuckles, looking away but feeling happy that Ranboo liked the gift nonetheless.

Ranboo releases Techno, and his mind thinks *family*.

--

L'manberg is dark. There is unrest hiding under fake smiles and brushes off of *it's okay*. Fundy watches as he always has. He used to be bitter about how he was constantly ignored and underestimated, but he'd long since learned how to make use of it, instead. He was more powerful than people wanted to think. Shapeshifters were *strong*, able to manipulate the flow of magic around themselves to completely change their own body.

Nobody ever said shapeshifters were restrained to known animals or even half-human, half-animal and assumed hybrids.

Fundy lurks in the shadows, quite literally. He may be a redstone engineer, his mind wired to change redstone to create amazing things that weren't thought of to even exist. But he also knew how to think outside of the box; his imagination had always been big, and it was easy to imagine himself as a practical shadow.

So Fundy watches, stares as L'manberg's president plans on hurting more people, and Fundy thinks.

He knows who to tell of this; Fundy does not have many friends, but maybe the identity of his recent closest friend and best ally is surprising.

He slips out of the room, prepared to retell the knowledge he gained simply going unnoticed.

Fundy slips into a house in L'manberg, still a shadow.

Minutes later, Fundy walks out in his half-human, half-fox form.

--

Ranboo stares in surprise at the chorus fruit cupcakes. It's.. it's his favorite food. There's a whole tray of it just *waiting* on the counter.

"Hey," Ranboo calls out to Techno, not once taking his eyes off the cupcakes.

“Don’t eat the cupcakes yet, help bring dinner over,” Techno orders, Ranboo’s mind catching onto the *yet* in that sentence.

..So he’d get to eat the cupcakes soon. Got it.

Ranboo went to bring over the two plates. It was a fairly simple dinner of steak and baked potatoes, which isn’t really that surprising, but it’s warm and homemade, which beats the bread that he had eaten in the nether.

“Thank you for making dinner,” Ranboo thanks with a small smile. Techno nods in acknowledgement, and the two end up eating dinner in silence. At the end of dinner, Ranboo grabs a chorus fruit cupcake, and then grabs one for Edward. The elder enderman looks excited as Ranboo comes over with the baked good. The two enjoy the cupcakes, giving their thanks to Techno over their mouthfuls of sweetness.

Techno just chuckles. There’s noise in the house again, and Techno is thankful for it.

Chapter End Notes

B O A T .

I'm not even lying when I say I did NOT mean to give fundy pov here, i just needed a break between and a way to move on the plot.. i was gonna do tubbo pov but thats no fun is it?

Tubbo is the confirmed villain in this story btw. Dream also is, but less so ig? Idk... but well, you could tell from the whole execution day, right? Something's wrong with Tubbo. I'm trying to make his character.. very bad at being self-aware. Meanwhile, Tommy is becoming self-aware! Exile messed him up, and he realized Dream was manipulating him. It makes me think, maybeeee Tommy would look at himself deeply to think 'how did Dream use my weaknesses against me' so he could fix those. he doesn't wanna be hurt again.

man,,, I have a bit of plot thought out, but as always the start is just the build up. The first like, really major conflict...

I don't think you guys will like that.

So, uh, for now, ENJOY THE TRAINING ARC!

Training Arc I

Chapter Summary

Chapter 18: The Beginning of the Training Arc
Ranboo has a dream. A memory.

Techno decides to teach Ranboo how to fight, where they find he can teleport. Huh.

Phil regrets.

Chapter Notes

woo-hoo!! me? updating on a weekend? wack.

this chapter is a bit longer than usual because instead of obsessively checking the wordcount for when it was 1k words so i could immediately post it, i instead added everything i wanted to for this chapter.

i should do that more often.'

(im too lazy to capitalize my words in my notes

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dreams are strange things. Sometimes they are so clear they feel like a memory (and well, they can be) and other times the details blur at the edges and once you wake it's like you never dreamt at all.

After waking from a dream, a beautiful dream, one wants to return. They grasp onto the already fading memories of the dream, wanting to hold onto their own mind's imagination created during your sleep.

Ranboo does this, mind desperately trying to keep fragments of his dream (*memory*); alas, the pieces slip away and Ranboo is left just barely touching the edges of the entire land he had been in.

Now, all he remembers is a woman beautiful with short white hair contrasting against dark skin and a beautiful smile highlighted by bright red eyes. A figure with long dark hair and pale skin, human but also *not*. He runs around beautiful hallways, elegant and seeming like how one imagines a castle; armed people have dark skin similar to the lady and to Ranboo's enderman half.

It is all so familiar. It *hurts*. Because he recognizes this dreamscape, but he doesn't know where

from. Who was that lady? Why did he feel so utterly happy being near her? And the man, with the gentle, soothing aura? Why did he run through the halls? Usually running in a dream would signal *fear*, but all he had gotten was *happiness*.

Still, the dream continued slipping out of his reach until he couldn't remember any of the details, and all he could remember were his own thoughts of the dream.

He's left sitting in his bed, frustrated and despaired at the lost of what *should* have been a dream but felt so much more like a needed clue to his unknown past.

--

When Techno goes in to grab the kid, Ranboo looks like a mess. Not in a bad way per say but.. He looks exhausted. Techno wonders for a moment if he should cancel the plans he'd made for today, but they're important so he guesses he'll just keep it relatively calm.

"Kid?" Techno calls out to Ranboo, faintly noticing this was probably the first time he'd properly called out to Ranboo as '*kid*'.

Ranboo looks up groggily, staring in confusion at Techno. Techno just shakes his head and sighs fondly, "C'mon, we have things to do today."

The kid looks awake enough at that, so Techno leaves his room and instead gets to making breakfast. Just as Techno's about to go wake up Ranboo *again*, the teen stumbles out of his room in the suit he always wears (why *does* Ranboo wear a suit? That's kind of weird. And not suitable at all for the snow. Maybe..). The sleeves are slightly wrinkled, but it looks like it was the smell of pancakes that got the kid out of bed.

"So, uh, what are we doing today?" Ranboo asks after they both sit down to eat pancakes. Techno stares for a moment at the excessive amount of powder sugar Ranboo puts on his pancakes.

"Training. You have dangerous people after you, and you need to be able to defend yourself," Techno answers easily, taking a bite of maple-syrup covered pancake, and not saying '*I want you to be able to protect yourself for if (when) I can't protect you*'.

Ranboo looks up surprised, but just nods in response. Techno doesn't mention the small smile Ranboo has gained. Techno, however, does want to smack himself for being happy that the kid

doesn't look as.. *Distressed* as he had this morning.

--

Techno holds out a stone sword - wood swords are all too light, good for *true* beginners but Ranboo has fought before as everybody here tends to; stone swords are closer to the weight one wants to get used to, but not sharp enough to hurt a sparring partner. Techno carefully steps toward Ranboo, pushing aside the memories that reflect the training he's giving to Ranboo ("*Hey, Blade, why are we using dumb stone swords, I can carry an iron sword-*").

Techno had learned one of the best ways to learn was *watch, understand, practice*. Which means Techno shows Ranboo proper stances and how to dodge, and Ranboo watches carefully and then tries repeating so Techno gives him tips and reminders, and Ranboo keeps practicing.

"Keep your sword up."

"Widen your stance. You won't look weird when you know what you're doing."

"Put strength in your entire arm. Not just your wrist."

"Keep yourself a step ahead the entire time."

So on it went until Techno decided it was time for them to spar. Ranboo looked nervous, but Techno just humorously reassured him it was just a spar; not a fight, but a spar. After all, there's only so much one can learn against a training dummy; and only so many ways one could learn to dodge without any actual attacks to dodge from.

Techno picks up his stone sword and gets into stance, Ranboo awkwardly doing the same. Their spar is really more of a "*I hit, you dodge the best you can*". Techno thinks if Ranboo learns to dodge all of Techno's attacks, nobody should be able to harm him.

Ranboo still looks *extremely* nervous. Really, he shouldn't be. Or maybe it's better that he is? It means he's not reckless, that he's not overestimating himself ("*I can beat you, Technoblade, any day.*" "*Sure, RaccoonInnit.*").

So Technoblade attacks, making sure to slow his attacks just enough for Ranboo to be able to see them so he knows how to dodge. Pride grows in Techno's chest as Ranboo follows both his instincts and his mind, letting his reflexes take hold and keeping a watchful eye. Techno only realizes he's gotten a bit too into the spar when Ranboo's eye widens. Techno stops before his hit,

but Ranboo isn't even there anymore.

“ *Huh*, ” Ranboo says from 10 blocks behind him.

--

It's been such a long time. Phil.. Phil should have gone back and talked to Techno. He should have gone back and tried to explain, or even owned up to his mistakes. He should have. He *could* have.

Yet he didn't.

All he could do was wallow in self-pity and self-loathing, in regret and loss. He was such a shitty father.

He went and had a son with the woman he loved, only for her to die mere moments after Wilbur was born. He'd despaired; he had ignored his one last remainder of his love and instead cried.

That is when it started, isn't it?

Philza had always wanted to have children. It was simply something he wanted; he wanted to raise a child and give them happiness and teach them. He'd always thought he would do it with the partner of his choice, would share the responsibility and burden.

He was so wrong.

And oh, how he failed at having children. He couldn't take care of Wilbur, so why did he take in Techno? Techno who was loud and more maintenance but he could at least *look* at Techno. Techno with piglin ears and pink hair and red eyes. Not Wilbur with his wife's smile, his love's curly brown hair.

And then.. Tommy. It really wasn't what he should have done. Phil ignored Wilbur, and couldn't even help Techno with those 'voices'. He just let Techno go out at night and return with bloodied hands and simply wipe away the blood.

But how could Philza leave the small, crying baby in the forest? He couldn't. He just couldn't.

*He doesn't hear a lady cry, cry so loud the forest **shakes** because her child is gone . Philza feels small tremors of what seems like a small earthquake and rocks Tommy to sleep. Wilbur stares through the doorway, wanting to ask "Dad, when's dinner?" Techno is gone.*

And Tubbo.. Tubbo was abandoned in a box at his doorstep. Phil *knew*, he *knew* who left the small toddler at his door, but.. Phil never once told the little boy.

Never.

He had made so many mistakes. Could he have gone back in time, he would. He would be able to fix what was wrong, but he *can't* do that.

So instead, Phil stays there with his wings covering his shaking, sobbing body as he wonders what would have happened had he just been there for his first son.

In the midst of his cries, an awkward voice speaks out, "Yo, uh.. Are you okay?"

But.. nobody is even near the snow biome except for Techno and Ranboo. Phil knows he'd retreated to the forest, so who-

The blond man looks up and all he can think is *why is a pyromaniac in a literal snow biome.*

Chapter End Notes

lmao did you guys expect that thing at the end? me neither. i was just going to write sad philza and set him up for possible redemption. i didnt even mean to put in sapnap.

but here i stand

Even in Confusion, One Can Lend a Hand

Chapter Summary

Sapnap was confused. He was just here to get some supplies, and instead he finds Mr. Philza Minecraft crying in the forest.

(Both of them had run away from their pain. Sapnap sees a reflection of himself.)

Chapter Notes

THIS CHAPTER IS A LONGER CHAPTER. I WILL TRY TO GIVE LONGER CHAPTERS PERHAPS? it's not too much longer but i've decided to not obsess with the word count and be like "i will post as soon as i write 1k words!" and INSTEAD be like "i will write what i wish for this chapter and then find a good ending point to end it on! if it's not 1k words, i'll just write more (since i do want a minimum of 1k words)" :D

so, enjoy! even if there is no boat, no grass, and no ranboo or techno here. oopsies?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

This really was not what Sapnap was expecting when he came to the forest for supplies. Really, how often does somebody run into Mr. Minecraft crying in a forest? Probably not like, ever. Sapnap doesn't really know what to say to the crying man, but he can't very well leave him here.

Sapnap wondered *why* Philza Minecraft was in the forest near his house, but Sapnap's probably strange for running from the Dream SMP and deciding to instead build a cottage in a snow biome, so he guesses he can't really talk.

The blond man gives out a laugh; dry and full of bitterness. Blue eyes similar to Tommy's look up at him, but they don't seem to have the same feeling at all. While Tommy's had been like the sky, all-too large but familiar, Phil's eyes seem more like an ocean. Deep, and light on the surface on normal days - dark underneath, and able to become stormy at a moment. Philza's mouth opens ever-so slightly to ask a question, "Why are *you* of all people in a snow biome?"

In all honesty, not even Sapnap can really admit to understanding. He might *know* that he came to get away from the pain he gained in Dream's presence, but there's a clear difference between knowing and understanding. So the brunette gives a shrug, "I don't know. Why are you crying in a forest?"

Sapnap doesn't really know Philza. He knows of the man; he knows Philza had large wings that seemed to span out large enough to touch the edges of the earth, he knows this man is the reason

for Tommy hiding his pain behind a facade of loud happiness, he knows this man is the reason Wilbur started a war due to a craving for something of his own. Sapnap *knows* so much, but he cannot understand the man.

Then again, is it his place to try to understand Phil? It shouldn't be. He is not close to the man, and although his friend was hurt by Phil, it doesn't mean it's his place to try and understand the man.

Well, Sapnap does kind of want to know (and understand) why Philza Minecraft is crying in the forest near his house. Which is why he asked. That is how you get knowledge, after all - by asking questions.

"I..I just got into an argument with Tech," Phil answers, his voice breaking off near the end. It sounds like he's about to continue sobbing. Sapnap awkwardly looks away. He doesn't really know Techno either. Techno and Phil both seem so far away from him; the two are legends in their own rights, but Sapnap couldn't quite call himself friends with the two. Maybe Sapnap had a healthy fear of Techno; the piglin-hybrid was known for his battle skills, but Sapnap also felt a small bit of camaraderie with the piglin-hybrid. After all, Sapnap was born of fire, a blaze-hybrid - he and Techno were born in the nether and considered it one of their homes.

It's an almost unspoken rule that mob-hybrids look out for each other, more so than normal hybrids. Hostile mob hybrids were usually extremely discriminated upon; not in the Dream SMP or the nearby lands, but elsewhere they were usually used in illegal fighting rings.

For a moment, Sapnap allows himself to wonder as to why Technoblade and Philza could've fought. The two were the closest of friends, born of blood and war. Sometimes they were even considered having a father-son sort of relationship. He wonders if Phil ran away after the argument or if he was kicked out.

Sapnap doubts the latter.

Oh, wait, he needs to say something. Something.. Comforting. Sapnap's surprisingly empathetic (and out of the 'Dream Team', probably the best at understanding emotions in general), but it doesn't mean it won't be awkward trying to comfort Phil. He doesn't know the man. It's also just feels awkward trying to comfort somebody older than you.

Well, he can try.. Food's good for comforting, right? And the snow is cold, so surely Phil wants to get out of the cold. Yes, that'll work.

Sapnap speaks up, suddenly extremely grateful for the fact he's an extrovert and fairly sociable, "I won't ask why you two fought, but it's cold out here. If you want, you could stay at my cottage for a bit and rant at me?"

Phil looks slightly wary at his words, but surprisingly agrees, "Alright."

Sapnap grins, only a small one, but a smile nonetheless. He hasn't talked to anybody for a while, and he felt like he was slowly wilting. Extroverts *do* thrive off others after all.

He leads the winged man to his home, wondering how Phil's wings would fit through his door. Sapnap guesses if Phil can't get in, he could just make an entrance for the blond.

--

Phil's wings could fit through his door. That was good for Sapnap, at least. Sapnap quickly rummaged through his barrels for the ingredients for some mushroom soup. He can hear a slight flapping noise, and glances back to see Phil.. nervously moving his wings slowly. He won't judge Phil on the man's nervous ticks, and just proceeds to chop up mushrooms and add milk to make mushroom soup. He technically *could* just craft the food, but crafted food usually tastes worse and actually regenerated less hearts than properly cooked food. Crafted mushroom soup tastes absolutely disgusting - no spices, too thick, and it doesn't even give many hunger bars. Plus, he wants to make comfort food for Phil! Food always helps. Hopefully it does this time as well.

While letting the soup cook in the pot, Sapnap occasionally stirring as to not let it burn, Sapnap takes out some loaves of bread to eat with the soup. He's glad he decided to make mushroom soup rather than something like chicken noodle soup... he had a low stock of noodles, and he lived in the snow right now; there wasn't a lot of meat he could get until he decided to bring chickens over.

Finally, the food is finished, and Sapnap pours out some soup into bowls. Phil sits on his couch. Sapnap smiles at the blond, setting down the soup onto the coffee table in front of him. Phil thanks him, but continues to look away.

Sapnap has always been empathetic. It came naturally to him; as a child, if somebody close to him cried, so would he. It was *easy* to understand other people's emotions.

It was one of his greatest strengths, and his worst weakness. It made him susceptible to anger and sadness more often than others.

Sapnap realizes Phil might not want to talk right away, and he understands. He's always understood people's emotions easily; it was one of the few things he'd prided himself on understanding. If he couldn't understand the person, he could understand their emotions at the very least.

So Sapnap ever so easily stays quiet; the silence wasn't pressuring as it usually was for him.

Sapnap liked filling in silence. It was simply what he did. But right now Sapnap could understand Philza needed time and *quiet* to sort out his own thoughts. And after quietly finishing up his soup, he takes out his so-called ‘ *comfort blanket*’ (named by George and Dream after the multiple times he’d draped it around their shoulders after they cried) and wraps it around Phil, careful not to disturb his wings. Maybe he should be a bit more scared, considering how Phil is smarter and probably stronger than him, but he can’t find himself to be scared.

Phil looks up at him, finally, to give a grateful smile. Sapnap hopes Phil really *sees* how Sapnap understands. Sapnap hopes Phil knows that Sapnap won’t judge him, that Sapnap won’t force him to talk. That Sapnap will just help him.

Both of them had run away from their pain. It only made sense to help each other, after all.

--

It is so *cold*. His mentality slowly slips away, all alone in his too-big base with no friends. He’d driven them all away. That was what he wanted, right? He wanted them to go away. If they were away from him, they’d be safe. They’d be happy. *He* could be happy, could do what he wanted without staying careful to keep his friends happy.

So why did he feel so utterly and deeply *alone*?

--

A mask falls to the ground and a small bit of the porcelain chips off, the pressure making its way through the small weak point and cracking the edge of it. The ‘ *crack!*’ of the mask so loud in the large room the small noise echoes around the far walls.

After the crack follows faint sobbing noises; quiet but in the silence seeming to encompass the entire room. The sobs speak of loneliness and heartbreak, of regret and apologies.

The sobs are begs for forgiveness, in a way.

Chapter End Notes

i swear i always end off chapters with a surprise, even for me. i didnt mean to write that end bit, but here i stand....

hope you all enjoyed reading ! i have plot but next chapter is not completely planned. i think it will be drama. it is uncertain.

now i am going to go pop popcorn and eat popcorn while playing genshin impact which i recently got.

Manipulation, Panic

Chapter Summary

Tubbo finally convinces Tommy to tell him of where Technoblade lives. Despite the sinking feeling in his gut, Tommy knows if he stays silent he will be exposed. All he can do is prepare for whatever Tubbo plans to do.

Chapter Notes

bbbbbbbbbbbbbb

once again i did not care for word count but instead plot!! pog !! enjoy :)

,,,theres no techno n ranboo interaction this chapter either oops <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tubbo knocks on Tommy's door, a bright smile on his face. For a moment, as Tommy opens the door for the brunette, Tommy allows himself to believe it is like the old days. Tommy lets his mood brighten for a moment, truly lets himself believe that now that Tubbo is here, the day will be even better. That the day will be full of fun; pranking others on the server, talking to Wilbur. Only for a moment does he allow himself to believe everything is right in the world as it had been before L'manberg was ever imagined by his elder brother. As everything had been before Eret betrayed them, before Schlatt returned, before Wilbur fell into insanity, before Tubbo betrayed him to exile.

Before his entire world fell apart.

Then he is reminded of reality - he is reminded that Tubbo is not a friend, but a foe. He's reminded that dealing with Tubbo nowadays is a battlefield, not of blood and outright violence but of hiding in the shadows and underneath a facade.

Tommy allows his expression to go from ‘*weak, defeated*’ to ‘*hopeful, happy, brightened but still tired*’ or so he hopes. His goal is for Tubbo to see him as somebody completely reliant on Tubbo, willing to do everything for affection and friendship. He gives a bright grin to Tubbo, making sure his voice is warm but weak at the same time.

Tubbo gives a supposedly discreet smirk. Tommy describes it as ‘*supposedly*’ because he catches it right before Tubbo gives a large smile. Tubbo casually lays his hand on Tommy’s shoulder, and Tommy shuts up the voice in him that yells to forcefully shove it off. Instead, Tommy looks

eagerly into Tubbo's eyes, waiting for him to speak and 'trying to hide his excitement'.

Tubbo takes the bait. Tommy can see it in the gleam of his eyes. Even now, when Tommy knows they're on opposite sides (despite Tubbo being oblivious to this), he can read Tubbo as easily as ever.

It would sting that Tubbo couldn't see through Tommy's facade if Tommy could truly find it in himself to care.

But he can't. He, in all honesty, cannot.

Maybe before he would have cared, but he's come to realize that *this* Tubbo, the one who tried to execute Ranboo just as Schlatt had tried to execute Tubbo, wasn't his friend.

Perhaps Tommy should hold more sentimentality towards their past friendship. But he *can't*. Not when Tubbo had grinned moments before dropping an anvil onto Ranboo's head just as he'd tried with Techno. Ranboo, who sent him letters in exile and was there for him more than anybody else. Techno, who had begun warming up to him and handed him the axe of peace.

Tubbo opens his mouth to subtly ask (*demand*) something of Tommy, "Tommy!" He still calls out Tommy's name with an 'aye', Tommy realizes.

"Hey, Tubbo!" Tommy greets almost weaklike.

"I wanted to talk to you," Tubbo smiles, eyes closed into crescents. Tommy tilts his head ever so slightly as he quickly makes up a response with just enough of his loud personality and his facade of weakness.

"Oh, you did? Well, what do you want, big man?" Tommy asks, already following along to where Tubbo was dragging him. As they walk, he looks around L'manberg.

There are still wanted posters of Technoblade. He wonders if they'll ever be taken down, or if the only time they'll disappear is when L'manberg is eventually exploded again.

"As you know, Tommy, Technoblade has yet to pay for his crimes," Tubbo says in a deceptively welcoming manner. Tommy can practically feel the sizzling anger underneath the surface of Tubbo's words.

“Huh? I thought that his execution thing was his punishment?” Tommy asked, pulling onto the clueless act.

Tubbo laughs. It sounds cold and dry, nothing like the full-blown on laughter Tommy remembers. “Tommy, we *failed* there. He escaped punishment for his crimes. So.. we need to *succeed* this time.”

Tommy nods to show he is still listening, but Tubbo’s next words truly bring him to a panic.

“It would be really helpful if we knew where he lived. Last time, we found a compass to his house from Phil, but this time we haven’t got any way to find where he is. So I figured, who else to ask other than the one person who lived with him?”

The reminder that Tubbo *robbed* his father is not a kind one. Despite his resentment of Phil, to know his best friend had robbed his *father* to harm his brother- to *kill* his brother burns in a way that he’d not expected. Tommy would’ve thought he was less worried about it, but finding out about it after exile was horrid.

Techno’s eyes after the failed execution looked darker and emptier than ever. It had scared him. The last time Techno had looked so bad was after Wilbur’s death.

But even more terrifying was that Tubbo wanted to know where Techno lived. Well, Tommy knew that wasn’t quite what Tubbo wanted. No, Tubbo had gotten over the failed execution of Technoblade a while ago. Perhaps he was still mad, but Tubbo was intelligent enough to understand defeating Technoblade was a lost cause. Honestly, it had been from the start - the piglin-hybrid had fought off more than a dozen people at once, yet the “Butcher Army” had believed four people would be enough. It was foolish, borderline suicide mission.

And it was, especially for Quackity.

Returning to what Tubbo really wanted, however; Tubbo wanted to know where *Ranboo* was. Not Techno, but Ranboo. Ranboo was an easier target, but to go straight after the enderman-hybrid was surely too obvious. So what did Tubbo *really* want?

Tommy didn’t know, and he almost wanted to tell Tubbo he couldn’t remember where Techno lived. But it would be unbelievable, considering he’d lived there not even a month earlier, and would even expose him and his secret intentions.

But then- Ranboo and Techno would be in danger. The only two who had truly cared for him, other than Tubbo from before his best friend changed into somebody unrecognizable.

So Tommy, hiding his reluctance, tells Tubbo of the direction to Techno's house.

Unease churns in his stomach as Tubbo gives a large, warm smile and thanks Tommy gratefully.

Tommy feels horribly sick.

--

When Tommy returns to his house, he locks the doors and rustles through his chests. He is quick to type out a message to a certain friend. He needs to send a letter quickly to Technoblade. And so Tommy rushes to one of his backrooms, making his way to the sewers and trying to hold in the vomit rising in his throat.

He can't-

What if-

What if they die, because of him? Because he couldn't shut his mouth, because Tubbo now knows where they are and now they'll be hurt. He knows his face is pale, his eyes are blown wide, and tears are forming in his eyes. They drip down to the floor, and he can't *breathe*.

Before he knows it, he's looking up into black eyes and a particularly-accented voice is calling out his name.

"Fundy?" Tommy asks, glad that the shape-shifter had at least received his message.

--

Fundy doesn't quite know when Tommy decided to reveal his true self.

Now, Fundy might not have been Tommy's best friend, but Fundy was considerably smarter than

others. Despite how genuine Tommy was with his brashness and how easily Tommy brought in the emotion called *annoyance*, a part of Fundy just *knew* that wasn't all there was to Tommy Innit. Perhaps that was what brought the two to meeting soon after the failure of the Butcher Army.

They discussed a lot, and it had been quite the insightful conversation. They became allies, the two underestimated of L'manberg, and next thing Fundy knew, he was relaying information to the blue-eyed blond. It was not an unequal trade in any way. Fundy knew his reputation in L'manberg was low, because of *and* despite being the son of the founder of L'manberg. It would be easy for him to be kicked out of L'manberg under the pretense of 'following his father's footsteps'. So in exchange for information easily gathered, Tommy promised protection - whether in L'manberg or outside of it. And that was enough.

Besides, the kid (younger than him, despite technically being his uncle - this is what happens when old men decide to adopt small blond children from forests) was somebody he really did want to look after. So when he received the nervous-seeming message from Tommy, despite the blond having recently been very composed, he knew there was something truly wrong. Tommy had only asked for Fundy to meet him in the sewers to send a letter soon, but there were spelling mistakes making it clear Tommy's emotions when typing out the message.

So Fundy rushes over in literal light form, keeping his consciousness together with pure mental will. He gets to the sewers and returns to his half-fox, half-human form to run near to Tommy's house. Fundy sees the blond on his knees, clutching onto himself as though he were falling apart. He realizes Tommy's not breathing correctly, and crouches down to try talking to the blond.

"Tommy? Tommy, can you hear me? Tommy, you need to start breathing-"

Tommy looks up to Fundy, tears dripping down his sickly pale looking face.

"Fundy?" Tommy asks him, before promptly passing out.

Chapter End Notes

sooo.

letter person revealed huh ;)

did any yall expect that? who knows

i noticed i havent written any one-shots lately, or for any of my series, or for that continuation of smiles hid broken hearts... like im kinda sad :(i wanna write more one-shots... should i ?

For a World to Shift

Chapter Summary

And, all of a sudden, the world flips upside down by the actions of one.

In a certain perspective, the world has become utterly, and dangerously, silent.

Chapter Notes

DRAMA DRAMA DRAMA DRAMA DRAMA-

LMAO. i was going to write more for this chapter, but i'm heading off to bed for now ;)

have i ever mentioned how amazing writing makes me feel? for me to have fun creating content, and others enjoying what i create? Because i really do love writing. it makes me so happy to be able to post a chapter!!!

lmao you all ain't gonna like this chapter tho.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo wakes as he usually does, warm in the strangest of ways for him. Just waking up in his own room, calm and relaxed is a blessing. He wakes expecting breakfast (and half-chastising himself for being *selfish*, but he tells that voice to shut up because this is his *routine*), and walks tiredly out of his room to get food before Techno begins training for the day.

But the kitchen is quiet, and Techno is not there as he has been for the past few weeks. It's not something Ranboo's too bothered by; once in a while, Techno would be off researching or something of the likes, and would forget to come back in to make breakfast.

Sometimes, it surprised Ranboo how easily Techno's house had become like.. *Home* to him.

In the air is something.. *Wrong*. There is something wrong. Why-

It can't be because Techno is out. There is something else utterly, terribly wrong. A sense of foreshadowing looms over his entire being. Ranboo feels sickly, like he should go back to sleep and pretend he'd never awoken because he just knows, the words echoing in his very being.

Something bad is going to happen.

Something absolutely *horrid*.

Ranboo just gulps, and steps outside to find Technoblade, ignoring

--

Maybe, just maybe if Ranboo had heeded the warning his instincts *screamed at him*, it would have been fine. If Ranboo had stayed cautious, near paranoid, maybe nothing would have happened. To ignore one's instincts is a bad thing. To not follow them isn't particularly bad, but to completely ignore it is simply foolish.

But maybe, just maybe- nothing would have changed. Perhaps this was a set moment, and not much could stop it.

In the end there was no time for regret. There was only time for response.

--

That night, Techno recognized something amiss. Ranboo looked almost unreasonably nervous (almost unreasonably, as Ranboo often looked sort of nervous), but more importantly the house was empty of the other sharing this house.

"Where's Edward?" Techno asks, mostly to himself as he looks at the empty boat near the fireplace. He looks towards Ranboo for answers, but the kid just shrugs. Edward.. Doesn't normally go out without *any* sign. Edward usually tries to get Techno's attention before he leaves (a kind gesture, as Edward didn't *need* to tell when he was going out, but kept Techno's anxiety at bay) - so when had Edward left? Perhaps Techno just hadn't noticed, after the long night he had? After all, Techno had stayed up all night, preparing.. Something. He'd left the house under Edward and Ranboo's care, and even this morning he'd been busy *and* exhausted. So there was a chance he had seen Edward leave, but forgotten.

Still, Techno looks into the empty boat, almost missing the enderman's presence. Ranboo looks

over curiously, but otherwise finishes up his dinner.

...Why is there a note in Edward's boat?

And upon reading it, Techno has a slight panic attack.

--

Techno's panic attacks aren't obvious. He refuses to make sense of things, can't connect to the world around him, goes silent, has slight trouble breathing, but most importantly he latches onto the 'closest' person. And by 'closest' he means emotionally so. He hadn't even realized he *got* panic attacks until after he had them, and all he can remember is the anxious fog that had settled over his brain.

He hates panic attacks. They take him out of control, and the voices get louder in concern, but they don't help much. They just give him a headache and make the fog in his head all the thicker, and his thoughts swirl around him slowly, not fully sticking. His natural instinct is to go to somebody he trusts and hope *they* can help him connect the words and their meaning to his brain.

But now *really* isn't the time. He tries to fight the urge to turn to Ranboo, because Ranboo is a kid and shouldn't have to deal with his problems. So instead, Techno takes a deep breath, holds it, and then exhales. It calms him down enough to take in the information on the note. The *threat*. The *ransom*.

Painstakingly, Techno forces his eyes to re-read the almost too-neat words.

--

Dear Technoblade, (it sounds so sickeningly polite)

It is in L'manberg's sincerest apologies for escorting your enderman friend to jail. However, due to recent events, it has been decided that your punishment has yet to be fully dealt out. Due to recent light shining onto you possibly holding a fugitive of L'manberg in your home, we needed to convince you to come for a discussion. Do not worry, as we will not harm your friend so long as you attend. We do hope you obey the laws of L'manberg and do not wear your armor. If recent rumors of you holding one of our fugitives did hold truth, then it would also be within your best interests to bring the fugitive, if you do happen to hold him within your midst. We expect no response, and only your attendance on the following Thursday.

Third President of L'manberg,

Tubbo

The letter is polite, full of flowery words to trick one into believing there truly is no bad will. High vocabulary is used to make the writer seem more intelligent, to look down upon the reader. But underneath the polite wording is malice and threats, hidden carefully but shown enough so the reader *knows*. So that *Techno* knows.

Who-

Why?

Why did Tubbo dare kidnap Edward, from underneath his nose? How did it happen? Were people spying on him? Had they been waiting for the right moment, when Techno was just weak enough to sneak past by carefully?

Had somebody ratted out the location of his base? Quackity no longer held a compass. Ranboo held no coordinations to his base, and they'd come through the sewers and another pathway. Ranboo wouldn't have (he *couldn't*, Techno pleads for it to be true), so-

Had Phil? Had Phil seeked vengeance for their previous argument, and decided Techno needed a taste of what danger could arrive? Or, perhaps, had Phil been correct in his suspicions of the letter-writer who had claimed to be an ally?

After all, Techno hadn't questioned how the letter-writer had known where he lived. If the letter-writer had a deal or was allied with a shapeshifter, there was no doubt they knew where *everywhere* was.

So-

Who?

Who?

And it breaks his heart to think of the only person who would rat out his location to Tubbo.

Tommy.

Chapter End Notes

:)

well i mean i didn't kill him or technically hurt him. referring to edward.

:)))

i wonder, would it have been more dramatic for me to reveal the letter-writer only around now? then again, i think it's important for you guys to know Tommy is on Techno's side, even though Techno believes the opposite.

Fear, Anticipation, Pain, Promises of Revenge (Incredible Luck)

Chapter Summary

In the end, there had been no good decision to make.

How could he? How could he choose between which of his friend's lives would be saved?

But Techno has always been good at forging his own path, at refusing to believe there are only ever two - two sides, two choices. He has always made something of his own, and he will make his own choice this time as well.

He does not know what he will do if his own decision costs either or both of his friends' lives.

Chapter Notes

what's good chapter titles?? idk her

no kidding i had no clue on what to name this chapter i sat here like: all these chapter titles sound like trash-

so i stuck with the whole idk. emotion, emotion, emotion- thing. h e l p -

TW// injury, not too detailed, but w that injury is yknow. blood. kinda concerning image but it's not detailed as said.

:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo feels as though his world is ending as he and Techno travel by boat to L'manberg. It truly does feel like something has ended, that this is only the beginning of something horrid.

It doesn't feel like anything is real. Ranboo couldn't connect anything together. Just yesterday, he and Edward had a nice conversation in Endern. Edward had helped instruct him in teleporting as the enderman usually did. It had been *normal*. His definition of normal, at least.

Change came so quick, so fast that Ranboo couldn't even *react* in time. There had been no time to wait, no time to let the horror seep in, no time to waste. He and Techno had to leave immediately to ensure Edward stayed alive.

After all, Tubbo *had* shown how unnaturally cruel he could be. What if they arrived, and Edward was dead? They arrive and discover Tubbo had been messing with them, *playing* with them?

What would-

What would he *do*?

He doesn't know.

Still, in the back of his mind echoes what seems to be a thousand voices.

There is something wrong.

*There is something **wrong**.*

*There is **something wrong**.*

*There is something **wrong**.*

*There is something **wrong**.*

*There is something **wrong**.*

*There is something **WRONG**.*

(turn around !)

(leave !!)

(nO, SAVE EDWARD!)

(TUBBO WHY?)

(what is even happening-)

It shouldn't be like this.

.
.
.
.

There is something wrong.

--

It is with determination that Techno moves forward. There are so many things he wishes he could've done to prepare. He wishes he hadn't argued with Phil, because maybe then his old friend would be there by his side. No matter how much he trusts the kid (which he would never admit to), he can't trust Ranboo the same way he does Phil. Techno doesn't think he could ever trust somebody the way he does with Phil.

Still, Techno cannot leave Edward alone in L'manberg - not in L'manberg, where enemies were around every corner. The very president of L'manberg had tried executing both him *and* Ranboo, in bouts of hypocrisy. Tommy had proved to be untrustworthy multiple times, Quackity loathed Technoblade, and there was nobody else who would step forward to help *Technoblade*.

If Edward dies because of his mistakes, the blame will only lay on him. He would tell Ranboo to stay at home if not for the underlying threat Tubbo had made in the letter.

And who was he, to choose? To what right did Techno have to pick the fate of his friends, to decide who dies or lives. How could Techno selfishly let Edward die to keep Ranboo safe? And how could he bring Ranboo along despite knowing the danger?

A small part of him whispers that he couldn't stop Ranboo, but the louder calls for blood drown out the small reassurance until all Techno can think of is spilling Tubbo's blood over the floor.

--

They stand in the plaza, and Ranboo cannot even see Edward through the water rushing around him, keeping him trapped in place. Just barely does Ranboo shove down the panic he feels from simply *seeing* the execution stand, just *barely* does Ranboo remind himself the rushing of water in his ears isn't real. He is so close to slipping off the edge, and he feels like the only thing stopping him from doing so is the fact that Edward is in danger. Edward, who gave him lessons in teleportation. Edward, who was like family at this point, who was somebody he could turn to for whatever confusion he has on his enderman side. No, Ranboo could not afford to slip into a panic. Not right now, when his *family* is in danger.

Instead, Ranboo looks forward with his armor placed strategically in his hotbar; he understands that Techno only does the same because of the threat on Edward's life. This situation is truly not ideal. Of all things, it would've been safer (politically-wise) if Ranboo had been labeled 'missing', and not 'taking refuge with Techno'. Alas, the underlying threats had not been missed, and the two walked into L'manberg unarmed. Techno looks unimpressed, but Ranboo can practically feel the anxiety from the man.

It sometimes surprises him, how easy it is now to see Techno's emotions despite Techno keeping them under careful lock and key.

There is a silence, with Techno glaring at Tubbo, Tubbo smiling clearly not bothered back at him, and Ranboo stares straight into Tubbo's eyes.

His mind still whispers that there is something *wrong*, that something will go *wrong*, but he's not quite sure what. He wants to run, wishes he could grab Edward and teleport away but he's not sure if he *can*.

It feels like he is being suffocated, despite the wind blowing his suit slightly and the sun shining down on him.

It had been this bright out when Tubbo decided to execute him.

Ranboo's nerves are so close to eating him alive. Just barely does he listen to the conversation Tubbo and Techno have. Both are good at twisting their words around to sound polite and real, but just fake enough to expose their true feelings underneath. It's a battlefield in its own right, one where Tubbo and Techno are matched.

"Hello, Technoblade," Tubbo greets oh so politely.

Techno just gives the smallest bow, barely a tilt of his head, “Greetings, President of L’manberg.”

Tubbo seems happy at the title he’s addressed with, and gives a smile, eyes crinkling in a way that could be mistaken for humor, “We’re both respectable men. I truly *do* apologize for the rude taking of your friend, but we do what we must to protect the country.”

Techno just barely reacts to the fake apology, “Of course. Now, we came here to discuss my friend’s release.”

Suddenly, the falsely polite aura coming from Tubbo disappears in an instant as his next words make him and Techno freeze in their place. Well, only Ranboo. Techno just tenses up and discreetly tightens his grip on his sword.

“I’m simply saying that I want a fair trade! You give us the traitor, and *I* give you back your enderman friend.”

For a moment, a single moment, Ranboo feels anxiety. Is he really worth getting Edward *killed*? Surely not, he can’t be, not when Edward has been Techno’s roommate for so long.

Techno’s vehement refusal stops his thoughts from plummeting.

“*No*. I absolutely refuse. If you prefer, we could fight instead of using *hostages*, as L’manberg is so fond of using,” Techno’s voice is cold and harsh. He’s putting L’manberg down, calling it weak for even *needing* to use hostages to get a one-up on him.

Tubbo’s stare becomes a glare, cruel and uncaring. He steps close to the lever, and that is when it becomes an outright battle. Out of nowhere, an arrow comes flying to shoot Tubbo, surely bringing the defenseless brunette to at least a third of his health. Techno’s eyes latch onto the spot of red left in Tubbo’s suit, and suddenly they are in battle. Tubbo is alone. Techno is charging towards the lone president, until suddenly there is a sharp sword at Ranboo’s neck and Techno stops completely.

Dream stands behind Ranboo, netherite sword coming dangerously close to decapitating the enderman-hybrid. Ranboo’s breath catches in his throat, the man he fears most in the server behind him with a sword held to his neck. The world seems to freeze, and Ranboo seems to finally know why he felt that there was something *wrong*.

If the world had paused when Techno realized Edward was kidnapped, the world *falls into shambles* when Dream puts a sword to Ranboo's neck. That is his *kid*, that is Ranboo who Dream is so close to killing in front of Techno's eyes.

His attention is brought away from Tubbo as Dream laughs, in that loud way demanding attention just from how genuinely *cruel* it sounds. Ranboo's staring at him with fear, and Techno feels pure *rage, unadulterated rage*.

--

Dream releases his tight hold on Ranboo as Techno leaps toward the masked man almost impossibly quick without the use of a speed potion, and Ranboo lets out a gasp as he quickly scrambles away. He's sure the only reason why Dream let go of Ranboo was because Techno would kill Dream faster than Dream could have killed Ranboo.

Ranboo's heart thumps too loud in his chest, so loud he hears it in his ears. His hands subconsciously reach up to the spot where Dream had held the sword against his neck. His breath is too quick, his mind too frazzled, his heartbeat too *loud*. Still, he is not so out of it that he does not see where Tubbo limps over towards.

Tubbo limps toward the lever that releases the anvil onto Edward's head.

And Ranboo knows what he has to do, as the clanks of sword against sword echo behind him from the vicious battle Dream and Techno have.

--

He teleports. He teleports right next to the water, only inches away from the watery doom, and he has only a *moment* before Tubbo drops the anvil, and that moment doesn't seem like enough time.

Ranboo cannot afford hesitation, and so he very quickly and painfully plunges his hand through the rushing water to grab onto Edward's arm.

That moment was all he needed, even as his arm *burns*, his own skin *melting* away in the few

seconds he'd thrown them into water. It being rushing water hadn't helped, the pressure only making it a worse injury. But Ranboo has hold on Edward, and suddenly he teleports Edward to him, outside the watery cage just as the anvil clangs onto the ground.

Techno's *just* knocked Dream to the ground and (dangerously in a fight) looks over to see Ranboo's skin smoking and melting off, water droplets falling down to the floor with pieces of blood. He just barely notes that Edward is there as Dream gets back up.

Kid-

The voices **scream** at him. They are screaming from fear, from anxiety, because they too have grown fond of the kid and now he is *injured*. They demand blood, revenge. Some yell to *return home, help him, heal him*. It surprises Techno. Very rarely do the voices put the wellbeing of another above blood.

It only concerns him even more.

He is once more surprised when an arrow shoots out at Dream's leg, keeping the masked man to the floor, just as a fox runs up to Techno. Techno watches, slightly amazed as the fox becomes *Fundy*.

"We should leave," Fundy says, looking down to Dream on the floor soon to get up, and glancing back at Ranboo's injured arm. Techno just nods, already connecting the dots that explain who the shapeshifter was.

Techno stomps down on Dream's ribs, probably breaking them with the force, before immediately rushing over to the kid. They need to *leave*.

Techno looks back and glares at Tubbo, who is still bleeding from an arrow in his leg. He will be back, and Tubbo will pay with his life for the harm that was brought upon both Edward and Ranboo.

The four teleport away, Ranboo bringing along Techno despite being injured, and Edward teleporting the newly discovered ally (nevermind that Fundy could probably teleport himself).

As they disappear from sight, Tubbo lets out an enraged scream, letting his frustration be known to

the world.

Chapter End Notes

:)

Also, I'm on twitter and today I woke up to a mess. I'm actually pretty confused, but as far as I know from my writer mutual's tweets, writers asked for more recognition (as much recognition as visual fan-artists get), and some people lashed (?) out at them, making them turn their accounts private. I just wanted to say something about this, just a bit. I think fanfic writers do deserve more clout, more recognition in the fandom. A writer can spend months, MONTHS on a fic. We don't get paid, we don't even ask for much. Of course, we (or at least I, as I won't speak for others too much) write for ourselves. But we also post our writing because we want recognition, reassurance. We post our writing because we love comments and kudos, this is literally what any writer would want. What ANY content creator would want; for people to enjoy their content. I don't know why anybody would hate on another for that; for putting time and effort into something and then showing it to the world and wanting recognition from the world.

I just wanted to say something, and I don't have the following on twitter to make my words really count there. I figured where better than here? I'm sorry if I clogged up the end note, but if you want you could just skip it all so,,,

Enjoy your day, everybody who read. I really do appreciate every kudos and ever comment. Hits are lovely, but you can't quite appreciate hits as you can kudos and comments.

Failure, Healing, Plans for Revenge

Chapter Summary

To feel powerless.

--

How did he fail so terribly?

--

History will repeat itself.

Chapter Notes

I LIVEEEE

haha gotta get back into the grind of writing. oops. anyways, here we go! more plot reveals itself :))

brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tubbo cannot even begin to *describe* the burning hate he feels. Once more did he fail, even with Dream on his side! Even so, he *failed*. Why did he fail?! Was he not strong enough? Did he not have enough power?

What did he do *wrong*?

The next thing he knows, his office is a mess and he's panting, holding onto the corner of his desk. There are papers scattered on the floor, paintings ripped forcefully off the wall. His chair is on its side, and despite the strong hate and rage that had filled him only moments ago, now he just feels *tired*.

What was the point? He couldn't beat Technoblade, not in any way or form. Nether, Ranboo could *teleport* apparently. In the end, Technoblade and Ranboo were so high above him and he was..

Powerless.

--

L'manberg holds no power. No, it is weak. Its president is weak and therefore the country is weak.

There is a kind of anxious tension in the air, full of anger and spite and so many emotions.

Tubbo knows that Techno *will* get revenge on L'manberg for what Tubbo has done.

--

Ranboo, at first, does not quite feel the sting of water.

Now, it stings. It burns and stings, and his skin is bright red and looks.. *Bad*. It hurts to even move it, each slight adjustment of his arm bringing pain so strong Ranboo's not sure *how* he is still conscious when most would have succumbed to the sweet, painless promise of *sleep*. For some reason, Ranboo is still awake and left feeling like he has felt *worse* than his right forearm burning from shoving his arm to the rushing water to save Edward.

It had been worth it, and therefore the pain does not *matter*.

They are close to home, but the pain is still so strong, so constantly stinging that it gives him a headache. He *knows* he can handle pain, but it's difficult. So he distracts himself. He imagines Tommy standing nearby, calling him crude names because '*big men do not feel pain, and you are a big man, therefore pain is no*' or something along the likes. It makes Ranboo happy for a moment. Then his arm stings more from the panicked way Techno runs to his house.

Ah, yes. Did he forget to mention the pink-haired man was carrying him? He guesses he did.

Well, Techno is cradling him close, and whispering what are probably (*hopefully*) comforting words. Edward rants, chastises him in Endern, but Ranboo cannot hear either of them. No, it all floats past his ears as if they were never quite there in the first place.

Ranboo is *tired*. It hurts so much, both his arm and his head. But with both Techno and Edward speaking to him, he feels it would be extremely rude to fall asleep in the middle of their conversation.

So he will stay awake, for them, despite blackness threatening to overtake him and render him unconscious.

--

Techno is undeniably panicking. Ender, Ranboo's arm looks horrid, and the kid looks sickly. Techno is panicking, and it does not help that he feels like he has *failed*. He let the kid get hurt, he *failed*. Failed so horribly that someone got hurt, someone he cared for, *not again not again not again-*

No, now is not the time to be trapped within the darkness of his memories of what has already passed. Not when Ranboo is still in danger. He can tell the kid is on the verge of passing out, and so he quietly murmurs to the kid, trying to say that Ranboo will be *okay*, because Techno will make *sure* he is.

They finally reach Techno's house all too fast and too slow. Too fast for Techno to figure out how to help the kid, but too slow for him because Ranboo is still in *pain*.

Carefully, Techno sets Ranboo up onto his small couch, running to grab regeneration and health potions. Ranboo still looks so *tired*, but Techno can trust Edward to keep Ranboo awake for a few moments.

Techno brings over the potions, ready to carefully hand the healing potion to Ranboo so his wounds would heal, but Edward smacks the healing potion out of Techno's hands and to the floor. It shatters (surprisingly so with how durable the bottle is), making Ranboo look slightly surprised but still not quite lucid enough to be scared.

"Why did you do that?!" Techno shouts almost quietly, frustration and self-hatred making his voice angry and offensive.

Edward tries to communicate, making hand gestures to himself and the potion, but Techno doesn't understand.

Or, at least, Techno doesn't understand until Edward sticks his finger into the healing potion and Edward's skin turns purple and marred.

Oh..

“Okay, no healing potions,” Techno says, frazzled enough as it is, “Then.. is the regeneration potion alright?”

Edward nods, and so Techno carefully hands over the bottle, whispering to Ranboo for him to drink it.

The enderman hybrid luckily listens and drinks the regeneration potion.

It is not enough to heal the kid. His wound is no longer red and angry, but now purple and looking as though it was starting to heal.

It will leave a scar.

“Can I sleep now?” Ranboo asks, sounding so out of it Techno cannot help but agree. There is not much Techno can do for the kid anymore anyways.

“Yes, you can. Get rest, alright kid?”

Ranboo nods, but not before sleepily murmuring something that makes Techno’s heart warm in a strange but not unwelcome way.

“Night, dad.”

--

Techno carefully tucks Ranboo into his bed, unable to even imagine-

Did Ranboo mean it, or was it a slip of the tongue? Did Ranboo-

No, it is better to not think of it. Ranboo was probably just.. Delirious with pain or something.

Seeing things.

Techno, for the record, does not deal well with receiving affection.

Still, Techno *knows* he cares for the kid. God, he cares for the kid so strongly it scares him. He.. he had not meant to get so *close*, to get so *attached*. It is a weakness, but..

One he is willing to afford.

Still, there are so many problems to worry about. For one, *how* somebody managed to get into his house and kidnap Edward is worrying. And secondly, Techno had yet to decide what revenge he would set upon L'manberg this time.

Techno had unleashed withers upon the government of L'manberg, for betraying him in the cruelest of ways (*his own brothers*, his heart cries), for using Techno only as a weapon, only as *the Blade* and not an ally.

Techno had unleashed *hell* upon L'manberg before. So what if he did it once more? And so what if it was for his Enderman roommate and the enderman-hybrid he had somehow taken in?

Humorously, Techno reminds himself that history repeats itself. L'manberg will be blown up once more, and creatures of hell will be unleashed upon them once again.

History repeats itself.

Chapter End Notes

fun fact: i almost thought of calling this work 'History Repeats Itself'

isn't that cool? im kind of attached to the name 'Reflection of Oneself' now, but i think the other option would have worked,, alright?

:')

anyways i go brrrrrrrr. next chapter is going to be some more chaos, and THEN i write quackity next next chapter.

god quackitys character is fun. its always fun writing for characters i dont usually write for :)

History Repeats Itself

Chapter Summary

Quackity is always so, so angry.

--

Tnt rains from the skies, withers are unleashed all in the fulfilled promise of revenge.

Chapter Notes

quackity quackity quackity quackity quackity quackity quackity quackity quackity
quackity quackity quackity quackity quackity quackity quackity quackity quackity
quackity quackity quackity quackity quackity -

god i was so happy to write out his character i hope you all like it :o

anyhoot,, hi :)

no techno n ranboo interaction this chapter <3 haha

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quackity has always been an angry person. It fuels him, runs through his blood and keeps him *alive*.

He does not let his anger control him. No, he pushes it back with fragile patience and common sense.

His anger is strange. His anger is so strong, so powerful that everyday he pushes it down, further down, then even further down. He is so, *so* angry, at everything, at *everyone*. The world is so cruel, and it makes Quackity *so mad*.

Others would hurt the world back, because that is what they have learned. They are taught to hurt what angers you, because *they* angered somebody and were hurt, the shaking kind of hurt that leaves you alone and wondering who, where, what, but most importantly *why*?

Quackity is not like this, though. He has been hurt so deeply, but he is also still so *hopeful*. The world is so beautiful, so bright and lovely sometimes that Quackity cannot help but wonder why

anybody would want to destroy something so magnificent.

There are so many *good* things. There is good in his world, good in the children that fight wars for brothers and friends, good in small gestures, good in the form of *hurt*, good in bonds between people so unbreakable they will never shatter- there is good *everywhere*.

It is so beautiful yet angering at the same time. It makes Quackity want to yell to the world, to scream and shout that it *isn't fair!* There is so much good, but Quackity is only a witness, only allowed to watch and *long* and never *obtain*.

He is so angry, angry at the world and the good in it, because the good is *beautiful*, and who would he be, to destroy such beauty in a bout of selfishness?

So he does not hurt the world. He is still angry, afraid and angry and *hurt*, but he does not hurt the world. He is wonky, off-set from all the anger building in his chest with no release, but if that means he can keep the world beautiful it is *okay*.

(*He is not part of that beauty.*)

So he *tries*. Even with anger growing more and more inside him every day, he *tries*. He looks on both sides, tries putting himself in other's shoes but it is so *difficult*. He hurts Technoblade, let his anger control him and make him a beast, and it felt *wrong*. Quackity would not have tried to kill Technoblade. Not with knowing Technoblade had a *point*, that Technoblade laid out his terms and the others betrayed *him*.

But Quackity still tried to kill the piglin-hybrid, and it felt *wrong*. It felt fake, an act, nothing real because while Quackity knew they would fail, he could not remove the mask he had created the moment he claimed he would kill the blood god. No, his pride was already too high, and if he fell he was afraid he would die. He figured at the very least, he could die with a *story* behind the loss of one of his lives.

Even if the story felt fake and *not him*. It was.. *Wrong*. It hurt the world, and Quackity hated that.

Now, he watches as Tubbo changes. Tubbo, the bright kid who likes bees and flowers, who is just as mischievous as his best friend despite everyone thinking of him as more *innocent*. No, Tubbo is just as rambunctious and crazy.

..Tubbo *was* just as rambunctious and crazy. Now, Tubbo is cruel. Tubbo had been kind, *always kind*. It was the type of beauty Quackity could never come close to because Quackity was not the

same type of kind that Tubbo was.

Tubbo lost that kindness. The world took it from him, and now-

Now-

Now Tubbo is hurting the world. *Why?* The world is beautiful in its mess, in its bad and goods and Quackity thinks it is because Tubbo is a child that has been *hurt*.

Maybe that is why. It feels like it.

It does not feel right.

He is so *confused*. Tubbo took an innocent and-

And kidnapped them, threatened their life, the poor enderman had done *nothing* to harm them yet Tubbo took him, *hurt him*. It's not-

It is ugly. So ugly, disgusting to drag in bystanders and Quackity is *confused*. Tubbo helped bring happiness, beauty to the world in that rough, hurting kind of way and in the way of kindness and now Tubbo was only bringing *hurt*. The ugly, terrible kind of hurt formed from cruelty.

It makes Quackity *angry*.

It makes him angry, and his oh-so fragile patience runs thin. His patience had never been strong in the first place, made from being forced to *quiet down, don't feel, don't show because the world will kill you for it*.

Quackity is angry and alone.

L'manberg is empty and quiet. People walk past and the buildings seem too large and imposing for Quackity. Tubbo is gone, Tommy following after - and normally, Quackity would be *glad* for that, because their bond is so beautiful and strong that Quackity is envious of its strength most days. This time, it feels dangerous. Not quite ugly, but not beautiful either.

Their bond was broken, and it is beautiful in the heartbreaking kind of way. (It makes Quackity wonder why Tommy follows, but it is not his place to ask.)

Fundy left too, gone with Technoblade and Quackity does not blame him.

Quackity wants to leave L'manberg.

He is lonely, and it makes him feel sick inside, all nauseous and spinning until all he wants to do is sleep, sleep so long he can ignore everything happening around him, sleep so darkness can overtake the nausea he feels from simply *being*.

Quackity is angry and lonely, and L'manberg is silent and empty. Days have passed from the so-called Ender Kidnapping, it has been only one day more than from the Ender Kidnapping since Techno brought tnt down once more from the sky, and it is now weeks later that Quackity is alone in a nation that was supposed to be *great*.

--

It was with a sense of foreboding that Tubbo woke up with. He could sense that something would happen.

He was in danger. *They* were in danger. L'manberg was in danger.

Perhaps, had he been even a bit kinder now and less hardened by cruelty, less hungry for power he'd have warned his citizens. Warned his *friends*, or who used to be his friends until they became simply his *tools*.

The sky was bright, painfully so and Tubbo only thought of it as fitting because bad things only happened when the weather was so wonderful.

--

Tnt rains from the skies. Gunpowder fills Tubbo's nose, rendering his sense of smell useless - not as though it'd be of much help, in the chaos and smoke that already covers his sight. Withers are unleashed upon them, throwing skulls and blowing up his country even further. There is yelling and explosions ringing through his ears, making it hard to hear but at least not sounding like

fireworks of all things. It is chaos, it is bloody; it is *frustrating*.

Techno laughs - he *cackles*. Tubbo hates it, he loathes it. He loathes the sound that is clearly of victory; of successful vengeance.

Tubbo hates that even now Techno is stronger than him, that Tubbo has no choice but to leave if he wishes to keep his life. That Tubbo himself is still so incredibly *weak and powerless*. He would die at the hands of the blood god, and he is not yet ready for Death to claim his soul. No, not yet.

Not until all of Tubbo's enemies *burn*, until everyone who has wronged him or thought him as weak *dies*. Until all that remains is him, stronger and more powerful than anyone else after they are all *gone*.

It fuels Tubbo, even as he runs with blood dripping down his arm, only keeping his pace up from Tommy's arm wrapping around his torso.

L'manberg is gone once more. History has only repeated itself.

This time, it does not feel as though L'manberg will rise once more. It cannot, not with no hope left to fuel its flame, no loyalty and pure determination to keep its fire going. L'manberg is gone, leaving only embers and ashes in its place.

Chapter End Notes

ty for reading <3

comments are so poggers i posted this earlier than i thought i would because i wanted to read comments.

anyways, question! how do you guys think this series will go further? like what do you all expect? i wanna know :>

Oh, to Hear Voices

Chapter Summary

Philza does not wish to leave the quiet peacefulness of Sapnap's cottage.

--

Ranboo hears.. voices.

Chapter Notes

Or, alternatively: Philza wants to stay in cottagecore life, Ranboo gains chat.

Yes, Ranboo getting chat is definitely important to plot and not written on impulse.

Y e s .

Also, this chapter is shorter than usual because I already have the next chapter written out and it is 1.7k words long.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil does not want to leave the quiet, peaceful atmosphere of Sapnap's cottage. There is something calming, in the way Sapnap does not pry and in the way Phil does not owe Sapnap any answers. It allows Phil to relax, to properly think- to *prepare*. Sapnap promises Phil does not owe him anything, and it makes Phil wonder if Sapnap even knows how close they are to Techno's house. Barely a forest a way.

Of course, Phil had always known he'd have to return. He simply *had* to.

He had to stop running from his own mistakes.

Phil had just expected.. More *time*. More time to think out an apology, to remind himself Techno will not hate him, to reassure himself.

Now, he can't put it off anymore. No, he needs to visit Techno's house.

Phil sighs, looking back to Sapnap. Perhaps Phil should be more wary, knowing of the cruelty the brunette can have, but all he sees is a man keeping to himself in his cottage in the woods. It *is* strange, seeing the fiery man.. Living in a snow biome.

But he has heard of the news; he's heard of the Kidnapping, of Ranboo's injuries and Techno's rage. Phil is used to helping Techno out with his chaotic tendencies, and he will do so once more.

No more running away, he promises himself, as he nods to Sapnap and tells the other he will visit.

No more running away, he reminds himself, even as every step weighs down heavily upon his mind. He does not wish to confront the argument, his own mistakes- but he *wants to*. He has to.

Philza has to become a better person.

He knocks on Techno's door.

--

"Philza?" Fundy asks, tilting his head slightly as he opens the door for his.. Grandfather.

"Fundy?" Philza questions in response, sounding genuinely confused, "What're you doing here, mate?"

"Uhh.. let's just say I'm a new ally."

Much seems to have changed, Philza notes as Fundy lets him inside. There's a new door to what Phil assumes was the new room he'd seen from the outside. Fundy is here now, as well, which is surprising. Fundy had been a part of the Butcher Army after Technoblade; Phil would have assumed they were still on bad terms.

There is a newfound confidence in Fundy's eyes as well. The fox-hybrid looks.. Certain of himself in a way he had not before. Well, if one ignores how nervous Fundy seems.

"You seem nervous," Phil voices his thoughts.

"Ah, well- um. Yeah, you see..."

--

Of course his old friend had sought revenge for Edward and Ranboo. *And* left Ranboo at home with Fundy and Edward.

Of course.

Phil sighs, knowing he'll probably need to check on the kid later - currently, Techno's enderman roommate stays with the kid. Fundy had been cooking soup.

"Where have you been, Grandad?" Fundy asks, addressing Phil with the proper title with the realization Phil was here as an ally.

Now it's Phil's turn to explain, he supposes.

--

It is fuzzy. Hazy and fuzzy. The world is just a bit of a blur above Ranboo, but only for a moment.

Strangely enough, he can hear voices in the quiet.

[Is he awake?]

[hes waking up!! Guys be quiet]

[morning sleepyboo lmaooooo]

[sleepyboo haha]

That's.. Weird. Is he hallucinating? He must be, because he's pretty sure he's at Techno's house and not that many people live even *near* Techno.

Ranboo squints at the grass block in his room, trying to remember what had happened directly after

Edward's kidnapping. It comes back in flashes.

Dream's sword at his neck. Tubbo reaching for the lever. Rushing water burning his *arm-*

Ah. His arm hurts. Just a little sting, and he pulls off the blankets to look at it. Really, it doesn't look as bad as it *should*. Ranboo assumes Techno used a regen potion?

Ranboo had to learn the hard way that a healing potion only *burns*. Still, Ranboo is happy that he remembers, even in flashes. *He does not want to forget, never again-*

A golden thing is pushed into Ranboo's view.

"*Eat, little prince,*" Edward tells Ranboo, handing over a golden apple as Techno had suggested Edward do when Ranboo would awaken.

Ranboo nods, grabbing the golden apple and taking a bite of the sweet, enchanted fruit.

"*Where is T-E-C-H?*" Ranboo asks in Endern.

"*Revenge,*" is the only answer Edward gives.

Ranboo wonders what L'manberg will pay this time. If there is one thing Ranboo knows, it is that Techno is loyal and *violent*. L'manberg *will* pay for its crimes as it had in the past, whether it be explosions or the withers Techno was so fond of using. Maybe both.

Ranboo can't quite find it in him to *care* about L'manberg possibly being under attack, other than worry for Tommy's safety.

"*Will go to changeling,*" Edward says, teleporting out of the room and leaving Ranboo wondering who '*changling*' is.

--

Fundy lets out a small yelp when Edward teleports into the living room.

“*Little prince has awakened,*” Edward speaks in Endern, making Fundy glad for the lack of a language barrier so long as he shift slightly to Enderman (specific vowels were easier to speak as part Enderman).

“*Will go see,*” Fundy responds, gesturing for Phil to follow while the Elder enderman settled down into his boat.

--

Ranboo sits up in his bed, blinking in confusion at the sight of both Fundy and Phil.

“..Hi?”

[Awkward..]

[Dadza!!!]

[FURRY!!] (a lot of the voices say that one)

The voices are still there, loud but not *extremely* so.

Still, it doesn't seem like he's hallucinating anymore, so instead he looks straight into Phil's eyes and asks,

“Why can I hear voices?”

Chapter End Notes

guys i want to start a boat cult and name us the Boat Buds what do you all think
anyways spoilers next chap is niki-centric. :)

Tired, Angry Blindness That Brings Self-Sorrow

Chapter Summary

Nowadays, Niki is tired and angry.

(Blind counterpart of mine.)

Niki wants things desperately to return to how they were once. She just does not see.

(I will help you see.)

Chapter Notes

I cried while writing this.

:)

[TW: Blood, Injury, Death, Murder - not in great detail but in enough to be gory I think. Any other tws to be added?]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Niki is *tired*. Ender, she is so *exhausted*. Every day she wakes up and she does not know who she *is*. She knows not of what she looks for in life, her happiness having seeped out the moment Wilbur died.

She had loved Wilbur - no, not romantically, she had a wife, thank you - in the way you could not help but do. Back in what Niki thinks of as L'manberg's prime, when it had only just begun. When Wilbur had formed it with his own willpower, his own drive, his strong sense of *freedom*. One could not help but love Wilbur when he'd been so caring for his nation.

Niki saw, and she loved it in the way she loved a lot of things. She loved plants, loved their ability to dig roots into the ground and grow. She loved baking, the way you can stir and bake and turn ingredients into a treat, into a masterpiece if done correctly. She loved her kids, her boys who were rambunctious and funny and her entire *family*.

She had loved. Her love was her strength, until it became her weakness as it was destined to on this server doomed for war.

Now, she hated as strong as she loved. Her blood ran cold, her heart freezing over in a way it had never done before. Her blood ran cold, and the L'manberg tree burned.

*'How could you kill it? Growing and living, living as it did, because it's **alive**, how could you kill it? All it did was reach towards the sun, reach towards growth and you **killed it**.'* cries the part of her that froze over, that she's ignored for so long it is but a whisper in the storm that is her mind.

Her hatred does not stop. No, it grows and grows until she is blind. Blind to the truth, she believes it is Tommy who made all the problems on this server.

It was *Tommy* who killed Wilbur, who started the conflict.

Her hatred runs as strong as did her love, her love for the blond boy who cared turning to hatred, blind hatred.

Jack Manifold agrees with her. Manifold sees (*in the same blind way her counterpart does-*) the chaos caused by Tommy.

If Tommy is gone, the conflict will stop, right? They won't lose anybody else. Dream would stop when his enemy is gone.

Tommy will *die*. It's easy to make plans, to plan out the murder (*of a **child**. A hurt child, whose older brother died because of Dream and a child you are **blaming-***).

Then, the nightmares begin. (*Suffer. You will suffer, and maybe then you will **understand**. Maybe then you will **see**.*)

When it starts, it is like a dream. A nostalgic dream that hurts because of its peaceful happiness Niki does not believe she will ever gain again. Niki watches as Wilbur ruffles Tommy's hair, gives Tubbo flowers for bees, watches as Wilbur laughs in that free way he always had.

Wilbur looks so *happy*. It hurts in the way it should, in the way it just *does*, because Wilbur didn't look that happy after L'manberg was formed. No, Wilbur was tired and exhausted- it burned the cold inside of Niki in the worst ways.

Already, Niki knows when she wakes she will cry. She will cry at the memory of Wilbur Soot,

president of their L'manberg.

And then it gets *dark*. No, not in the bloody cruel way one would expect but instead in the heart-wrenching way.

It shifts to a scene Niki remembers. The night had been slightly chilly - Wilbur offered his jacket in a gentlemanly way but Niki knew he was only doing it for humor's sake, with his jacket being thinner than the comfortable sweater Niki wore. They laugh softly, twinges of sadness hidden behind their enjoyment of humor.

L'manberg had only just gained its freedom, but Wilbur seemed to know something was wrong. He explained it simply, saying that something was off-kilter with the world. Chaos was stronger that day.

Niki didn't quite understand, but she could see. So she nodded, and Wilbur looked sadly towards the stars, twinkling softly in the dark of night.

"Niki, when I'm gone, can you promise me to keep our family safe?"

Wilbur had sounded so sure he would disappear, his eyes distant and *lonely*.

So Niki accepted. She made a promise, hugging the brunette close.

It had only been weeks after that Wilbur was running from L'manberg, arrows flying after his heels and Niki's cries heard from the entire land.

This is where the dream becomes a nightmare, because Niki is stuck watching this moment in third person, seeing herself hug Wilbur and hearing her own cries.

But this memory is not all. No, there is still more for Niki to suffer through.

She hears Tommy's sobs, Tommy sobbing for his older brother to come back and a part of what is left of her heart *cries*. Tommy is just a child.

She watches Tommy's eyes dim at the sight of Ghostbur, at the realization this ghost is not his older brother no matter his appearance. How Tommy hides it behind fake smiles that Niki had not realized were fake at the time.

And *here*, Niki truly begins to suffer.

It becomes a nightmare when it shows Niki what would happen if her plan had worked.

Tommy is quiet. Tommy should never be quiet, never *has* been quiet, but-

He is silent. For a moment, Niki is confused. The blond is clearly lying on the ground, silent, and Niki goes over to look with curiosity.

There is blood. There is so, so much blood and Tommy is silent and bloody and *silent*-

He looks so small. He is thin, skin and bones except not really since he's so *bloody* and his body is so *ruined*-

Niki wants to puke. Tommy looks so small, so bloody, his eyes so empty. They look up to the sky, dull and empty of the light that had always been present.

He is a *child*. It smells of burning flesh, of gunpowder and the metallic scent of *blood*.

His eyes are dull, dull and dead and empty, and all Niki hears is herself promising Wilbur to keep their family safe, but here lies Tommy's mangled corpse left in his own pool of blood, his eyes dull looking up to the sky that is bright in contrast to the emptiness of Tommy's eyes.

Niki hyperventilates, before she feels a strangely comforting weight on her shoulder.

"Hey, I know it's pretty bloody - ew - but we did it!" Jack Manifold smiles down to her, victoriously.

Niki is just *confused*.

“What do you mean?” she asks softly.

Jack Manifold rolls his eyes fondly, “We killed Tommy! C’mon, we better get out of here before we’re exposed and it’s revealed that *we* set off these ‘accidental’ explosions.”

Niki feels sick.

--

The nightmare still does not end here. It gets worse and worse after she sees everyone’s reactions.

It breaks her heart, worse than anything else, almost worse than seeing Tommy’s bright blond hair covered in blood-

Strangely enough, Fundy is who she sees first. He sits in front of a grave, quietly lying down flowers upon the stone. “*I will continue our plans,*” Fundy would whisper with tears falling into the grass, “*I will keep your family safe for you.*”

Ranboo freezes. Ranboo stops, *completely* freezing in place and shaking. Ranboo cries, and Niki wants to wipe away the tears that burn his skin. Ranboo whispers to Tommy’s grave, “*I’m sorry I didn’t save you. I’m sorry I didn’t return the favor.*”

Techno is worse, somehow, than either of them. Techno finds out in his house, only receiving a letter that notes his younger brother has died, and that Techno has become an only child from the cruelty of humans once more. Techno breaks down, worse than Ranboo. Niki watches for hours, as Techno grieves and cries. Techno does not stop grieving, and Niki’s not even sure he stops crying as he pulls out the same pig-styled mask he’d worn the day of the festival. But it is worse when Techno, wearing armor for war and carrying materials for wither summonings, stops at his front lawn and *sobs*. He lets go of his weapons and Niki can see as he wonders how violence will help him. Niki hears Techno question himself, Techno ask the universe ‘Will violence bring my brothers back?’

Niki wants to wake up at this point. She has always been able to wake up from nightmares - not that she always did, since it was healthier for her to at least face her fears - but she is unable to escape. She is stuck, watching as Phil mourns as well. The father cries, *sobs* because another of his

sons has been ripped away from him in a cruel manner because Tommy's body was so mangled up they could not even host a *proper funeral*.

Niki lets out a sob, and then she wakes up from the *nightmare* . She falls to the floor, clenching onto the sheets that felt with her. Her breath is raggedy. All she can see is the imagery of Tommy's corpse, so ruined it could not be held in a casket. All she can see is Manifold's proud smile at killing a *child*. All she can see is Tommy's *family* mourning his *death*, his ***murder***.

She feels blood on her hand, smells gunpowder and iron, hears everybody's cries in her ears, remembers the promise she made on a starry night, *and she cries*.

Who *is she*? Who has she become?

She does not know. What is real? Is she still in the dream or has she woken up, she does not *know*.

For hours she sobs, but still is not brought to her senses in the way intended. No, her heart just freezes again and she mentally apologizes to Wilbur and lies to herself. She lies to herself and says Tommy deserves it, because if her goal is not to kill the blond then *what is*?

(Idiot, idiot, you have not suffered enough? Recognize your own mistakes, blind counterpart of mine.)

Chapter End Notes

other than the ominous message in the Notes,,,

BOAT BUDS

anyways. haha. niki's incurred the wrath of her Guardian Counterpart. :)))

next chapter will be Guardian Lore (Mainly Ranboo's Voices, prob some of Niki's Nightmares)

Punishments, Gifts, Blessings

Chapter Summary

To see from the eyes of one so powerful, is it strange? How is it like, seeing from their perspective?

Chapter Notes

:]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He can remember days where he was nobody, as well. Back before he was him, before he was anybody, he was only made of what people molded him to become. Every breathing moment felt fake as that was what it *was*.

How can you be yourself, if all you are is made up?

He is glad, for he became somebody. Pure luck brought him to become a *person*. No, not a human and not mortal but a *person*. To have memories of his own and learn from them, to feel emotions that are not forced upon him.

If there is one thing Gods are not able to do, it is learning from their mistakes. So he is glad, that he now has the opportunity to do so.

It is a blessing.

He watches over the other self of him, the one whose soul was strong enough to bring him over. They used to be friends, despite one being mortal and the other still retaining his powers from being a God. They had been close.

And so, ever quietly using the influence he has, he brings the other to knowledge the other used to know. His friend used to know these things, but the Corruption got to him, and so he makes a trail for his friend to follow. Ever so clever, his friend does so and then takes in the knowledge as fast as ever.

His friend heals and remembers, but his friend still does not remember him. (*It hurts.*)

Maybe his friend needs more help.

So he calls on the Souls. They float around, brought in by interest to his friend's story. They Know things, they can help but might also hinder. A lot of them are very kind, but he is sure his friend will like Them. They are excitable like his friend used to be, and as curious. They are a bit Sad, which is why They want to help. It will be good for his friend, he decides. They are always talking, but his friend could not hear them yet.

He weakens the invisible wall separating them, and then the Souls are heard. It is easiest to do it when his friend is hurt, because the Souls are angry and scared. From their anger and fear for his friend, they become more powerful and are able to cross over.

Hopefully his friend will remember him now.

--

Her counterpart is blind.

It was not always like this. No, not always. Before, her counterpart was loyal and caring. Niki cared for the young children who needed guidance and love, Niki kept her bonds safe, Niki could See.

Now her counterpart is blind.

Tommy is a child. One who has survived worse things than some *Gods* have, than any youngling should have to. The Revenge part in her *screams*. Tommy is a child, who fought in a war, who died for his friend (*another child*), who was exiled by his friend, who tried to end it all by ending himself, who *needed help*. Her counterpart is blind to the child in need and it makes her want to scream.

Nihachu is not one to control her counterpart. No, she will guide and help, but never control. Niki is her own person, and although Nihachu and Niki are connected, neither can control the other.

This is simply unacceptable, though. She punishes her counterpart. Bitterly, she wonders why DreamXD thinks it okay to not punish *his* counterpart. Nihachu would if she could.

Still, her counterpart is blind. Has Niki not hurt? Has Niki not realized the nightmares are a punishment? Niki chooses to stay blind.

Nihachu is angry.

She continues showing Niki more - but she does not want to break Niki.

It starts with showing Niki what would happen had her counterpart succeeded in her plans, in what would happen if Niki continued being blind. Niki ignores it.

So Nihachu shows more. She knows of what has been happening, and each time it is a different scene.

Sometimes it is fiction, things that could be but luckily have not. Tommy dying from Niki's efforts. Tommy taking himself to the realm of the unliving, becoming a ghost.

Other times it is what has already occurred. Tommy as a young child, small and innocent. Tommy getting the discs with Tubbo. Tommy being exiled, the hurt and betrayal clear in his cries. Tommy leaping in to fight his brother for his best friend. Wilbur going insane, and Tommy being unable to stop his brother. Tommy alone in Logstedshire, shivering in his small tent unsuited for living in. Tommy watching with empty eyes as everything he works for is exploded once more by a masked enemy. Tommy sitting on a tower, pondering over jumping. Tommy looking down to the lava, the hot magma reflected in his eyes and him only barely staying because of his abuser.

The only thing in common with the nightmares is the part where Wilbur has Niki promise to keep his family safe when he is gone.

Nihachu keeps that the same each time at least. Niki is still somehow more hurt by it than anything else.

Each time, Niki wakes up and sobs, then her heart returns to frozen cold. Nihachu does not understand.

Niki's strength was her emotions. So why did her counterpart keep closing them off?

--

Punishments. Gifts. Blessings.

All things mortals can be given from Gods, but according to the books, Mortal Counterparts can only receive these from their counterpart Guardian.

Punishments were simple; true punishments. They were not always cruel, and not always meant to hurt. Sometimes punishments were lessons, and they would help. Ranboo reminded himself to write that down in his notebook when his arm felt better.

Gifts seemed like true punishments. *Gifts* from Gods were not normally kind. No, gifts from Gods usually benefited the Gods. After all, Pandora's box had been a gift. Ranboo thinks that Techno would agree, should Ranboo tell Techno of Guardians(if Ranboo knew where Techno had gone).

Blessings at the least seemed kind. They were made to help the one who received them, even if they sometimes had a downside.

Ranboo thinks the voices are blessings.

[Damn right.]

[Man this lore is so cool broooo]

[E]

[Ranboo flip back to page 5 i couldnt read it]

[bruh same @IfOnlyyyyy]

[B O A T]

[what???]

[b o a t.]

[huh?]

Listening to the one who seemed strangely louder than the others, he flipped back to page 5. Did the voices see through his eyes? Well, it makes sense if they live in his head but.. Huh. Good to know.

Ranboo wonders when Techno will return. He had expected to see the other soon after waking, but he hadn't.

It makes him almost unexpectedly.. disappointed.

Chapter End Notes

this was so fun to write :DDD

i love how dead canon is, and i love how in canon its confusing as to how all the lore connects, but ive already connected a bunch of lore here :D bc i am putting the egg in here. ik some other authors kick out the egg arc bc its a bit confusing, and i havent seen much of the egg lore but its inch resting. and i found a perfect way to fit it in so :)

where do you guys think i'm going with the guardian lore? how do you think it all connects? please say in the comments i am literally so curious.

also it is my older sister's bday pogchamp !!

Returning, Talking

Chapter Summary

Techno returns after turning L'manberg to ruins again.

Chapter Notes

hahahaha :] my wack upload schedule go brrrrrrrrrrrrrr

self-promo in the end notes btw! :D

this chapter was quite inch resting. all i can say is,

boat. apron.

other than that, next chapter will be fun to write and all i can say for next chapter is :)
-> : ')

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Techno looks over from where he has turned L'manberg to a crater once more, and he does not feel an ounce of regret. Why should he regret?

Treat others as they treat you, Technoblade thinks.

In all honesty, Techno would have thought seeing the ruins of L'manberg once more would soothe his anger more. Instead, his rage lies under the surface, like a beast preparing to strike.

The voices call for blood. They want *more*. Their whispers reach his ears, and Techno wants to let them take over his instincts, to let blood coat the grass until green is covered completely by red. Perhaps he should do to L'manberg as they did to him? Techno could take one of them, trap them in a cage and threaten to kill them, and then laugh maliciously at their horrified faces.

..No.

Techno will not stoop down to their level. They'd already exacted their revenge upon him on his failed execution. L'manberg had even tried to kill Ranboo upon the execution stage.

Even further they had dragged Edward into the mess.

L'manberg deserved to fall.

As Techno always claimed-

Power corrupts.

--

Ah, shit.

That is the first thought that comes to Phil's mind when Ranboo claims he has voices. Phil has lived multiple centuries, has seen the gods and most likely knows more of the godly beings in this universe than a majority of the population. While Phil hasn't dedicated much time to research on gods, or Guardians, he knows of their existence and the proper etiquette regarding them.

The voices, in particular, was one subject Phil tried to study more on. When Technoblade had admitted to hearing voices, Phil was struck with the realization it was most likely through godly powers that Techno received these voices.

The problem was that Techno's voices could control the piglin-hybrid sometimes. No matter the control Techno gained, the voices were powerful. They begged for blood, they craved violence, and they enjoyed watching Techno skillfully end human lives. It was almost a curse, had the voices not also been a support for Techno at times.

Now Ranboo, too, had voices. How would the teen cope with them?

Phil-

Phil wasn't the one who should handle this. Ranboo was slightly wary of him, and Phil cursed Techno for leaving the kid in Fundy and Edward's care instead of nursing the enderman-hybrid to health.

Sighing, Phil sat down to ask Ranboo some questions.

--

Techno enjoys the heat of the nether sometimes. Right now, he's agitated and the heat doesn't help him as it usually would as a piglin-hybrid. The heat doesn't quite bother him as bad it does normal humans, but Techno wants to return to the chill of the snow biome as soon as possible. Nobody would have followed him into the nether - not even L'manberg would be as foolish - and so Techno continues on with only the nether portal connected to near his home.

The walk is quick thanks to Techno's pace, and as Techno steps out of the Portal after warping, the chilly air is gladly welcomed. Such a quick change from hot air breathing against his neck to icy air that curls against his cheek like a greeting is refreshing.

It's turning dark, but Techno wants to return home as soon as possible. Perhaps he was too quick in making L'manberg pay, but Techno had only returned home to heal Ranboo. Still, worry echoes in the back of his mind. The voices, too, are worried. They call out Ranboo's name, rather quietly. Their thirst for blood has been quenched for now, and they seem calm. They always seem more calm after battle, after the blood has been spilt. Quiet and relaxed, as though they were napping on a couch rather than walking away from a bloody battlefield.

Techno is used to it.

He hurries his pace though, eager to make sure Ranboo is alright, that Edward is not too stressed, and also not fully trusting Fundy alone with the kid.

Speaking of Fundy, Techno's not quite sure how to feel about the shapeshifter. Techno remembers Wilbur holding Fundy up to Techno, and Fundy's small hand gripping onto Techno's. The gentle moment had seemed so fragile, so easy to shatter. Such a small being, not frightened of Techno, it-

Techno was named the godfather.

He thought he wasn't quite suited for it.

Shapeshifters mature quickly. They age as quickly or as slowly as they'd like, and Fundy had gone from a fifteen year old who Techno watched over the weekends to a twenty-something year old over the span of L'manberg's existence. It made a part of Techno, the achingly poetic part, mourn for the loss of that naivety Fundy used to have.

Seeing Fundy had *hurt*. It reminded Techno that his almost-brother, his best friend, had died. Fundy was alone, more so than Techno was. Because while Techno mourned for his best friend he had lost in more ways than death, Fundy grieved for a father who abandoned his son.

Techno wanted to take care of his godson. Properly. Despite Fundy coming to execute him (*that hurt. It burned, burned in the familiar way betrayal always does.*) once before, Techno would keep the shapeshifter safe for as long as Fundy stays under Techno's roof.

Just barely, peeking over a snowy hill was Techno's house. Smoke came out the chimney, the gray only slightly seen in the dark blue that the sky now was. The snow crunched beneath Techno's boots, making a sound that was just one the verge of annoyance.

Techno opened his door to the smell of soup, a pleasant warmth in the house, and three beings.

Fundy sat awkwardly at the table, sipping on soup. Edward sat in his boat, holding a grass block and looking content.

The most surprising sight was Phil in the kitchen.

Phil stood in the kitchen, wearing a familiar apron. With green and black stripes, but most noticeably was Phil's signature hardcore-heart design that was on the top of the apron. Underneath the signature design were only three words in all capital letters; "*OLD BIRD MAN.*"

The apron was hilarious, but seeing it stung slightly. It was, after all, Tommy who had gifted Phil the apron. The happy memories paired with the hurt left over from their argument don't mix well. It makes Techno conflicted.

Still, now doesn't seem like the time to sort out their conflict. Instead, the moment Phil speaks, a

feeling of dread fills Techno's stomach.

"Ranboo's hearing voices."

--

Quietly, Techno pushes open the door to Ranboo's room. Ranboo sits on the bed, looking fairly content and surprisingly not agitated. Are the voices still quiet for the kid?

Techno jokes, trying to lighten the room, "So I guess there's another new skill of yours that makes you the main character."

Ranboo looks up, surprised, "Techno! You're back!"

The kid sounds so.. *Happy* to see him. It warms his heart, and the voices call him a softie.

They do need to talk, though.

"How are you feeling about those voices, kid?" Techno asks, despite not quite being ready for the answer.

Ranboo looks down to his hands, answering Techno's question with another of his own, "So these voices will always be here?"

Techno nods, Ender- he wished he could stop the voices, stop the constant noise because they're so overwhelming sometimes, so painful, and Ranboo has to deal with this upon everything else, the kid must be feeling devastated, horrified maybe like Techno had been.

"So they'll always be here for me," Ranboo says.

Maybe Ranboo should have been horrified, but he can't find it in himself to. These voices are so warm, there's not too many of them, and he can't make out everything they say but they're so kind. They're funny and kind. All of them sound different, warm and happy, some emotional, some vibing, and maybe it would be normal to be angry at them. All they do is watch and talk and talk, but-

"I like them," Ranboo states, no room for argument.

"Haah?" Technoblade asks, "Why?"

Ranboo is quiet for a moment, before clenching his hands into fists, *"They don't sound like Dream."*

Chapter End Notes

HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

alright, so i'm starting a new, more light-hearted multichap! Any pjo fans are welcome to check out my new, tubbo-centric pjo crossover/fusion fic called "Having Dyslexia Doesn't Make You A Demigod" it's what can be classified as 'Crack treated seriously' because it's mainly funny but still following a plot. I think it'll be good for me to try writing a more light-hearted, funny work instead of all the angst and serious lore I usually write. Of course, Reflection of Oneself will most likely hold priority over the new multichap, but I do hope you guys go check it out :]

ALSO! Guyssss @Franaletorres on Twitter made ABSOLUTELY BREATHTAKING fanart for Chapter 22!! God I am in love with it. [here](#)

To Be Lonely, To Feel Snow, To Laugh

Chapter Summary

Alone in his base, Dream must bandage his wounds by himself.

--

While Sapnap craves to set something aflame, he does not want it. There is a difference.

--

The voices are kind. And hilarious.

Chapter Notes

:)))

or, alternately: dream cries L. sapnap wants arson but instead colddddd. voices say furry.

:]

i'm really just vibing. I should make the story go further, but there's a lot to sort out here I think. I have also yet to make a Tommy and/or Tubbo pov

:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It hurts. His chest hurts. *Okay*, so maybe it had not been the smartest of Dream's decisions to help Tubbo with the kidnapping of Edward and the threatening of Technoblade. It had just *burned*. Dream had needed a distraction.

Dream had thought this kidnapping would be a fitting distraction, but sitting alone in one of his many bases, all he could think of was the *pain*. Yes, his ribs hurt, but they were not broken. As Dream wrapped bandages around his chest, he could remember vividly how it felt to have somebody else care for his injuries.

George was always exasperated. Good-heartedly exasperation, just barely hiding worry. George would wrap the bandages carefully, then tell Dream to go to Sapnap next time. Still, George's all too gentle touch gave away the emotions George kept under wraps. Dream could feel the gentle ghost-touch of George's hand brushing over bruises just barely. Could hear their breathing in the darkness of Dream's base.

Sapnap was worried. Sapnap was worried, but teasing. He'd boast about how "he doesn't come home with injuries every other day," and how he was better than "god himself". It always made Dream laugh, which would hurt his injuries, then making Sapnap wack him in the head. Dream could still hear Sapnap's teasing voice, low and humored. Feel the warmth of the room.

Puffy would scold him. First, he would return to see her disappointment. Disappointment and worry. It would be silent as Puffy gently wrapped bandages around Dream's most recent injury. The silence was suffocating, and Dream could once more feel its hands wrap around Dream's throat. Desperately, Dream would try to lighten the mood and fail. Once finished, Puffy would scold him. Tell him to be more careful. At the end of it all, Puffy would hold him and whisper "*My duckling*," soothingly until Dream eventually drifted to sleep. Dream could feel the hug, could remember the emotions he felt through it all. How he wanted to make his mother stop worrying over him.

It hurt. Dream could remember how his friends, his mother, his *family* had worried over him, and how Dream wished they'd never need to worry over him again.

Well, Dream had accomplished that. Now, they weren't worried but ignoring him, only sparing him disappointed glances once in a while that made Dream want to *scream*.

The base was quiet, and it made something inside Dream ache. His mask laid next to him, cracked. If teardrops fell to the floor, nobody was there to see other than Dream himself.

--

Later, as Dream would lay in bed and try to sleep, he would curse Techno for having five-inch heeled boots. They *hurt*, dammit.

--

Sapnap would not say he is alright. Phil had left, telling him it was an emergency and dammit, Sapnap was kind of worried. Of course, Sapnap didn't know *why*, but Phil was rather kind to him during his stay.

Now that Phil was gone, it seemed all too easy for Sapnap to get lost in his thoughts again. There's only so much Sapnap can do to distract himself. Cooking, cleaning, farming despite the cold weather, mining, or even hunting. No matter how much Sapnap tried to take his mind off things, the repetitive actions only helped so much. Eventually, his 'daily chores' were so easy to do that his mind drifted away while doing them.

Sapnap wanted to burn something. Kill something. Anger someone, frustrate someone, annoy anybody. Do *something* so he could feel the mischievous joy one gains after doing something *bad* and getting away without punishment.

But most of all, Sapnap wanted to *burn* something. He'd been born as part blaze, despite how human he seemed. He ran hot-blooded, and fire was one familiar thing to him. He had, after all, been born of fire.

Sapnap wanted to smell smoke in the air; to inhale the smoke and let it curl around his heart. Smoke that would not harm him. Sapnap wanted to feel the warmth of the flames surrounding his skin, sating the blaze-part of him. Sapnap wished to see the light blue sky turn gray in the ashes of his flames. He wanted to see fire dance before his eyes, to light up the world in a way both beautiful and horrifying.

He craved it.

But he did not want it.

So he now laid on the snow. It was cold, just barely melting against his fingertips. The snow turned to water easily from how naturally warm Sapnap was; it would be uncomfortable but it's somehow soothing despite Sapnap knowing he'd need to dry out his clothes later. His scarf covers his neck from the white behind his back, but his hair gets snow stuck in it, just barely. It turns to water, making his hair slightly damp. Sapnap picks up a lump of snow and just rubs his fingers against it, enjoying the feel and slight crunch.

The air was chilly, biting at his nose in a way smoke never did. The icy breeze made the air seem clean, much cleaner than Sapnap *needed*, but it was welcome.

Somehow, instead of drifting away to dwell on the night Sapnap left, Sapnap's mind goes to TommyInnit. The child who'd been Sapnap's friend despite their disputes. After the end of their war, Tommy had remained his friend. And when Sapnap asked for the truth, *Tommy gave it*. Tommy might have avoided it, but Tommy still spoke the truth to him. It made Sapnap glad. The child was undeniably good, no matter how mischievous, and no matter how evil some made Tommy out to be.

Eventually, Sapnap stops thinking so much and just enjoys the feel of snow behind his back until the sky turns dark and the sun hides behind the mountains.

--

"What do you mean they don't sound like Dream?" Techno sounded concerned, and rightfully so. Ranboo would like to believe anybody would be concerned if somebody heard another person's voice in their head.

And Ranboo had yet to tell Techno of Dream's voice. Then again, Ranboo had yet to tell Techno of a lot of things.

Glancing away from Techno's too-intense gaze, Ranboo answered as casually as he could allow himself, "I.. hear Dream's voice. Sometimes. It- it always tells me that I've done things I can't remember."

"Like what?" Techno gently probes. Considerably gently considering the man in front of him was known for being cruel and violent, despite how kind Techno had been to the enderman-hybrid.

“Um, well, it told me I blew up the community house? Except I don’t remember it, and my memory’s good now, I just- I don’t think I blew up the community house. So I think it’s lying to me?”

“...Do you hear it on a regular basis?”

“No? It.. Dream’s voice only appears when I’m panicked, usually. I don’t really keep track of it.”

“Why.. why didn’t you tell me earlier?” Techno asked, sounding almost *hurt*. But that couldn’t be right? Why would Techno be hurt by Ranboo not telling him about Dream’s voice?

“Uh.. I didn’t see why you would need to know?” Ranboo answers, sounding as though he were asking a question instead. He internally winces.

[Awkwardboo!!]

[L]

[L]

[BROTHERNOBLADE!!!]

[Fathernoblade pog?]

[E]

[pochamp]

“I could’ve helped,” Techno reasons bluntly.

“Probably,” Ranboo admitted, still not wanting to look into Techno’s eyes for too long. Perhaps that was something Enderman-related perhaps-?

{What do you mean you didn’t blow up the community house, Ranboo?}

“*No*,” Ranboo whispered. He thought the voice was gone. It had been so quiet-

{Silly. You blew up the community house! It’s all your fault, Ranboo.}

“Ranboo?” Techno sounds concerned, but Dream is so *loud*-

“ *I didn’t*, it’s not my fault, Dream-”

{But it is.}

[what the fuck???]

[OMG ITS A FURRY]

[FURRY!!!]

[FURRY L]

[DREAM’S A FURRY TRENDING]

[LMAO FURRY DREAM]

[L]

{What the hell, I am not a furry!}

[FURRY!!]

[L]

“What the fuck?” Ranboo does not know what is happening.

“What- what’s happening, Ranboo?”

“I heard Dream, and now the voices are calling him a furry.”

{I’M NOT A FURRY!!}

[But you married a furry?]

[OMG FURRY-LOVER]

[furry-lover??? THATS WORSE]

[L!!]

[LOSER L]

[FURRY-LOVER DREAM]

[LOL DREAMS A FURRY LOVER]

[what the hell is happening]

[idk]

[FURRY!!]

[FURRY-LOVER LMAO]

“They’re calling him a furry-lover now,” Ranboo explained, amused. The voices.. Were defending him, in a way.

“First Dream’s homeless, and now he’s a furry lover? Choose a struggle,” Techno joked, chuckling.

“I think they heard you.”

[HOMELESS FURRY-LOVER]

[LMAO]

[PICK A STRUGGLE!!!]

[HOMELESS MAN EWWW]

[E]

[FURRY]

{I'm NOT A FURRY!!! OR HOMELESS!!}

[liesssss]

Ranboo began laughing, the sound being ripped from his chest unexpectedly. He couldn't *stop* laughing. Who knew that the voices in his head would be calling the voice of Dream a *homeless furry-lover*? The mere thought made Ranboo laugh, and he found no way to stop with the voices still chanting "*Pick a struggle*" in his head. Techno looked kind of concerned, actually, at how long Ranboo was laughing.

Mentally, Ranboo thanked the voices. Not only did they not sound like Dream, but they even made fun of him and made Ranboo laugh. The voices, Ranboo decided, were the best things since spaghetti.

Chapter End Notes

FUCK GUYS I MESSED UP

I ACCIDENTALLY FORGOT A SECTION OF THE CHAPTER!! JUST AN END BIT BUT. I FORGOT TO PUT IT IN HHHHHH

THIS IS WHY I NEED A BETA-

ANYWAYS YEAH.

Losing One's Sanity, Darkness, Rebirth

Chapter Summary

How does it feel to lose one's sanity? To watch as the last of your mind slips away from your fingers?

To lose your sense of self to the world, to the anger, to the betrayal.

--

And how strange is it, to be reborn?

To return to life not quite as yourself?

Chapter Notes

i didn't forget about Ghostbur, or Wilbur actually >:)

haha Guardian lore :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur knew he was going insane. He knew it in the way he knows a lot of things: the sun is bright, the world is cruel, Tommy is undyingly loyal.

Tommy is painfully loyal. Even running from their death, with arrows shot at their heels and the leaves overhead blowing from the strong wind, Tommy remained. Tommy refused to abandon Wilbur, refused to *leave*.

Wilbur knew he was going insane. Each day he woke, the static got stronger. His thoughts became more obsessed, and he *knew* there was no return. He'd realized he was going insane the moment the election happened, realized it as he ran, realized it when his mind was filled with the sight of L'manberg blown up and destroyed. His nation, his freedom, *all for what?*

He used to know why L'manberg was a special place. But perhaps it had truly started with Eret's betrayal, the mark of how *serious* this fight for independence was. Perhaps it was here that Wilbur realized how *doomed* they were.

L'manberg was truly never meant to be. In all his insanity, in all the voices he heard, *this* was the

clearest thought. Amongst his own mind, which whispered of his closest one's betrayals, knowing that L'manberg was never meant to be was what Wilbur could cling onto. It is what Wilbur could know, could whisper to himself on nights the voices get too loud and too much.

The voices are always so loud. He can hear Tubbo, siding with Schlatt. He can hear Tommy, finally abandoning him. He hears the crackle of the flames as Fundy burns down the flag.

Wilbur knew he was going insane.

--

A strange sense of euphoria and *sadness* fills Wilbur as he looks upon his now ruined country. His country, which only *Wilbur* could destroy, and now it is but a crater. L'manberg is finally gone. His forever unfinished symphony that was never meant to be.

His father stares at him, not as though he is a monster, but with pity. Fucking *pity*, of all things. His father, who never acted quite like a father, who had never come when Wilbur sent letters, who had not come when Fundy was born and Wilbur had not known how to take care of a shapeshifter. His father, who ironically only appeared for his death.

Wilbur was going to die today. He knew it like he knew a lot of things: the sun is bright, the world is cruel, Tommy is undyingly loyal.

L'manberg was never meant to be.

Perhaps it is cruel to ask, but Wilbur wants to be held by his father one last time.

"*Stab me, Phil,*" he whispers, and he does not call him Father or any other endearment. Still, as the sword spears his gut and blood dribbles from his mouth to his chin, and Wilbur's vision slowly blurs as he bleeds out, Wilbur allows himself to just be *held*.

--

Death is strange. Wilbur is no longer alive, and he had expected an afterlife of sorts. He had

expected perhaps hell, or purgatory had he been lucky.

It was both surprising and unsurprising that there is a void. Death is but a void, an emptiness. Wilbur is dead, but his consciousness lives on in the void.

The strangest thing is that the static is gone. The voices are dead as well. Wilbur's sanity has returned in death, and all he can do is sob.

He hopes Tommy is okay.

--

The afterlife lasts for years. Wilbur has been counting.

He thinks this is all that is left for him; darkness and his own mind. Of course, Mexican Dream and Schlatt are there but they sleep. They sleep more than Wilbur ever could.

One day there is something different. It's different in the way the darkness seems lighter in a sense.

"Mortal counterpart," a strangely affectionate voice calls out into the darkness. They are addressing him. How exactly he knows this, Wilbur does not know.

"Hello?" he hopes there is somebody there. Somebody to talk to. Loneliness has never been good for him.

"We have died," the voice says, sounding strangely familiar and echoing around the emptiness of void.

"What do you mean 'we'?" The voice makes no sense.

"Silly. We have died. You've spent enough time here, resting. You cannot stay here for I exist," still making no sense.

“I.. don’t understand.”

“ *You would not, could not. You will soon know. We will merge. My knowledge will be your knowledge!*” the voice sounds happy.

“Who are you?”

“ *I am just Bur.*”

This encounter is extremely strange.

“*We need to go now.*”

And out of the darkness appears a figure. Donned with a yellow sweater and eyes shockingly blue. From their fingertips drip a blue liquid, almost as though melting.

“*I am Bur, Guardian of Chaos. And you are my mortal counterpart.*”

“This still doesn’t make sense, who- who are you?! Why do you look like *me*?”

It doesn’t make sense.

“*I am a Guardian. You are the counterpart of mine that is mortal. You died, and so did I. Your existence ended, but with my existence you can be reborn.*”

“I don’t.. Are you a god or something?”

“No,” he snaps, angry.

“Then- *what*?” Wilbur is so utterly confused. What does this Guardian mean by *mortal counterpart*, being *reborn*?

“*We must go now. My immortal life cannot stay in the void,*” Bur says urgently, grabbing onto Wilbur’s hand and dripping the dark blue liquid onto Wilbur’s fingers. It’s surprisingly smooth, but it still stains Wilbur’s hands.

“Where are we going?!” Wilbur yelps the question as Bur drags him towards *something*.

“To the Overworld. Glatt already resides somewhere there. Do not worry, you can come back here later.”

And then Ghostbur existed.

--

Bur and Wilbur now shared a mind. It made no sense; how could three minds in total share a body? Wilbur, who had died. Bur, who was apparently a Guardian and the counterpart to Wilbur.

And now Ghostbur, who had smidgets of Wilbur's memories and shards of Bur's knowledge. Ghostbur, who had been brought into existence when Wilbur and Bur's body merged to create a *ghost*. Wilbur's death and Bur's immortality creating a ghost of which held bits of both.

Ghostbur held control a majority of the time. Wilbur didn't even stay there in Ghostbur's mind much. Wilbur preferred to stay in the void, to relax there as it was much more comfortable.

Bur seemed to adore being part of the mortals world. Bur, apparently, had only before conducted games on mortals (*And Holy Prime was that worrying*) and was 'excited' to live with them.

Ghostbur was oblivious to their existence; unless Wilbur or Bur prefer it, Ghostbur would never know they were there.

It still made no sense.

But Wilbur supposed that he couldn't change it.

(And a small part of him was happy to see Tommy through Ghostbur's eyes sometimes. Another part happy to *talk* to people, specifically Bur.)

Chapter End Notes

what do you guys think this means?

(also, next chapter will be tommy n tubbo pov xoxo)

Loyalty, Monstrosity, Aftermaths

Chapter Summary

How Tubbo abandons L'manberg,
-and how Tommy follows

Chapter Notes

Sorry for not updating for a bit, or for not responding to comments!! I love you all, just kinda got burnt out from the constant updates and felt too awkward to respond.
Y'know?

Anyways, I finally made that Tommy n Tubbo chapter. Don't worry, there will be more of them :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Following Tubbo is strange. L'manberg's gone again, yet Tommy is not surprised. Tommy can think of him following Tubbo as ironic.

Had it been normal, Tommy still would have followed Tubbo. Tommy would have followed *his Tubbo*, so that Tubbo could always have *his Tommy*.

It would've been normal had Tubbo not exiled him. Although Tommy would not blame Tubbo for everything that's happened to him, considering Tubbo *had* been acting as president of L'manberg (*and not as his best friend*).

A lot of things are different now, and Tommy's new normal is withers flying overhead, explosions ringing in his ears, flashes of green making him flinch, and constant betrayals.

A lot of things have changed.

(Tommy can remember when his normal was laughing with Tubbo, making fun of his best friend with no real malice. When his normal was Wilbur reining him in when he got too much; when he trained with Dream occasionally and the masked man hadn't been out for his blood.

Sometimes, Tommy can even bring himself to think of his old normal of Techno reading greek myths for him until he drifted to sleep, of Wilbur showing him his newest songs, of Phil being a father. Sometimes, Tommy can bring himself to remember his old normal of being a part of a *family*.)

Things have changed, though.

For a moment, as Tommy runs after Tubbo through the greenery, a painful type of nostalgia rises inside of him. For only a moment, Tommy can hear the yells of a drunkard tyrant, can *feel* the wind of an arrow barely missing his heels, can see Wilbur running in front of him wearing his L'manberg uniform instead of Tubbo in his suit. For only a moment, Tommy feels as though he is running away from Schlatt's exiling.

It's a lot more complicated now, somehow. Tommy's running after somebody he used to know that he is now *spying* after, for reasons he can't explain. Tommy himself doesn't *quite* know why he runs after Tubbo other than the stray realization that *loneliness* could mean free time to plan the demise of people Tommy cares for.

A part of Tommy wanted to, *desperately wanted to*, believe that Tubbo was still his friend. But that belief needed to die; from the moment Tubbo exiled him, the moment Tubbo left him to Dream, to the moment Tommy shot an arrow at Tubbo to save Ranboo, the two had stopped being friends.

Tubbo had chosen L'manberg over Tommy. And now, Tommy had chosen Ranboo and Techno over Tubbo.

The discs were out of the question. Tommy feels a bit of nostalgia in the discs, still enjoys the loving sounds of them, but they're not his *goal* anymore. Now? Now, he just wants to keep Techno safe, because despite it all, Techno hadn't really betrayed him. Techno had kept him safe from Dream, and that had been so much more than Tubbo had done.

And of course, *Ranboo*. Ranboo sent him letters, a life line of sorts for Tommy. Ranboo had trusted him, and Tommy led the enderman-hybrid to a trap in return.

All Tommy wanted to do was redeem himself; to return the axe of peace, to apologize to Ranboo.

As night fell, Tommy finally brought himself to talk to Tubbo.

“Tubbo, we- we need somewhere to stay for the night,” Tommy’s inhaling air quickly, too quickly and he knows this, “They’re probably not even following us.”

It’s true. Tommy doubts Techno would choose chasing after Tubbo rather than caring for Edward and Ranboo, even if Tommy’s not quite sure why he thinks so - why he *knows* so.

It’s a relief when Tubbo agrees. The brunette looks so utterly *lost*.

(Tubbo looks as lost as Tommy felt the moment he lost L’manberg, and Tommy wonders.)

They settle in a cave, sealing off the entrance and lighting it up with torches. They’re rather lucky nobody’s followed them, actually.

Tommy’s not even entirely sure why Tubbo ran. L’manberg hadn’t been destroyed, Tubbo hadn’t been kicked out, had not been exiled, couldn’t be when Tubbo was legally president, so why- just *why*-

Why was Tubbo running?

--

Tubbo didn’t know why he was running.

He honestly did not know *why*.

Or perhaps he did, but simply did not want to admit to it, because Tubbo knew *exactly* why he had run, despite not needing to.

Tubbo was scared, and *he regretted everything*.

How *could he*?

He's a monster. He hurt his friends. Only monsters hurt their friends, people who would give *everything* for them.

Tubbo could not recognize himself. He'd let anger possess him, allowed himself to fall to the violent, intrusive thoughts he always had. And he had paid. With blood, with pain. The arrow in his leg still stung, only further aggravated by his running.

And Tommy, forever loyal, only *followed*.

Why? Why had Tommy followed, with how Tubbo had toyed with him like *Dream* of all people. Why was Tubbo given somebody so undyingly loyal, somebody who stayed despite Tubbo becoming a monster. Was it for some other reason? Did Tommy only stay out of fear, out of having nobody else to turn to?

Tubbo didn't deserve Tommy. Not anymore, not since he gave up on his best friend and exiled the blond. Perhaps Tubbo had never truly deserved Tommy; Tommy who was just so painfully loyal it *hurt*.

Perhaps nobody had truly deserved Tommy or Tommy's loyalty. Wilbur hadn't deserved that loyalty, not when Wilbur destroyed Tommy's home. Technoblade hadn't *quite* deserved that loyalty - not after trying to *kill* Tommy.

And Tubbo as well, no longer deserved Tommy's loyalty. Perhaps once, before Tommy's exile, before Dream decided to take their relationship and smash it to pieces and Tubbo had just let him. Now? Now, Tubbo was undeserving of anybody's loyalty, nonetheless Tommy's.

And as Tommy gently removes the arrow from Tubbo's leg, equally gently bandaging the wound in a quiet way that simply does not *fit* Tommy Innit, the loudest kid anybody would ever meet, Tubbo wonders how everything had come to this, and when exactly he had become the *villain* to this story.

Chapter End Notes

haha. me? setting tubbo up for redemption?? haha hahaha wdym

this story is going to be more than 60 chapters long fUcK-

Apologies, Unexpected Forgiveness

Chapter Summary

Tubbo apologizes, and then leaves.

(It's not as bad as it sounds, probably.)

Chapter Notes

TUBBO REDEMPTION TUBBO REDEMP-

btw, i will not be yeeting away tubbo. you will still see him from time to time :D

enjoy the chapter !! :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It is quiet. Quiet in a peaceful way, and not quiet in the way one can feel oppression filling the room, making it *silent* - not in the way that it lacks sound, but instead lacks a will or want to make sound; silent in the forced way.

Tubbo still is unknowing of what to make of himself. He wants to talk to Tommy, but finds it difficult in a way it had never been before. Difficult in a way it had never been when Tubbo and Tommy were still friends.

Tubbo really does want to speak. There are so many things left unsaid, trapped in the confines of his mind instead of being let free and heard, and Tubbo does not know why other than for the pressure against his throat, making him remain silent.

There are just so many things Tubbo wants to say.

I'm sorry.

Could you forgive me?

Am I a monster?

I can't stay with you.

I'll only hurt you.

For now, Tubbo just sighs and slumps down against the stone walls of the cave, watching as the campfire's flame makes shadows flicker against the opposite wall. Perhaps in the morning, Tubbo will miraculously gain a sense of courage and be able to admit to his mistakes; to let go of his pride and ego, and instead be truthful.

--

Even after Tubbo sleeps, Tommy does not rest. In reality, he knows he could never be killed by the brunette - Tommy is a surprisingly light sleeper, and after exile he'd never quite been able to sleep for more than a few hours.

Still, it slightly unnerves Tommy to let his guard down around the injured boy, even if it slightly pains him knowing that same boy used to be his closest friend.

Tommy tends to the fire until he sees the sun slightly rise from the entrance of the cave, all the while wondering how they were doing currently; if Ranboo was alright and his injuries healed, if Techno had calmed and was not stressed, if that enderman fellow was alright, and if Fundy was *safe* in the house of the untrusting blood god.

He can hope.

--

Tubbo awakes naturally, to see Tommy carefully cooking chicken over the fire. The smell is strangely delightful, and Tubbo edges forward quietly.

He knows had this been before exile, Tubbo would have asked for some chicken, and Tommy would have yelled in response "*Who said this chicken was for you, idiot!*" but would have ended up handing over a piece anyways with an excuse of sorts.

It's so quiet now. It feels like everything is so quiet now.

It makes Tubbo sad, in an almost indescribable way.

Tubbo reminds himself that today, he needs to try.

Today, he must apologize. He will not redeem himself, that he knows, but at the very least he needs to apologize, and assure Tommy that the blond no longer needs to watch over him.

That Tubbo doesn't deserve that watch.

His throat is suddenly so dry, his voice suddenly so rough.

"I'm.." Why is it so hard? Tubbo knows what he wants to say, and he's not scared of the reaction, so *why is it so damn hard to just say **sorry**?!*

Tommy makes a noise of acknowledgement, looking over with both curious and.. confused (?) eyes.

"I'm sorry."

When Tubbo finally apologizes, his voice comes out stronger than he would have thought it would considering how horribly difficult it was only moments ago to speak his mind.

Tommy looks so *surprised*. So *painfully surprised*.

As though he doesn't believe what Tubbo's saying.

"I'm sorry," he repeats, this time weaker than before, and his voice trembles as he tries to show how *regretful* he is, "I don't know what I was doing, and I- I shouldn't have tried executing Ranboo, shouldn't have kidnapped Edward."

Tommy is silent.

Tubbo continues, “And I shouldn’t have even tried executing *Technoblade* from the first time, I shouldn’t have ever exiled you, and I’m sorry.”

Tears fall down in a hot stream down Tubbo’s face now.

Surprisingly gentle, Tommy looks over with empathetic eyes.

“It’s okay.”

And of all things, Tubbo had not expected that to be Tommy’s response.

--

Tommy could be angry. Tommy could be sad, or angry, and spiteful - or any kind of negative emotion.

He’s so tired of that, though. For once, he feels as though he understands why Tubbo had always been so forgiving; how *tiring* it is to hold a grudge.

And more than that, Tommy *understands why Tubbo did it*.

Because in the end? Tubbo is just a kid, just a teen like Tommy is one. And of all things Tommy could understand, it is that *they are teenagers*. Teenagers who make mistakes and aren’t afraid of owning up to them, but are afraid of what the *adults* will do to reprimand them. Teenagers who just want to be forgiven and *taught*, to be understood - but never are, and are instead left alone, treated as though they should understand everything in life.

And through that, Tommy understands.

Tubbo however does not understand why Tommy understands. Which is quite the predicament, actually.

--

Tubbo doesn't *understand*. Tommy should have been angry, should have been outraged at Tubbo's audacity, should have yelled or even cried, should have abandoned Tubbo already as Tubbo had done to him, and yet-

And yet-

The gentle, comforting words were nothing of what Tubbo expected and he's so *confused*.

"*Why?*" Tubbo gasps, tears still falling down his chin, down his neck, onto his shirt, "That doesn't- *I betrayed you! I hurt people! I-*"

"But you apologized," Tommy reasons bluntly in a gentle tone, "And that's more than I can say for others. So I forgive you."

"But *why?* Tommy, I hurt you more than I probably hurt Techno *or* Ranboo! I betrayed you, abandoned you, so why- Why are you forgiving me?!" Tubbo sobs, "*I don't deserve it.*"

"You've always forgiven other people," Tommy says in such a soft voice it does not quite sound like the blond Tubbo knew, "Why can't you forgive yourself, too?"

And with that, Tubbo falls apart.

Only the smell of burning chicken interrupts the tender moment between the two.

--

It is peacefully quiet again when Tubbo grabs his things and prepares to part ways with his friend. Their old friendship can never quite be repaired or returned, nor will their trust ever be the same, but Tubbo also knows Tommy leaving him alone is a test of trust in its own way.

Tubbo will return one day, which is what he promises the blond with a smile, one that Tommy returns.

Chapter End Notes

what do you think tubbo's going to do now that he's travelling alone?

what do you think tommy's going to do?

(i really really wanna know-)

ANYWAYS, we are simply SO close to 3k kudos and i am screaming. simply screaming. you all are so cool i swear.

b o a t b u d s . :)

Where To, Now?

Chapter Summary

Now that Tubbo's gone (Good on him), where is Tommy to go now?

Chapter Notes

writing pog

anyways, enjoy the tommy-centric chapter :D

(Bit of fluff, bit more of angst)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy still has yet to fully accept that Tubbo has left. He *knows*, logically, that Tubbo's left, and it was probably the best option for him, but *knowing* is quite different from *accepting*.

It's just.. Where does Tommy go now?

He knows that he could, perhaps, return to L'manberg. He could return to L'manberg, try to fix the already broken country, and live there alone because nobody else would be willing to try again.

Nobody would be willing to be devastated again by having their life taken from them in L'manberg.

Tommy wasn't even quite willing.

His other option would be to return to Technoblade's home. He knew where the man lived. He could probably ask Fundy, who had agreed to make sure Ranboo was alright.

Tommy knows what option he prefers, but he doesn't really want *either* of them.

He's scared. *One life*, his heart whispers to him, *If I stop beating, you're gone forever*. It's true. He's got only one life left, but Tommy had stopped caring in Logstedshire.

In Logstedshire, something terrifying had happened. Not only Dream, but it was that dark night upon the tall stack of dirt that Tommy had felt something break. Or perhaps freeze over.

For the next few days, before leaving, before even thinking of going to Techno, something had been... *wrong*. He couldn't feel anything, and it had been terrifying.

There was no loneliness. No anger. No sadness. No thirst for revenge.

All he felt at most was annoyance and boredom, and even then it had been distant. It was like he'd become numb, and with the boredom and annoyance his mind *crumbled*.

He'd been fine with the thought of just *dying*. He'd thought of it so casually - *if Dream came back and 'annoyed' him (before, he'd be scared), Tommy would kill himself*.

Something had just.. *Tommy would have no regrets in dying*. And he still remembered the feeling. He had *his life* in his hands, and he would only use it as a *tool* for *escape*.

Absently at the time, it had terrified him because he knew it was wrong. He couldn't feel the desperate way he wanted to return to normal, but he knew he *had to*.

If his emotions didn't return to normal, Tommy would have died. At his own cold-blooded hands.

It had been with Techno he returned to normal, returned to loud yells and annoying jabs. And it was relieving, to *feel again*.

Even the hurt Tommy felt was relieving.

Still, the cold whispered that Tommy could just *die*, and that would be *it*, and Tommy had become numb to the fear of death.

He was better now, though.

He was fine, now.

(Probably).

Tommy couldn't return to L'manberg, though.

..Techno's house it is.

--

The arctic is cold. Truly, Fundy is a man of great observation skills.

In all seriousness, however, Fundy was worried. He was building his house, further away from Techno's and closer to the village than anything else. The framework was a bit big, considering others probably assumed it was only for him, but Fundy had still taken into consideration the room for a possible roommate.

Namely, Tommy.

Fundy was building a house near Techno's, and was making it big enough for both himself and the blonde teenager who he had allied with. Technically, Fundy hadn't *asked* to build a house nearby, but if Techno told Fundy he couldn't, Fundy would call the piglin-hybrid a hypocrite. What type of anarchist restricts others' freedom? *Exactly*.

Still, Fundy was worried. Worried for Tommy. Was Toms okay? Had Tubbo done something?

Despite knowing Tommy would message Fundy if he was in danger, Fundy worried.

So Fundy distracted himself with making a big enough house for himself and the blond, and with painting one of Tommy's room walls a bright red.

Tommy would be okay.

--

Tommy was not okay.

In front of his very eyes laid the ruins of a place he'd hatefully called home.

A tall, tall, tower reaching above the clouds, one not even able to see the top of it. An ugly, badly-decorated Christmas Tree that still remained up despite Christmas having passed a while ago. The smoky remains of a building, the floor completely gone and the sides falling into the pits of an explosion aftermath.

Logstedshire.

Please, Tommy thinks, *help me*.

Because the moment he saw the ruins, he was drowning.

Memories float across his eyes, memories of a green-hooded, masked man standing over him. Memories of desperation and *shame* crawling against his skin as he heard the *boom* of all his hard-work disappearing. Memories of his will slowly slipping away, of him wondering why he *bothered*. Memories of hot, burning emotions abruptly turning chilly and nothing at all.

Terrible, horrid, memories of *trauma* flicker in front of his eyes, and it's *too much*, Tommy has to get *away*, *away*, *away*-

He runs through the trees, following a familiar path until he collapses, collapses and holds himself tight. Sweat uncomfortably lines his skin, and his tears are hot as they fall on to his clothes, but Tommy doesn't care because he's *away*.

He doesn't ever need to go to Logstedshire again.

Please. Never again.

..He wishes *anybody* were here to comfort him.

Carefully composing himself, Tommy grabs his communicator from his pocket and dials the one

person he feels he can trust right now.

“Toms?”

“Hey, Funds.”

--

Fundy is not expecting any call at all from Tommy, but he's still excited when he sees the call and hears the ring.

“Toms?” Fundy asks, trying to sound casual, even while knowing his tail is swaying back and forth behind him.

“Hey, Funds,” Tommy whispers, sounding so *miserable*.

“What's wrong?” Fundy's excitement slowly fades into worry.

“Saw Logstedshire,” Tommy explains, knowing Fundy wasn't pitying him but instead truly worried.

“I want to kill Dream so much right now,” Fundy's voice shakes with anger, because his words are *true*. He truly wants Dream dead, for hurting Tommy *so much*.

“I know,” Tommy speaks a lot less when tired and sad.

“Wanna know how I'll kill him?” Fundy asks, although he means *do you need a distraction?*

“Yes, I wish to know how you will kill your ex-fiance,” Tommy gives a tired chuckle, and Fundy takes this chance to go into extreme and comical detail into how he would kill the masked man who was once the love of his life.

“-and then, when all's done and done, one arm goes in the burner, another in the lava, another in

the ocean, so on. Different corners of the world. No funeral. Maybe I'll make his mask a trophy or something, and I'll draw all over it. You could help ruin the prized thing, too. It'll probably look better in the end, too."

By the end of Fundy's rant, Tommy was laughing and probably forgotten about the place of his exile completely. Fundy was glad to see he'd cheered up his friend.

"Thanks, Funds," Tommy's smile is visible in his voice.

"Of course, Toms," Fundy doesn't ask where Tommy is, or where Tubbo is, but Tommy answers the unsaid question anyways.

"I'm going to come to Techno's house," Tommy says so *casually*.

"Really? What about Tubbo?"

"He left. Not going to bother us anymore. It's his redemption arc now, good on him."

"Tubbo popping off in a redemption arc, I see," Fundy joked.

The two continued chatting for a bit before Tommy finally said goodbye with an estimate of how long it would take to arrive - which gave Fundy an idea of when to have the house completed by.

Chapter End Notes

older brother fundy,, sobs in happiness

right now it's still the Aftermath Arc :)

anybody wanna guess on what the next arc is?

ALSO WE ARE SO CLOSE TO 3K KUDOS, SO THIS IS A THANK YOU!

Every single person who has read through the entire story so far, I love you. And every person who's pressed kudos after reading, I love you as well. I love every single person who comments the most, because your comments make me so, so happy. And of course, for everybody subscribed to the series, you're all the best. It's amazing to see

my story doing so well, and I'm so proud in all honesty.

I love you all so, so much.

How Techno Accidentally Gains A Town (With No Government) : I

Chapter Summary

Techno is a good neighbor.

Chapter Notes

wow this chapter is pretty fluffy with like no angst huh

no angst at all in any chapter ? wack

anyways enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Techno's not really sure of what to think of when Fundy just begins building a house near the nearby village, but still close enough to be in the perimeters. It's a sign of Fundy's plans to not return to L'manberg, not that Techno could really blame the shapeshifter.

Considering Techno had blown up the nation, there really wasn't much to return *to*.

So Techno was fine with it.

Well, then Phil made a house, too, and suddenly Techno wondered how he suddenly gained two new neighbors.

--

It's snowing, as it almost always is when it's this cold. Phil's dressed appropriately for the weather, donning old Antarctic Empire clothes for their resistance to the chill. It's nostalgic for Techno to see the familiar uniform.

At the same time, it makes Techno realize how unprepared Fundy is for the cold. The shapeshifter wears only his usual jacket, the thin material doing practically nothing to keep away the cold.

..How exactly Fundy isn't freezing, Techno does not know.

Begrudgingly, Techno ruffles through his closet. He thinks he can hear through the walls Ranboo's voice. Is the kid talking to chat? Probably.

Finally, Techno grabs the proper material from his closet - an old green, fur-lined coat, one of many colored coats he owned. He frowned, squinting between the green coat or the blue coat next to it.

They're both a bit too small for him now, mainly around the arms and shoulders rather than height, but they'd probably fit Fundy or even somebody smaller.

With a satisfied huff, Techno just grabs both of the coats and heads to where Fundy's house is still being constructed. Other than the spruce framing, there's so far cobblestone laid down for the foundations, and a few spruce planks. Multiple chests sit outside the house, probably full of building materials.

Fundy's nowhere to be seen, making Techno frown. Spotting an empty chest near the crafting table, Techno opens it to drop the coats inside.

Yeah, he's a good neighbor.

--

Fundy returns carrying stacks of spruce wood in his inventory, worried for Tommy. Toms had yet to message him since the Logstedshire incident, and it was simply worrying. The blond was still a chatterbox despite everything.

He rummages through his chests, tossing in spruce wood to its rightful spot before looking through his other chests. Fundy's not quite certain on what design he wants, so he figures looking through a majority of his materials would help.

He shivers, slightly, because while the cold doesn't bother him *as much* (shapeshifter perks), it's still cold, and his clothes aren't quite suited for this environment.

It's much to his surprise when he opens up a chest and finds two cloaks inside.

Lined with fur, they look cozy. The design is strangely familiar, though, and with closer inspection..

They look sort of like the red cloak Techno always wears.

Fundy wonders how two cloaks ended up in his chests, considering he'd not thought of bringing winter-wear with him to a *snow biome*. Still, he was not one to look a gift horse in the mouth and grabbed the green one to put on.

The blue one, he noted, could have fit Tommy perfectly.

Fundy just puts the thought away for later, instead making a campfire to cook his beef on.

--

Sapnap can see smoke over the horizon. Which is strange, to say the least. The smoke pops out amongst the stunning colors of the sunset, barely there but interesting enough that Sapnap noticed it, with the boredom that follows him around daily.

While living alone, taking care of only himself and his house, is quite fulfilling in a way, a part of him longs so dearly for the thrill of a fight.

The smoke is interesting, though. Does Sapnap have neighbors?

Well, actually, Sapnap probably does. Phil had shown up in the forest, and Sapnap doubts Phil would be in the snow biome, crying in a forest, had the blond not been nearby.

Which meant Sapnap probably had neighbors. Specifically, Philza Minecraft himself, and the Blood God.

He supposes they aren't the worst neighbors. Sapnap actually wouldn't mind going over and

saying hello. Offering to share sugar or whatever it is that neighbors do these days. They're probably across the forest from Sapnap, considering the smoke that rises high into the sky. The forest is rather small, but the naturally thick leaves of the spruce trees make it a bit harder to see anything on the other side of the forest, making a barrier of sorts.

Sapnap *does* want to see if he has neighbors, though. Phil had left a bit ago, and with it took away the social interaction that Sapnap had needed and enjoyed. It's sort of off-putting, but Sapnap really does want to talk to somebody. Anybody. Isolation isn't the best for anybody.

Sapnap thinks he'll cross the forest and potentially meet his neighbors tomorrow or so.

--

Tommy's legs ache.

Walking for hours can do that to a person.

His legs ache, but it's more of a painful strain than a proper ache - meanwhile, his chest feels like it's slightly caving in on itself for some reason, despite his breathing being perfectly fine.

Only a bit more, he reassures himself, knowing it's the truth. It will only take a bit before he's reached Techno's house, finally. Trudging through the snow is even harder in his shirt, the long sleeves doing practically nothing to stop the cold. He shivers as the snow falls, and his teeth chatter. He's so *close*, though. So, so close. He's certain Techno's house is but a few steps ahead. Maybe he should call Fundy, get the shapeshifter to help him since Tommy's so close.

Then again, he's *so close*, it would probably only be a bother.

He's so close, but his body aches, and it's so cold.

Tommy's vision blur, his mind a hazy storm that's screaming at him *danger!*

Tommy's not sure why he feels so in danger, but he's realizing why when his limbs fail him and he falls into the cold snow. It's even more cold, but Tommy can't find the strength to get back up.

He wishes he even had the strength to scream, but his hazy mind doesn't help much, and Tommy's eyelids are closing, his vision so *blurry*.

Only moments before Tommy drifts to unconsciousness, a blur of bright blue on a mustard-yellow sweater swims in his blurry vision. Then, everything goes to darkness and Tommy no longer knows where he is other than *it is cold*.

Chapter End Notes

i fucking lied. there was angst.

Redemption of Oneself I: Care

Chapter Summary

Beginning the path to gain redemption in not only the eyes of the one you wronged, but also your own eyes.

Chapter Notes

redemption of oneself haha get it ? get it ? get it?

yeah im bacckkkk ;)

you guys are going to like this chapter.

ALSO!! I made a discord!! for this fic!! :0 [discord!](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Tubbo leaves, he's got no clue of where to go. How is he exactly supposed to know?

More importantly, how can he redeem himself?

He doesn't want to think about it, in all honesty, but it sticks on like glue in the back of his mind and his own brain refuses to let him forget. Not like there's much else for Tubbo to do, for now.

Tubbo does have something that resembles a plan; build a nether portal and get as far away as possible. As far away as possible from those he's hurt.

He's just...

He feels so tired.

He can still remember the rage. The overwhelming, overpowering rage. The way it overpowered all his senses - his common sense, his morals - *and made him do horrible things.*

Tubbo can bitterly laugh at how easily angered he became, when he was supposedly the patient one of the duo that he and Tommy were once.

Tubbo tries to ignore the more negative thoughts of his mind, opting to continue mining iron. Now's not the time to pity himself.

He wants to explore, a curiosity for the world was something Tubbo naturally had. Exploration had interested him, but he had not been able to go out to see the world as he so wanted to.

..Instead, he'd been forced into a war.

Well, Tubbo needed to focus on a few things: a water bucket, iron armor, and a lava pool.

He wanted to go far away, and nether travel would be worth it. He.. didn't want to be found.

Tubbo supposes this could count as a retirement.

..He'll need a diamond pick, too.

--

The nether is as hot as it always has been, and Tubbo has always hated the way every breath felt slightly like burning. He carefully bridges across lava, avoiding Ghast's fireballs skillfully. He's hungry, having forgotten to pack more food, and he needs to get to the red biome to kill a hoglin.

His stomach grumbles, and he dislikes the feeling of hunger. It's not very soon until he's crossed to the red biome and is listening for the snort of a hoglin. He's lucky to be wearing gold armor from looting a ruined portal earlier.

And there one is. It seems somewhat separated from other hoglins. Lucky.

Carefully, he pulls back his bow holding an arrow, aiming for the heart, knowing it'll take more than that to break the hoglin's thick skin but wanting to rather gain its attention.

The hoglin lets out a squeal of pain the moment the arrow digs into its side, and it comes running

towards Tubbo. Quickly, Tubbo takes out his axe and-

Dead.

It takes Tubbo only a few more moments to grab some oak wood, coal, and sticks to make a campfire. He surrounds the area with some netherrack, making walls and a roof, mainly wanting to avoid any ghasts flying overhead.

The dead hoglin is carefully tied, roasting above the fire as Tubbo rummages through his bag for some salt and maybe dried herbs. Maybe he has pepper, too?

He's lucky to get all of the above, happily setting down some slabs of cobblestone and wiping it with a cloth for when he seasons it.

Tubbo will be eating well, at the least, even if he won't be able to rest the best in the nether.

A soft snorting sound attracts Tubbo's attention, to which he reacts by immediately grabbing his sword. The shadow of a piglin appears near the makeshift doorway, and-

A child appears.

Half of their face is covered by a skeleton skull, and their clothes are a bit tattered but mostly put together. The child is small, with nothing in their hands.

A baby piglin.

Looking hungrily at the cooking hoglin.

"Hello.." Tubbo asks tentatively.

Surprisingly, the baby piglin is unafraid and comes closer to the cooking hoglin, letting out a squeak that sounded like a greeting.

Well, the baby piglin probably won't hurt him..?

Tubbo shrugs, the hoglin is large and he doesn't mind sharing. He turns it over and waits for a few minutes before carefully dropping it onto the stone to season it a bit.

He cuts off a small piece and hands it to the baby piglin, who gives a happy squeal and bites into it immediately. They look.. Happy. Really happy.

They enjoyed the pork then.

Tubbo smiles gently at the baby piglin before handing it some more pork.

--

Tubbo remembers sealing off the entrance with cobblestone, making the entry way too small for an adult piglin but small enough for the baby piglin to leave once they were finished eating.

Tubbo had then drifted off to sleep in the pile of cloth he'd set on the ground, using his bag as a pillow.

He woke up with the baby piglin curling into his side.

...Oh.

What..?

What does he do?

The baby piglin is very small, and Tubbo can't just.. Push it off.

He resigns himself to being a cuddle buddy until the unforeseeable future.

--

When the baby piglin finally wakes, it feels like it has been hours.

“You’re awake now?”

The baby piglin just looks at him with wide eyes.

Then it squeals happily and snuggles in closer before getting up, snorting while trying to convey *something*.

Tubbo wishes he could know what the baby piglin was trying to tell him.

..He has to go now. He’s spent a while, and he’d gone far enough, so he needs to go to the Overworld. His twelve or so obsidian’s enough for a portal.

“I have to go now,” Tubbo said as he made a portal despite the baby piglin being unable to understand him.

It softly snorted.

He built the portal inside the house, before carefully lighting it up. The purple glow seemed to interest the baby piglin. Tubbo turned around, handed the baby piglin a mending-enchanted gold sword he’d found in that ruined portal, and then waved goodbye as he went to step into the portal.

A weight on his leg made him stop.

The baby piglin whined sadly, clinging to his leg with one arm and the sword in the other. They looked up at him, trying to explain without words.

“I don’t understand you,” Tubbo frowned, “What do you want?”

They snorted.

“I have to go,” Tubbo tried to explain.

The baby piglin let out an angry huff.

It.. seemed attached.

Was it alone? Piglins were pack animals, so maybe.. Maybe the baby piglin saw Tubbo as *pack*?

...

“Alright, I guess you can come with,” Tubbo relented, picking up the baby piglin.

And then, he stepped into the swirling portal.

Chapter End Notes

michael my BELOVED!!!

hHHHHHH

i just had to.

as i said, JOIN THE DISCORD! Be pinged for updates, get spoiler-snippets, and uh.
try to stop me from writing angst! [discord!](#)

Admitting to Mistakes, Apologies

Chapter Summary

Even if one asks for forgiveness, forgiveness is not guaranteed.

Sometimes, one doesn't deserve forgiveness.

(You must work for it.)

Chapter Notes

:)

haha

ok but seriously guysss join the discord D: i'm going to be pinging for updates, adding in clues for the future plot, rambling about my thought process - all of it. dooo ittt yknow you wanna ;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Techno didn't want to see Phil, not really. Holding on to grudges wasn't good for one to do, but that did not mean Techno could really *forgive* Phil either.

It ached.

It ached because Techno cared. Techno was aching because he had seen a teenage boy stood up at a podium, waiting to be murdered, and Techno had seen not only a reflection of himself-

But a reflection of another teen that Techno had failed.

Despite what everybody else wished to believe of the 'heartless god of blood', Techno *cared*.

Techno had cared for Ranboo, in the way that any reasonable person would for a child in distress - if the adults did not help raise the next generation, then the world would be doomed.

Part natural instinct, part *care* had made Techno save Ranboo that day. Growing fonder each day

for the anxious yet good-hearted enderman-hybrid - building Ranboo a mob house, a bedroom in Techno's own house, training the kid for better chances of survival - but something had felt *off*.

Techno could always rely on Phil. That was how it worked; the two could always rely on the other. That was their trust, their respect, their bond.

And so it had ached when Dream appeared on Techno's doorstep - having before threatened Tommy's life, and now threatening Ranboo's - and Techno could not rely on Phil to help him, to *be there*.

Techno resented Phil in many ways. The two were close and trusted one another, but Techno could not help but resent Phil.

Phil, with two children, who could not help but continue taking in more kids and neglecting them. The *title* of 'Dad' terrified the man, yet Phil couldn't ignore the urges to *act* like a father, to take the *position* of 'Dad'.

No parent was perfect.

But neglect wasn't excused because of imperfection.

Techno didn't particularly want to see Phil. He'd prefer to go to Ranboo while ignoring the many voices that adore the enderman-hybrid (not that he blames them) and listen as Ranboo rambles about recent books, recent food he'd eaten, any redstone devices Fundy would show him.

The kid was.. *A kid*. One that Techno was undeniably fond of. A smart one, with talent, with an unmistakable wonder for the world that all kids seemed to have. A wonder for the world that Techno had seen before- in Tubbo's amazed stare at bees, in Tommy's sky blue eyes. A wonder for the world that cruel reality wished to snatch away, and seemed to successfully done so if not for the way that Tubbo had still looked curiously at dozing bees, if not for the way Tommy would genuinely ask questions, constant questions because his mind moved fast and he wanted *answers*.

Techno sighed, and decided he needed to talk to Phil. At the very least, sort things out because Techno would not deny others who wanted to keep Ranboo safe.

--

Philza was sorry. He had spent days in Sapnap's small cottage, a feeling of calmness and regret laying over him like a second skin as he thought of what he had done. In his anger and fear, Phil had ran like he always had when Techno needed him. Phil had expressed his own feelings, his own suspicion of the letters, had warned Techno to be safe and careful- and then had ran.

Phil had ran. Ran when he could've helped Techno and Ranboo. Ran when he should have *been there* when Edward was kidnapped.

There were so many times Phil had ran away when he should have stayed and simply *been there*.

This time, though, Philza had returned.

With an apology.

--

It's awkward. Fundy had brought Ranboo out on a walk, glaring at Techno for not knowing that one needed sunlight and exercise as well when resting. It had left Phil and Techno alone in the house when Edward had tagged along with the teen.

It was quiet as the two stood.

Philza broke the silence, "Techno, I.. I wanted to say that I'm sorry."

The words were genuine, but Techno was bitter. His kid had gotten hurt, and all Phil could say he was *sorry*.

Techno remained silent. He did not trust himself to speak.

It is quiet once more, Phil trying to figure out what to say, and Techno refusing to give the blond a single word.

How dare Phil try to apologize?

How dare he?

Techno wanted to shout. Techno wanted to *scream*, to rage at Phil, to call Phil the hypocrite he is. Techno wants Phil to *really realize* the shit he's done.

He stays quiet.

"I- when I left, I started thinking a lot," Phil started rambling, "I know I've been a terrible father. To Wilbur and to Tommy, to Tubbo- and I'm sorry. I just- *how was I supposed to be their dad?* "

Techno wanted to punch Phil.

Phil was the one who took them in. *Phil* was the one who *chose* to become their father figure.

And now, he asks *how he was supposed to be their dad?* Does Phil not realize how *cruel* he'd been?

Phil had taken in children, shown them how wonderful of a father he could be, and then cast them aside.

They'd have been better left alone.

Yet Phil continuously and selfishly took them in, became their father- *only when it was convenient*. Other times, he was nothing but their guardian. Especially when things got hard.

"I shouldn't have left them, I shouldn't have left Wilbur here in L'manberg, I shouldn't have ran away. But I'm here now, and I'm apologizing. I just.."

Phil trails off, and Techno only stares.

"I'm a bad person. I left my children, and after telling you how scared I was for you.. I ran away.

And Ranboo got hurt because of it.”

Edward was in danger, too. Did Phil not.. Of course Phil didn’t care. Edward was not one of Phil’s to take care of.

It made Techno strangely bitter.

There was a tense moment of silence, with Phil looking almost pleadingly towards Techno, while Techno only stared, studying Phil’s face and wondering what to say. There is so much, too much to say, and Techno is unable to say any of it.

Phil continues, and his voice sounds on the urge of breaking-

“How could I have abandoned you, when you needed me most?”

It is quiet. The air surrounding them suddenly feels pressuring, pushing against Techno’s limbs and keeping Techno silent. His throat is suddenly dry, his mouth unmoving even as he shakes with rage. Because-

“You did it to your sons, too.”

Techno does not care for the horrified gasp that leaves Phil’s mouth.

Finally it feels as though his voice has returned, stronger than before.

“You can stay. I won’t turn away help, but I can’t forgive you.”

It was the truth.

Techno could still trust Phil in a way. The man was just trustworthy. But Techno could not forgive Phil, even now when Phil finally asked for it- Techno had not forgiven Phil for all the time his brothers had been ignored, had not forgiven Phil for the favoritism shown to the one who wasn't even Phil's son, hadn't come anywhere close enough to forgive Phil for the death of his brother.

Techno would not forgive Phil, but if Phil could help Techno keep his family safe..

Then Phil could stay. For now.

It is still quiet as Techno leaves, the door closing afterwards the loudest sound in the house.

Chapter End Notes

haha

:)

this chapter was fun.

I dislike c!Phil. He's just not the good person he pretends to be. He is kind, but that does NOT make him nice or good. Different words, folks. Different definitions. He doesn't deserve to be forgiven right now. :]

Blue Fingertips

Chapter Summary

“Have some blue!”

Tommy’s fingertips are blue... Pretty! Just like Ghostbur’s, but for some reason it feels like Ghostbur should be worrying...

Chapter Notes

:)

Ghostbur lives!! I'm.. gonna be so honest, Ghostbur was supposed to enter a lot earlier. And by a lot earlier, I mean A LOT earlier. As in, before Ranboo went to the nether earlier.

Whoops?

Still, I prefer this outcome better I think.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Ghostbur stumbles upon Tommy laying in the snow, Ghostbur first wonders *Why’s Tommy napping here? It’s cold!*

It sounded like there was a ringing in his ears, a yelling in his mind, but he couldn’t make out the words. That was strange!

“Tommy?” Ghostbur tapped the blond teenager, trying to wake him.

Tommy didn’t even move.

Ghostbur turned the teen to his front, wondering what was wrong. It looked like Tommy hadn’t been sleeping for a long time, so maybe Ghostbur should leave Tommy to nap for now?

Something inside him is screaming for some reason, it kind of hurts-

Well, Tommy also looks very cold! And when napping, one should be warm! Tommy must have been too sleepy to find a more comfortable spot, silly.

“Hm.. what to do, what to do..”

Ghostbur remembered Techno’s house is nearby!

For now, Tommy can rest on Friend’s back (Friend was back, *his friend, his companion, his **blue** -*)
.

“Have some blue,” Ghostbur smiles, placing some *blue* in Tommy’s hands. Tommy’s fingers clench around the *blue*.

Why are Tommy’s fingertips blue? They’re a light blue, though, not darkly stained from the *blue* that Ghostbur had given him.

Huh. Well, Tommy will be warmer *and* cozier when Ghostbur brings him to Techno’s house!

--

Techno does not expect an excited-sounding knock at his door. Fundy bothers not with knocking on doors, instead rudely coming right inside. Ranboo had gotten out of the habit of knocking on doors once comfortable. Phil wouldn’t knock, but announce his presence (and Phil had lingered around, building his own house and not once trying to talk to Techno for longer than a few minutes).

So a knock on his door was unexpected.

Techno wasn’t one to hesitate. If he didn’t open the door, he’d eventually have to deal with the issue behind it anyways.

Sighing, he opened the door and prepared himself for whatever to come.

Looking back on it, Techno's glad he opened the door in response to the knock as quickly as he had.

--

Ghostbur had been quite pleased to see Techno answer the door so fast. It had been so long since he'd seen Technoblade! Maybe even Philza (*Alivebur's dad*-) would be there? Oh, this would be so fun.

Tommy would be able to sleep comfortably here, after all!

"Hello, Technoblade!" Ghostbur greeted happily, waving to the pink-haired piglin hybrid.

"..Ghostbur?" Techno questioned, looking around before his eyes landed on Tommy who still laid on Friend. Friend didn't even look bothered! Wow, Tommy was really light, then.

"I found Tommy napping outside! He seemed cold, so I figured I'd bring him here so he could nap better! He was very sleepy to have napped *anywhere*, so he'd sleep better somewhere comfier, right? But I can't really *hold* him that much, so I put him on Friend! And Friend doesn't even look bothered, so Friend's really strong or maybe Tommy's kind of light? He does seem like the skinny and lanky type," Ghostbur laughed, rambling.

"Wh- *What?* " Techno gasped, looking very concerned. Ghostbur didn't know why, but his mind was still ringing as Techno continued speaking, "Why was he out in the snow? How long was he out there- Bring him inside, quick!"

Ghostbur listened to Techno while continuing talking, "Mm, I gave him some blue because he seemed really tired, and being tired makes you grumpy, and blue makes everything better! But guess what? His fingers were blue too, but not blue like my hands," Ghostbur smiled, showing his hands that were stained with *blue*, despite his mind *screaming* , "I don't know why, though. I think being really cold makes someone's hands blue, so Tommy must have been really, *really* cold! Good thing I brought him here, right?"

Techno didn't answer. Techno had already grabbed Tommy up and placed the kid near the fireplace, running around to grab stray blankets and pillows, making a nest of sorts at the fireplace and wrapping Tommy up like a burrito.

Were they having a sleepover? That sounded fun!

Wilbur proceeded to excitedly ask Techno, “Are we having a sleepover?”

Techno snapped with, “*No.*”

Wow, harsh!

“Do you want some blue? You sound angry.”

Techno set Tommy down, trying to decide if Tommy would be warm enough.

“I’m just- Tommy was *really* cold Ghostbur,” Techno explained, “And when people are *really* cold, they can get *very* sick.”

“Oh! Does that mean we’re having a sleepover? To take care of Tommy?” Ghostbur asked, smiling.

“..Sure.”

Friend laid down next to the blond, somehow knowing to share body heat and the warmth of his wool with the teen.

--

Wilbur had wanted to scream.

Many times he had done nothing but remain in the afterlife, sleeping as Mexican Dream did, or occasionally drinking as Schlatt did.

More often than not though, Wilbur had sat, and filled the silence with a melody.

It was better than the quiet itself, and Wilbur wasn't particularly annoyed with the sound of his own voice. He quite liked it, actually.

Today (?), he had been bored. He has figured it'd be entertaining to watch from Ghostbur's eyes, while Bur chimed in with a few suggestions or quips.

Wilbur didn't really know what Ghostbur had been doing after Techno's execution (that Wilbur hadn't really been worried about. Technoblade, after all, never dies.), but when Wilbur looked through Ghostbur's eyes, Tommy had been freezing in the snow. Passed out from exhaustion, shoes worn from too much walking, limbs skinnier than healthy, fingertips losing color and turning a light blue.

His little brother, his Toms-

Freezing in the snow.

"Help him, you idiot!" Wilbur had screamed, not caring for Bur's amused stares. Wilbur had screamed 'till his throat was hoarse, 'till his lungs were empty of air to scream with, 'till his words became incoherent.

It was only when Tommy had made it to Techno's safer hands had Wilbur truly stopped wanting to scream.

Why.. *why had Tommy looked so pitiful?* Why had Tommy looked nothing like the unstoppable force of nature he had been? Where had the kid, who shined like the sun and was just as bright and burning as it, gone?

Wilbur loathed not knowing.

Screw it all, Wilbur was not going to let Ghostbur keep control on the vessel that this ghostly body is for all of them.

, i know you all came here for ranboo & techno content but im soRRRRYYY

Marriage of Ones Misunderstanding

Chapter Summary

To be married as a god is strange. Marriage is a humane concept, but all Gods of the Skies are made of human concepts, so perhaps it is hypocritical for the Skies to loathe it.

XD had never loathed the marriage he had with 404, despite it all.

--

He calls it love. Others call it misplaced obsession.

Chapter Notes

screw it, i'm posting this rn.

DNF real? DEE EN EFF REAL ?

NO. lol
get nae naed.

ps: idk bt the title either idr what i was thinking when i thought of it dont aask me

OH YEAH PS: George's guardian counterpart went from GeorgeNootFound to 404NotFound or something. you can even check Chapter 14: Ranboo's Notes for confirmation. tell me if his name is wack anywhere else maybe?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Marrying as a God of the Skies was strange.

They had been built as a human concept; their very being was brought upon them by the common belief humans had to their existence. Below their human-brought personalities, many Skies loathed the humans who forced them to be whatever the mortals wished, whatever the mortals *believed*.

Despite that, XD had always loved his spouse.

It was surprising when the mortals had thought of the God of Cunningness and Mischief would go well with the God of Isolation.

They were to have a loving, loveless marriage. Opposite adjectives, but that was the norm for each Sky that was forced to marriage. Had the humans believe it was a loving marriage, then it shall be. Underneath all of the fakeness that they were, were real living beings with consciousnesses that loathed their marriage.

Instead of this, XD had been infatuated.

The God of Isolation was beautiful. This represented the beauty of loneliness, but the way nobody truly wanted loneliness despite the beauty of the idea.

404 was beautiful.

Clear skin, long lashes, one eye a warm chocolate brown, the other a deep blue. A face that you were naturally drawn to, lined with dark, silky brown hair.

When 404 had been a Sky, 404 had his eyes uncovered for only his husband, in comparison to how 404 had hidden them with a cloth to all others. XD was the exception to the rule that 404's beautiful eyes held: Sleep was inflicted upon those who looked into his eyes.

XD had loved his husband. Loved the gentle yet strong laughter that 404 had. Loved the way 404 denied any signs of affection or flusteration. Loved the way 404 smiled, large and soft at the same time.

XD had loved 404 more than he was supposed to.

And that in itself is what brought XD to ruin.

--

XD stares blankly at the waterfall in the middle of a dark oak forest. The large red mushrooms grown amongst the trees makes XD remember a past so painful.

A peaceful, quiet place one of which his spouse would've loved.

Painful loneliness, which is ironic considering his spouse had been of isolation.

Red mushrooms, a preference of 404's.

Not like the brown mushrooms that grew of 404's palms, and the strange yet interesting way it felt to hold a hand that grew mushrooms along the skin.

Strange names gifted by mortals, and the way they had connected by their titles.

How painful it was now, to be called by his given name now, knowing he'd never be called so by the one he loves.

It *hurts*, it *burns*, and sometimes XD *loathes* how real and genuine these emotions are. Sometimes, XD thinks he prefers the cold, fake emotions he'd been forced to have before.

At the same time, it makes him thankful for this hurt.

It does not mean he can't resent what made him so *pained*.

--

XD had loved 404.

Seeing the mortal with the same indifferent eyes, same dark hair although cut short, same smooth skin looking almost too pale if not for a healthy glow, even the way this mortal *stood*-

So similar to the one he loved.

George NotFound was *so similar* to his spouse.

It drew XD closer and closer.

--

George had the same allure 404 had- that loneliness, those walls set up not only for protection but of pure *annoyance* at so many people growing close. The natural way George pushed things aside without a care for what would happen, because George could deal with the consequences.

Just as 404 had.

Of course, it made sense. Of all the Guardians and mortal counterparts, it was inevitable yet ironic that the Guardian of Isolation would not be alone when there was another to accompany him in isolation. George isolated himself, and with it was in isolation with 404 in ways that mattered.

XD loves George, he thinks.

--

What XD won't admit is that he doesn't love George.

He doesn't.

This is the truth, and it rings clear no matter how much XD decides to lie to himself; George is not 404. Will never be.

XD will not admit he is more obsessed with the memory of 404 than he is in love with the other.

XD is obsessed with an *image*.

XD calls it love.

Others call it obsession.

--

George does not love the god(?) who follows him around.

Despite the god's similarities to Dream, George does not love this god. For nobody could *truly* be Dream, and it becomes more apparent the more time George spends with XD.

404 had warned George of his *ex-husband*.

Obsession for 404 that XD was projecting onto George.

It was honestly just tiring and stressful.

George wanted to sleep.

If he sleeps more, maybe he'll forget the memory of the one he does love. George may not have a healthy coping method, but it is far times better than XD's.

--

They both know, in some way, that they only put up with each other because they remind one another of the one they *do* love.

George reminds XD of 404.

XD reminds George of Dream.

That is why XD follows George everywhere; that is why George puts up with XD.

Not only because of memories and projections, but of a sense of camaraderie. Both have lost the people they loved, and for that George puts up with XD, and XD finds comfort in the indifferent mortal.

Their relationship is not healthy. XD could find a better coping method than bother the mortal counterpart of his spouse, than projecting the image of the one he loves onto George, than obsessing and obsessing instead of trying to properly sort things out. George is stuck, having to stay indifferent lest he go insane from the stalking and obsession that is *misplaced*, from the *stress* of being followed by a being multiple times more powerful than himself.

Their relationship is not healthy.

They still seem to find one another on their worst days, though. On the days when their memories plague them, on the days when crying *isn't enough*, on the days when emotions are too much to bare- their relationship is based off seeing others in one another, and pretending that they don't.

Their relationship is not healthy.

Chapter End Notes

idnwnoadw

seriously though, the toxic relationship of DreamXD & Georgenotfound be like...

Not like XD's the only one using the other though :/ so it's toxic on both ends kinda <3

the grind never stops.

Apologizing in Different Languages

Chapter Summary

Apologizing yet not apologizing. Repenting, perhaps, or maybe it could be considered redeeming yourself.

Chapter Notes

i am simply on the grind my dudes

haha writing go brrrrrrrrrrr

as ive said though, join the discord! link is in the end notes of the fic (not the chap).
it's funnn there trust me :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo has just settled himself into the calm that's settled over Techno's house. Edward was safe, Tubbo was not actively after him, and now all he has to do is heal. He has found a friend in Fundy, pleased to listen as the shapeshifter rants about redstone. Techno makes dinners, and Ranboo continues learning from Techno.

Everytime Ranboo trains with Techno, he is amazed. The piglin-hybrid uses everything to his advantage- his stature, his brute strength, his mind, the terrain- *everything*.

It's awesome in every sense of the word; Techno does not hesitate, and is constantly adapting to the fight, moving faster and faster.

Ranboo's not near Techno's level of skill, *but* Ranboo could defend himself well.

It's calmed him more, to know he can take care of himself. Maybe, if he trains more, he won't *freeze up*. Because that is what he'd done. Knife to his throat, and Ranboo froze in place.

He could have teleported out. It would have been so easy, but he *didn't*. He couldn't help himself.

Techno had to help him, again. Ranboo just wanted to be able to protect himself *and* the others around him.

--

Tommy looked so small.

Tommy has always been skinny; looking like he's only got skin to cover his bones and nothing else. Some days he looks so skinny that he could tumble away in the wind.

Despite that, Tommy's presence had always been large and warm. With a bright smile and mischievous eyes, it had always felt like he could do anything with that stubborn determination of his. Tommy was just *Tommy*.

Tommy seemed like he could never die, could never stumble, but Techno knew better than to believe in that when Tommy, too, was human.

You'll stumble, Theseus, if you continue to be the 'hero'.

Because once before, Tommy had been in his house with haunted eyes, with tattered clothing, and healing bruises. His arms had been lined with scars (*explosions*) underneath his torn up sleeves, and his feet had blisters. He looked like he'd crawled out from hell itself with only a single blanket.

Now, Tommy just looked.. Small. Young. A child, fingers blue from the cold, cuddled in blankets next to the fireplace.

He didn't seem as hurt, as broken, as *faded* as he had after the exile.

Just small, and cold.

Techno couldn't find it in himself to be angry at Tommy joining Tubbo's side anymore.

Techno was kind of tired of being angry.

--

“Is Tommy feeling better?” Ranboo asks curiously.

Techno hums, “He’s warmer at least.”

Tommy opens his eyes, and sees blurs.

--

“What the fuck,” Tommy says softly as he wakes up.

“Tommy!” Fundy’s so relieved to see the teen awake.

“Funds? What..what happened?” Tommy asks, trusting it to be relatively safe if Fundy was here-

Wait.

If Funds is here, then this must be-

Techno’s house.

“Well-” Fundy starts, but Tommy cuts him off.

“Nevermind, I just realized that since you’re here we must be at Techno’s,” Tommy interrupted, letting out a large sigh.

“We’ve been worried, y’know?”

“..Yeah.”

--

“He’s awake,” Fundy says as he leaves the house.

..Oh.

--

Techno knocks on the door, but doesn’t wait for Tommy’s response to walk in.

“Hey,” Techno greets awkwardly.

"You never once said sorry," Tommy stated, staring to the wall.

"I thought I didn't need to," Techno answered the unasked question of why, "I thought my actions were enough."

“Thanks,” Tommy said, and the two didn’t really need any other words to understand one another. Techno had apologized and repented by helping Tommy. Tommy said *thank you*, but wouldn’t apologize because he didn’t need to either. Tommy, too, had apologized with his actions; by secretly being on Techno’s side despite what Techno had believed.

“I should be saying that to you, too,” Techno smiled.

“Yeah, but you won’t, because you’re an asshole.”

“Hm.. fair enough.”

--

“You can see him now,” Techno smiled to Ranboo, who wasn’t quite *pacing* , per se, but rather teleporting to opposite sides of the living room.

“Oh!” Ranboo exclaims, “Oh, okay! Uh, is he.. Is he good? Did you talk?”

The kid was so obviously worried for his friend, and Techno responded fondly, “Yeah, we talked. We’re good.”

--

“Tommy!” Ranboo greeted as he opened the door wide. Tommy had been resting in Ranboo’s room, after all.

Tommy’s gaze snapped to him immediately- or, more specifically, the burn scar that was now on Ranboo’s arm.

“Hey, Ranboo,” Tommy greets.

“Tommy, I- Are you feeling better?” Ranboo sits on the edge of the bed, and Tommy can feel the bed slightly dip from the weight.

“Yeah, big man, I’m good now,” Tommy grins, and realizes Ranboo looks so *happy* here. Ranboo, the anxious mess he’d betrayed, the nervous teen who liked chaos just as much as Tommy but was much too anxious to *live* - looks so at peace here.

This is what Tommy was keeping safe- this is what Tommy was repenting for. Tommy had betrayed Ranboo, so it was only right Tommy worked to redeem himself.

And it had turned out well.

“I’m sorry I didn’t come back,” Ranboo’s voice cracks.

“What?” Tommy’s confused. What does he mean..?

“I didn’t come back for you,” Ranboo’s eyes well with tears that Tommy knows will only hurt the enderman-hybrid, “I left you there in L’manberg. In the country that betrayed you and with the president who was manipulating you.”

He-

Ranboo was apologizing.

“Ranboo,” Tommy laughed, but it was too sad to sound like a proper laugh, “You’re an idiot, you know?”

“What?” Ranboo wiped away a tear, hissing as the water stung against the skin of his hand.

“We’re both idiots,” Tommy smiled, “I’m sorry for betraying you. It was my choice to stay in L’manberg to keep an eye on Tubbo. We were just trying to protect each other, huh?”

Ranboo blinked, before bursting into laughter, “*We are* both idiots!”

--

Wilbur starts to get up from his seat, stealing one last glance at the scene outside the windows. Ghostbur’s tending to Friend and Carl, nothing of importance but it angers him anyways as he watches the scene through the windows.

Ghostbur was so *stupid*.

So was Wilbur, though. He’d-

His little brother, pale hands with blue edging on from the fingertips, dark eye bags and all skin and bones-

Bur smiles from the opposite seat, eyes flashing red, "Hm? Are you going to finally take control?"

Wilbur only grins back in response, "I think it's about time we got a new conductor, isn't it?"

Chapter End Notes

i just had to somehow include wilbur's limbo. the train station is just so cool to me.
more will be explained mayhaps :)

idk its just hHHHH lore and stuff pogchamp yknow??

Sorry, You're Not Sorry, Just Guilty

Chapter Summary

'Sorry' isn't enough sometimes.

Chapter Notes

:)

it's bashing c!phil time :D haha.

i'm, uh, i promise i'll bring more ranboo and techno dynamic. not next chapter. but uh, soon. i think. uhhh-

no promises????

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy had been staying with Fundy, soon after he'd been properly assessed and it was confirmed he wouldn't need to have his fingers chopped off.

Fundy was perfectly fine with Tommy staying- in fact, it was enjoyable in general. They respected each other; understood what it felt like to be reduced to immature and undeserving of respect.

And Tommy wasn't a bad roommate. The teen was both surprisingly and unsurprisingly responsible for himself and his own messes. Tommy was good company, with a sense of humor that Fundy could understand, and a sense of empathy.

Tommy had also yet to meet Philza.

Right after arrival, Tommy had stayed with Techno resting - and soon after, Tommy had moved in with Fundy.

Fundy's worried about what will happen when they inevitably meet.

"Toms! Get down here, I made breakfast!"

A few loud stomps and clangs later, Tommy slid into the dining room looking *bright*, far from the sickly Tommy he'd seen in L'manberg.

Fundy is so glad Tommy looks this bright, this free, because ever since Wilbur's death, Tommy only ever looked like he was on the edge, moments away from falling down and disappearing forever.

--

"I'm gonna go find Ghostbur now, 'kay Funds? I've gotta thank him and Friend for helping me," Tommy yelled as he went out the door, snowy air greeting his face, blue parka keeping a majority of the cold away.

Ghostbur had said he'd be staying around..

Blue stains mark the ground, blatantly obvious in the white of the snow, and Tommy follows the trail with a small smile on his face.

"*Tommy!*" the innocent echo of his brother's voice rang through the clearing, Ghostbur floating slightly above the ground, and his hands holding onto Friend's lead stained with blue; a bit dripped onto the ground, slightly dipping into the snow.

"Ghostbur, I wanted to say thanks for helping me earlier- and to say the same to Friend," Tommy thanked the ghost as a greeting.

Ghostbur perked up, happily beginning to rant, "*Don't worry about it! Friend says so, too. You know, I don't think I'll ever get used to the cold here, even though it's weird because I'm a ghost, and ghosts don't usually feel temperatures, I think-*"

Tommy's glad to listen to Ghostbur rant.

Wilbur had, after all, patiently listened to Tommy's rants many times.

It was only right to return the favor the best Tommy could.

--

“Ghostbur, mate, wher-”

Philza froze upon seeing Tommy standing there, conversing with the ghost. Ghostbur continued the conversation, but Tommy fell silent at the sight of his ‘*father*’, staring with wide eyes.

Philza took a breath of icy air, “Tommy..”

The blond tensed, ever so slightly at the sound of his name.

“Tommy, I- are you.. Feeling better, pal? Good enough to be out in the cold..?” Phil sounds worried.

Why, Tommy thinks, his own thoughts making him want to sob, *Why do you care now, and not when I’d begged for you to save my family?*

“I’m fine, Phil,” Tommy answers, refusing to look at the man- at his father.

“Are you.. Are you sure, bud?”

Bud.

“No, I’m not sure, but I don’t see why you should care,” Tommy answers coldly, Ghostbur having stopped talking and now looking with worried confusion between the two of them.

“Phil? Tommy? What’s wrong?” Wilbur asks, concerned as to why the two seem so tense.

“Nothing’s wrong, Ghostbur,” Tommy had still yet to look towards Phil, “After all, nothing’s *ever*

wrong, is it?"

That was aimed towards Philza, Ghostbur can tell, - he isn't stupid - but he doesn't know as to *why* Tommy sounds so cold, so *bitter*.

"Tommy, I wanted to tell you I'm sorry," Phil started, coming closer to the blond, gently laying his hand on Tommy's arm.

Tommy rips his arm away from Phil, still not looking at the man, as though the teen couldn't bear knowing his father was there; couldn't bear to look, to feel.

Phil's look is of pure guilt and horror.

Tommy still can't bring himself to look at the man who condemned his older brother to insanity.

"You're not sorry," Tommy claimed, angry. Angry at Phil, who killed his son and Tommy's older brother. Angry at Wilbur, for leaving him and leaving only a broken part of himself behind. Angry at his voice, for failing him and shaking, breaking into pieces while he spoke. Angry at himself, for being so *hurt*, so *vulnerable*.

"I am! I'm so, *so sorry*, Tommy," Phil insisted, and it made Tommy so *fucking angry*.

"Sorry's not *enough!*" Finally, finally, Tommy stares at the man who was once his father, and tells the truth, "Sorry isn't fucking enough! Sorry doesn't take back the years of neglect! *Sorry* doesn't bring back my *fucking brother!*"

It's suddenly so silent, and Tommy doesn't feel like *yelling*. Phil's horrified face is so *fucking ironic*. Ghostbur's look of confusion is brushed off, but Tommy does feel slightly apologetic for ruining their peaceful walk.

"You're not fucking sorry," Tommy glared, blinking as quick as he could to keep his forming tears from falling, "because if you were sorry, you wouldn't had stabbed Wilby in the chest."

Phil gasps like *he's* been stabbed in the chest, which is so *ironic* Tommy wants to laugh. He thinks

he'd just end up crying, though.

"If you were sorry," Tommy started quietly, "If you were a grieving father who was sorry.."
Tommy trailed off, looking at Phil directly in the eyes,

"You'd have visited his grave."

Tommy walks away, eyes on the floor where his every step left behind a mark in the snow.

He didn't bother wiping away the tears that finally escaped.

--

"Toms? Why are you back so soo- oomph!" Fundy grunted as the teen wrapped his arms around the shapeshifter. Toms sniffed, probably getting snot all over Fundy's jacket.

"Hey, Toms? What happened?" Fundy asked softly, hugging the teen back. Worry slithered around his heart like a vine, Fundy wondering what it was that made Toms emotional.

"Philza," Tommy answered, muffled by the hug. Of *course* it was Phil, the bastard.

Phil wasn't cut out to be a *parent*, a *dad*, or any family member- the *bastard* ran from any familial responsibility he could. Philza abused his kids, and Tommy was *one of those kids*.

Neglect was abuse.

And seeing your *abuser* (although Fundy uses that term carefully), after *knowing* he killed your only family member who stayed- yeah, Tommy needed a little pick me up.

"Wanna lay down on the couch and listen to some of Wil's recorded songs?" Fundy asked the blond softly, willing to help in any way.

"That'd be nice, Funds."

And the two sat on the couch, listening to the recordings of *Your City Gave Me Asthma*.

'I hate to say it, but your sister was right,'

Fundy gently ran his fingers through Tommy's hair, letting his *little brother* cry.

'I'm nothing but a problem, leave you crying overnight,'

"He's such a fucking hypocrite," Tommy laughs wetly, tear trailing down his cheek and nose red, "He always told me apologies were useless."

'And I hate to say it, but your sister was right,'

Fundy sat, listening to the music and to Tommy. Wilbur's music had always been so *out there*, in a beautiful way. Strange, but the meaning had always been there for anybody who looked.

'I can't focus on the future only my short sight'

Tommy felt like a bit of a child, sitting there and letting Fundy listen to him rant (*vent*), but Wilbur's music just made him emotional. The lyrics *spoke* just as well as they sang. It made Tommy want to do the same.

'I hate to say it, but your sister was right,'

"I hate him," Tommy whispers, and Fundy only nods.

'I'm a wanker, complete wanker,'

"I know," Fundy says, "I do, too."

'A fucking waste of time.'

Chapter End Notes

All lyrics belong to Wilbur Soot. Thank you. I don't know why I need to say this, because you all know, but uh.. legal reasons maybe? I don't know, would Wilbur Soot try to sue a random fanfic writer??

I don't think so.

Anyways,

I just had to add in 'Your Sister Was Right'. i mean, Your City Gave Me Asthma IS canonical in the dsmp, so why not? I believe they'd be recordings of Wilbur's songs.

Also, 'Your Sister Was Right' is just my favorite of the album. It just.. I'll rant a bit about the song: it's so.. it's speaks of a toxic person. it's from the perspective of a toxic person who knows they're toxic. i feel like it fits how toxic c!phil is, or at least how toxic phil is in Reflection of Oneself. if that makes sense? i'd rant more, but i don't wanna clog up the end notes. the entire album is so beautiful to me, and it does kind of fit... hhhh

Learning; Realizations

Chapter Summary

Ranboo finally, finally, tells Techno of the books he found in the Nether.

Chapter Notes

hey buds guess who's back? ;)

sorry for dipping for 11 days!! 'Twas my bday, was busy, AND i got into an Art Mood, which meant my brain was going brrr visual arts and NOt brrr writing pog yknow?

but woo!! i'm back!!! and trying to find out how to write the next hecking arc!! i am struggling on how to let it enter smooothly :')

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dinner with Fundy and Tommy was surprisingly pleasant, Ranboo noted with a smile. He had expected a period of an awkward, uncomfortable tension in the air. Just because everything had been forgiven didn't mean their relationship would be fixed; didn't mean Tommy could think of comfortably joking with Techno, didn't mean Techno could allow Tommy inside his home once more. It *did*, however, mean that this was a beginning of sorts for them.

Tommy was, as per usual, good at completely ruining any awkward silence with his bluntness and colorful language. Fundy was strangely charismatic, albeit a tad awkward (as he'd never conversed with Techno), and Fundy had always been kind to Ranboo. And, as Ranboo remembered correctly, Fundy had defended Tommy best he could from the threat of exile. Techno was blunt as usual, but his dark humor was funny in its own way. Edward, too, tried to talk despite the language barrier (to which Ranboo helped translate).

It felt nice. Having dinner with the other two every other day. Training with Techno who focused on smart tactics and *strength*, or sometimes training with Fundy who focused on agility and speed. Dueling with Tommy out in the snow. Being taught to use the terrain. Farming potatoes with Techno occasionally. Tending to the Hound Army, feeding Carl. All simple things that just.. *Helped*.

It just *helped*. Simple as that, it helped, and seemed to heal in a way Ranboo hadn't thought he'd need after the nether. Perhaps, this is what he had needed after the kidnapping.

--

“Hey, Techno?” Ranboo walked out his room, arm feeling better but still sore. In his hands were a few books- to be precise, his notebook and other books he wanted to show for reference.

It was about time Ranboo had talked to Techno about the books. About Guardians, of Gods, of myths and legends that were too detailed to be fake, that made too much sense to be fiction. Of time travelling and mysteries, of past events and future dooms, of explanations for red vines.

So caught up in training and saving Edward, of the threat of Dream looming over his back, Ranboo had forgotten despite his memory not being corrupted. Which was quite ironic, actually.

“Yeah?” Techno asked from where he was sitting, reading Art of War for what simply *had* to be over the millionth time.

“I have some books to show you,” Ranboo said, gesturing for Techno to sit at the table with him, where Ranboo set the books down.

“How’d you get these?” Techno looked confused, “We never went shopping for any books or anything.”

Ranboo hadn’t thought of that, but he was telling Techno everything anyways, “I found them in the nether.”

“ *What.* ”

--

“What the nether,” Techno blinked blankly at the info-dump.

“Uhh...yeah.”

“So *you’re saying*.. Gods exist. And Guardians. And I’m connected to one.”

“It explains the voices, too, actually.”

“What the nether,” Techno repeated.

It was.. Strange. To know, to find out. Higher beings truly *did exist*, and it was a higher being that gave him the often violent voices he had. It was a higher being that gave *Ranboo* similar voices.

“What do.. What do you think this *means*? ”

“I don’t know. I’d.. I’d ask Phil about it, I know he’s connected to something, probably *this*, but I don’t know how.”

Ranboo frowned for a moment, questioning what they could do with this knowledge. Not only of knowing that there were higher beings, and that people they *knew* were probably counterparts to some of these Guardians- but also of Karl’s powers. *All of Karl’s powers*.

Ranboo had too many questions.

What does this mean? How does this change things? Does it change anything?

And another important question: *Why had Karl trusted the Endermen to keep the library safe?*

“So from what we know,” Techno started, “The Guardians need a mortal to tie themselves to the ‘mortal world’.”

“Mhm,” Ranboo agreed.

“And many of these.. Gods of the Skies were angry about the Guardians’ freedom?”

“Uhh..essentially, yeah? I think so,” Ranboo took out one of the books he remembered to describe the Gods of the Skies. It didn’t have much information, other than the Gods of the Skies were Powerful, but didn’t have the *right* to interact much with mortals.

They were *Gods*, though. Why would they be angry at Guardians?

Ranboo frowned, and the two continued to look through the books that Ranboo had brought with him.

--

“Alright,” Tubbo said to the zombie-piglin that clutched onto Tubbo’s suit, “We have to find or make better clothes.”

Which was fair enough. Michael’s (*as Tubbo had asked the child if Michael was okay*) clothing was suited for the hot nether, but not much for the new ‘cold’ of the overworld. And Tubbo’s suit wasn’t, well, the best suited. Pun unintended.

“For now, you can, uh..” Tubbo reached into his bag, taking out a small blanket, “Wear this.”

Tubbo carefully wrapped it around Michael like a cloak, to which Michael happily squealed.

“Time to get moving then, huh,” Tubbo smiled softly to the small child, picking him up and holding him close.

--

“Hey, big man,” Tommy started, holding a book that Ranboo recognized, “Are these myths or something?”

“Did you get that from my room?” Ranboo frowned.

Tommy *flinched*.

“Um- well, no, I found it on the floor, sorry if it was yours, I was just curious-”

“It’s alright,” Ranboo smiled reassuringly despite his stomach feeling nauseous from what that flinch could mean, “They’re not.. Myths, I believe. More like.. Legends.”

Ranboo wouldn’t tell Tommy yet that he believed these were real and not legends.

“Ah, alright. Anyways, was wondering about these Skies and stuff,” Tommy said, relaxing onto the couch where he sat like a gremlin while Ranboo laid back with a book in his hands.

“Skies?”

“What this book calls these Gods of the Skies,” Tommy explained.

“Well, what was it?”

“There any more books on ‘em? I wanna confirm something.”

“Oh, yeah, I’ve got more books. Why, what’d you wanna confirm?” Ranboo was rather curious.

“I was readin’ and stuff,” Tommy said, “And was, like, pretty sure these Skies were controlled and that’s why they were always pissed off at the Guardians.”

“Controlled?” Ranboo frowned, just barely, but Tommy’s eyes still caught it and he seemed to tense just a bit.

“By mortals. Like they’re just, uh, their personality is based off what mortals believe it to be.”

“What?” of all things, Ranboo hadn’t expected that. The *Gods*. . . controlled by mortals?

“Well, the book described becoming a Guardian a freedom, and described how Mortals powered the Skies,” Tommy explained easily, “Makes sense they’d be angry if all they were was what people expected.”

There was.. Some underlying bitterness there that Ranboo tactfully ignored, “That.. could make sense.”

Ranboo *really* needed to go back to that library and look through Karl’s journals again. Because *Oh my Ender, Tommy has a VERY GOOD point.*

Ranboo is, once more, reminded why one shouldn’t underestimate TommyInnit.

Chapter End Notes

hopefully i keep up the updating. if i dont, yell at me <3

hoot hoot cant wait for the next arc :)

(reminder that i AM going to add in as many of 'arcs' from the actual dsmp rp as i can!
lots of stuff from streams i am adding to my plot!! this is why it's hard to add in
sometimes, bc i want to have a nice flow kind of. so haha-)

Empty Towns, Beauty, Ugliness, Willpower

Chapter Summary

L'manberg is an abandoned country. Quackity is an abandoned man.

--

Niki finally realizes.

--

Jack Manifold.

Chapter Notes

please i adore writing for these characters. i want to write perspectives at least once for each character in the dsmp. bc fuck yeah !!!!!

STARTING OFF THE NEXT ARC!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

L'manberg remains empty.

Abandoned and deserted of all but a few.

Quackity lays on his bed, back on the mattress, and he tries to *feel*. Tries to feel anything than this depressing loneliness; tries to feel forced happiness, tries to feel sadness, tries to feel anger- *tries to feel anything other than lonely*.

It doesn't work, of course, and so Quackity sighs and breathes the air that still smells slightly of gunpowder. Gray light comes through his window, making Quackity's usually welcoming room instead seem almost dreary. It doesn't help his mood.

His house had not been spared; he'd only just recently made it liveable.

He is the sole citizen left of L'manberg. Due to Tubbo's abandonment of his country, and the way Tommy as well had left, following after Tubbo as he has so many times, Quackity is all that is left.

Abandoned again, huh? Quackity mentally scoffed, hating the disgustingly sad feeling of *abandonment*. Of being left behind, once more.

He both hated the feeling and found wretched beauty in it.

Quackity sighed, before suddenly getting up from his bed. He couldn't think about it any longer. Not out of it being too much, but rather if he kept lingering on it, nothing would happen, Quackity decided to look around. Go on a walk.

Do something.

--

The world is infested, Niki is sure of. Despite her nightmares, she's *so certain* that something wrong went with the world. She doesn't know who set it off, not anymore, but she feels like something needs to be done.

She wants to purge it.

Niki is so *exhausted* of sitting down, of waiting, of being forgotten-

She is tired of this world, and all it brings.

It is so disgustingly *ugly*. Everything in the world became so *ugly* with the wars, with the *discs*. An object dictated all this destruction, an *object* brought upon the death of Wilbur, and that *object* had been something Tommy had been obsessed with! All of it *had to have been Tommy-*

It had to be Tommy, Niki's sure.

It had to be Tommy's fault.

It *had to be*.

She sleeps that night, and dreams once more a horrid dream. Her nightmares are evil and vile, but they try to teach her. Try to *show* her.

They show her how beautiful the world had been. They show her Tommy. They show her a child.

They show her how *ugly she too had been*.

But each time, she wakes with tears dripping from her eyes and sweat from her scalp- and reminds herself that *it is Tommy's fault*. Only Tommy's fault.

She doesn't believe it anymore. She tells herself it, but now as guilt eats her alive she knows it's not true.

"He's a child," she mumbles between gasping for breath, hands grasping her hair, "*A child.*"

And as sobs wracked her body, she cried, "And I wanted to *kill him*."

--

Quackity doesn't bother putting on the 'crackhead' persona he usually dons. He is just tired, and nobody is near anyways.

The air feels too heavy to breathe in.

He breathes anyway.

The path is ruined, and he has to carefully navigate his way through the broken off parts that float above what had already been a crater but was now even larger.

Quackity catches a glimpse of red as he walks.

Looking down, his eyes widen.

“What the Nether..?”

--

Jack *hurts*. Constantly.

All he knows now is pain, but he can't say it really hurts anymore.

It did not pain him, but it was painful.

Every limb moving brings a stinging pain, ever turn of his head brings headache, every step makes Jack want to collapse and never get up.

But he had clawed his way up from the Void itself.

He was so tired of taking shit from anybody. That ended up to include Death itself.

It had been painful to return, and as he returned Jack wondered what exactly he was doing.

Because in all honesty, Jack could have lived in his limbo.

It was just his house. Simple enough. It was his *house*, and he could handle living there. It didn't seem so bad.

Now that he's *back*, all he kind of wants to do is return.

That's the Void, trying to urge him back. He doesn't really care, but he's not going to regret the fact that he's back now. The Void can ask for him back all it wants, but Jack's not returning until his life is once more taken from him.

Thinking back to his conversation there, though, Jack's not quite sure what to think of any of it all.

He knew of what would come now, though.

It is why he was alright with stopping his plans; why he was quietly urging Niki to think about what they were doing.

Small things, to set off the butterfly effect.

It's not as though anything could really stop him anyways, though?

--

There are some simple rules of this world. Unspoken but still true.

One is that Guardians do not interact with their counterparts *too* much. Or many mortals in general; bad things have happened in the past. Wars. Destruction. It is, also, to keep their counterpart safe.

Another is that one (Guardians) keeps their promises. There are not many morals, but this one seems..

Important.

There are so many more.

Just as there are rules that exist for many reasons, there are also other things that simply *exist* and *make sense*.

Jack Manifold's willpower being strong enough to kill a God is one of those.

It's not *specifically* his willpower- no, it's his ability to Direct Fate.

He could change his fate, as cheesy as it sounds. His soul has a strong affinity for Directing Fate. There are many stories of those who can control or watch over Fate.

There are not as many clear ones about those who can Direct Fate itself.

But the moment Jack Manifold crawled out the void, his position of power had been clear.

Although mortal, death would not touch him should he not want it.

And that in itself terrifies.

Chapter End Notes

;))))

How do you think this all seems to come in together?

(And do you like the Jack Manifold part?????)

The Contract

Chapter Summary

Jack Manifold is a businessman. He'll make sure he gets the upper hand in this exchange.

===

This marks the beginning of the Red Arc, officially. Things will begin to change, slowly. Watch closely.

Chapter Notes

ANNOUNCEMENT!!! : I've decided that if Reflection of Oneself reaches 4k kudos by the middle of August (the date will probably change!) I'll take a suggestion for the plot/ an idea from the plot in some sort of way! This is how it works: You share Reflection of Oneself to all the people (who would enjoy it!). Then, you'll give suggestions/ideas, which I'll choose from - based on how best they'd work. Then you guys would vote, probably! This is a bribe, make no mistake.

SO GET US TO 4K KUDOS! THANK YOU!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was, as per usual, chilling to be in limbo. It interacts strangely with him, considering he's not meant to be here when it is not his domain; he's of the Skies, and not of the ever changing dimension that limbo is.

Oh, of course it's not *his limbo* - of course not; he is, after all, not mortal.

But there *is* something he needs to do down here. Something that, if not done correctly, could ruin all of his plans.

He has to make a deal with The One Who Directs Fate.

Or; as this 'mortal' is called upon the Overworld-

Jack Manifold.

--

It's strange being dead.

Very strange.

Everything feels just a bit odd; just enough of that off-feeling to make everything look strange. He feels slightly nauseous-but-not-nauseous. Which is.. Strange.

"Man, if I had my camera I'd be continuing that Jack Manifold grind," he lamented, before looking around his afterlife.

It was just his house, which was actually kind of sad in how simple it was. Then again, he wasn't quite upset with it. So what, if he hadn't done enough to warrant a different afterlife- he much preferred the peace of his own home.

Outside his windows was what L'manberg once looked like, but the scene changed often. Jack didn't focus on that much.

Jack was more focused on eating the sandwich he'd made upon finding his fridge was completely stocked. Who knew there'd be food in the afterlife?

It wasn't that Jack was hungry- no, he was *bored*, and eating did help boredom supposedly. And the sandwich was really good. Jack prided himself as a top-tier sandwich maker.

Jack's clock supposedly said that only mere seconds had passed in the Overworld.

Then it switched away to the strange, changing time of the Afterlife, and it had been about half an hour for Jack.

Honestly, Jack *didn't* really like the Afterlife. His skin prickled with an energy that he didn't enjoy; it felt like electricity lightly shocking his skin. There was also the sense of nausea.

And the boredom.

Jack looked at the afterlife that was his house, and frowned.

God, he was so angry. He'd been killed by Technoblade when the piglin-hybrid sought revenge for Edward the Enderman and Ranboo; *which Jack could understand!* Fair enough- get revenge on the country that kidnapped and tried to kill your friends.

Jack hadn't done anything, though. And that kind of pissed him off. He was killed just because he was *there*. And not because of anything he had done.

His death was a meaningless one, which made it all the worse as it was a 'canon' one.

As was his first one. His second one held more meaning; more sentiment, more feelings, more emotions, *betrayal* - and yet his third had been practically meaningless.

Jack didn't want to stay down here for all of eternity.

--

"He better still be there," the God mumbled under his breath, because this was one of the few places he could converse with The One Who Directs Fate.

Other than this moment, there would be no perfect time to talk.

--

A knock on his door stops Jack from figuring out a way to leave. Unlike the stories in myths, there seemed to be no proper way stopping him from returning to life.

Still, Jack has *some* manners.

Well, no, not really.

But he is rather curious as to who is knocking on his door in the afterlife. Perhaps Wilbur Soot himself? Although that seemed unlikely. Maybe Mexican Dream, bored of it all. Jack hopes it's not Schlatt.

He opens the door, and-

Does *not* recognize the stranger standing opposite to him.

They're tall. Not quite Badboyhalo-tall, or even Ranboo-tall, but they're tall. A lot taller than him, and he has to look up, which only hurts his neck. It makes him want to just stare at this person's chin or something, and not bother making eye contact. But it's a habit of his- look somebody straight in the eye; it's slightly intimidating.

Jack had always had the kind of confidence that leaned too closely to aggression.

Still, the stranger is tall. The stranger is tall, with blood red eyes, and red vines curling around their entire torso, even over the dark red, almost black, suit they wear. Their eyes are strange; blood red pupils against black. It looks slightly like Technoblade when he gets too angry; it uncomfortably reminds Jack of Techno's look of rage even as he destroyed the country and, unknowingly, Jack Manifold.

He shivers for a second, remembering how the impact had hurt for only a millisecond- he had reached out from where he fell off into the crater, a wither knocking him off his feet. He'd only just realized he was going to die as his back painfully met the bottom of the crater.

It sounds more dramatic than it was; nobody called out his name, nobody stretched out to save him, nobody swooped in to catch him.

Jack had fallen after watching Tubbo run from the withers and explosions and destruction of the country Tubbo shouldn't have been put in control of. Jack had just wanted to keep his house safe.

Then he died.

And hadn't expected to *die*. Not in this way.

The stranger spoke up, voice sounding cracked and *raspy*, in such a way it was almost impossible to make out what they were saying, “Jack Manifold?”

Jack narrows his eyes suspiciously, before answering in an affirmative, knowing he couldn’t die twice, “That’s me. Who’s asking?”

“I am God of Scarlet Strings, one of the Skies,” he bows, “But others call me Vinium.”

“Alright, Vinium, I don’t get *why* the God of *Scarlet Strings* is here,” Jack stares blankly, “but I’m just about to leave.”

Vinium looks panicked for a short moment, “Wait! I am here to make a deal with you.”

“Why?” it truly makes no sense as to why a *god* would want to make a deal with a mortal?

“You are *The One Who Directs Fate* ,” he explains, “You could ruin plans of the Skies.”

One..

One Who Directs Fate? Is that a.. *Title* of Jack’s?

It sounds important. It *is* important. At least important enough that a god comes to make a deal to keep their plans safe.

Let it not be said that Jack Manifold is not a businessman.

“And? What are your plans, exactly? I must know, if I’m to not ruin them,” Jack doesn’t bother smiling, considering how sharp of a change it would be- but he *does* give the bait of the possibility of complying.

Vinium looks pleased and calmer, to which Jack must hold back a smirk, “Oh, yes. I, er.. On the Overworld, I have this *Egg* .”

The name is hissed out nervously. Jack knows why.

He loathes the egg. If he had the chance he'd have-

Ah.

He *could* potentially destroy it. This is why Vinium is here.

"I know of it," Jack says, "But what do *I* get?"

"What?" Vinium sounds strangely dumbfounded.

"Well, you came here for a deal," Jack explains kindly, "I want to know what *I* gain."

"Oh, er.. What were you thinking of?"

Jack's sunglasses hid the victorious look in his gaze, "We'll write up a contract, but my terms are pretty certain. I will not destroy your egg, or directly attempt to interfere with your plans, - which you will add the details in when we write the contract - and in turn, you will give my Cared Ones and me promised safety from your plans, along with some knowledge, of course."

Vinium looks so strangely confused, and Jack hopes all gods are not like this.

He begins writing out the contract.

They sign it in blood.

Vinium is left unaware of who Jack's Cared Ones are- just that if any of them are corrupted, Jack would be free to destroy the egg. Due to Jack not specifying as to who these 'Cared Ones' are, Jack could claim any corrupted as a Cared One of his.

He gained knowledge from this deal.

Vinium unknowingly gained nothing.

Jack pockets his copy of the contract, the other with Vinium, and the original in his afterlife-house, which just so happens to be unable to be searched by Vinium.

And Jack strolls out of his front door, and after only moments of walking, he opens his eyes once more to see he has returned to spawn.

Chapter End Notes

I'm excited ;) will we get to 4k kudos or nah? :)

Corruption

Chapter Summary

Temptation.

It begins with sweet words.

Chapter Notes

i'm sorry for being late. i am dying. im trying to figure out plot for the red arc but it is a lot harder than i thought? and i want to spend some time on this. i just aowdnwn. all updates will probably be a lot slower because i'm figuring out plot!! so uh. yeah :')

i'll be making more oneshots and updating other things a bit more, but i'll try to get updates to you at least once every seven days!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

One would assume from how the Egg persuades others so easily and skillfully, Vinium would have been better at deals. Venom was a *god*, and one who created a sentient being.

That's not how the universe works, though; Vinium created the Egg, and in doing so sent away too much of himself. But he wasn't the only one who worked in the creation of the Egg. Many added in little snippets of their own power to the Egg. Vinium produced most, used to create the Egg out of matter, and then send the Egg to the Overworld.

But using all that power was taxing.

He was just a shell now, wasn't he?

--

Bad loves (*hates*) the egg. It is all he needs. (*But doesn't he need Skeppy?*)

It will give him all he wants (*except for his friends*).

The Egg will give him what he wants.

But what does he want?

He doesn't know anymore.

He used to want Skeppy- but he.. He had Skeppy, right?

He had Skeppy, *right?*

Yes. He had..

He had..

He had the Egg.

Of course.

Everything is fine.

He has the Egg with him, after all.

--

“What the *hell?* ” Quackity doesn't know what these red vines are, but he does know vines are usually.. *Green*. Something inside of him whispers to find where the vines come from. And for some reason, he listens.

He follows along the trail that the vine makes for him.

He doesn't know what he had expected, but it hadn't been an egg.

He doesn't know how to react, and for some reason it's depressing for Quackity to realize that. Normally, he'd have overreacted and screamed, something along the likes of *normal* Quackity- the normal Quackity that everybody knew; a fool. A hilarious fool, but a fool nonetheless.

"I can give you what you desire," Quackity hears. He should be shocked, surprised, but he's just suspicious and on edge.

"Who the fuck are you?" Quackity narrows his eyes at the red egg, backing away.

"I am what you look upon," the voice- egg- answers him, voice raspy. It was difficult to tell what it was saying.

"You- how are you *speaking*- wait, no that's not important. What do you *mean* you can give me what I desire?" Quackity didn't believe this egg, despite how much something inside him was screaming for him to accept. He didn't *want to accept*. This screamed suspiciousness.

"Power, comradery, a community...acceptance," it whispered, *"Anything you want. And we know what you want.. You want everything beautiful in life. We can give you that."*

"How?"

"We are power. When we spread.. You will be rewarded for your help, and you can have anything wanted."

Quackity shouldn't believe an egg; talking or not. The logic isn't even perfect.

And yet, the temptation is too strong.

And Quackity has never been one to resist temptation.

And never one to think before he leaps.

--

“Michael, come on, Tommy’s letter arrived!”

Michael lets out a happy squeal, running over to Tubbo’s legs to soundlessly ask to be carried up to Tubbo’s lap.

Tubbo smiles and picks up the piglin, letting Michael sit in his lap at the desk in their inn room.

Tubbo begins reading, “ *To Tubbo, Bestest Friend to the Biggest Man Ever, and Michael, Nephew to the Biggest Man Ever.* ”

Tubbo chuckles, and Michael grins too.

Tubbo continues reading aloud.

“Big T, I cannot believe you have a kid. You’re probably reading this to Michael because you’re a loser like that.”

Tubbo laughs loudly at that, because Tommy’s spot on.

“Anyways, glad to see you’re safe Tubs. I’m.. surprisingly safe at Techno’s. Well, I say Techno’s, except we kinda formed a small town around him. Yeah.. whoops? I still hate Phil, though. Worst part of this town, I think. And I’m always right.”

Tubbo hums, glad Tommy’s safe. A town.. It sounds funny. Technoblade’s town.

And Phil isn’t somebody Tubbo particularly wants to think about.

“I’ve built cobblestone towers, but Fundy always insists on watching me while I do so. Ghostbur helps me in building.”

Tubbo trusts Fundy to keep Tommy safe; because in the end, when they’d parted, Tommy had promised that he’d be okay. Tommy explained everything, apologized for shooting Tubbo in the leg, and told Tubbo of Fundy and understanding and friendship.

Tubbo trusted Fundy to keep Tommy safe.

“I’m thinking of making a Prime Church here. Or an altar. Something. I don’t know, I just need something to build other than cobblestone towers. And we need a Holy Lands here in whatever-you-call-the-town-of-an-anarchist.”

Church Prime... Man, Tubbo hadn’t been in a very long time.

“I think Ranboo would forgive you. You probably worry about that. But Ranboo’s kind of nice, and he’s a loser like you, so you have that in common. He’d definitely forgive you.”

Tommy’s right. Tubbo has worried about that. He really does hope Ranboo doesn’t forgive him; Tubbo had hurt Ranboo’s family. It would be rightful anger.

“Techno’s a lot nicer. We talked, y’know? We..we apologized. In our own way, cause we’re Big Men.”

Michael squealed, pointing to the ‘Big Men’.

“Anyways, stay safe, Tubso. Keep your new son safe, too. I won’t replace you with Ranboob, I promise.”

- *Biggest Man Ever, Collector of Women, Rich and Famous, Big T”*

When Tubbo was finished, he laughed. The letter was so.. So *Tommy*. There were smudges of ink because Tommy writes messy. The paper was crinkled. The envelope had been accidentally folded. There was a random stain, too.

It was all so *TommyInnit-like*. Knowing exactly what to say, yet saying it in the crudest of manners.

Tubbo was so glad they'd decided to send letters.

Before Tubbo knew it, he was crying. Crying and laughing and trying not to get tears on Michael.

Michael twisted around in Tubbo's lap, looking with worried eyes.

And then, miraculously, with muffled words due to a mouth unused to speaking vowels, "Papa?"

Tubbo's eyes widened, still wet with tears, too surprised to say anything. Michael's first word in English. And it was *papa*.

"Papa?" Michael placed his hands on Tubbo's cheeks, wiping away tears and looking like there was something that could stop Tubbo from crying, "Papa sad?"

"N-no, Papa's not.."

"Papa sad? No sad.. Happy!"

Michael smiled brightly, and Tubbo felt like everything was alright with the world, if only for a moment.

Chapter End Notes

:]

Gods, Knowledge, Letters

Chapter Summary

Foolish was once the God of Death.

--

Niki is guilty. Jack Manifold knows things. Ranboo and Techno have not slept for days. Tommy sends a letter.

Chapter Notes

AWNW GUYS IM SO SORRY FOR NOT UPDATING IN SO LONG. I AM TRYING VERY HARD TO FIGURE OUT PLOT. BUT I DO HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY IN THE END NOTES

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Foolish is a god. He is of life and something else, but even before so Foolish had been a god.

Of something quite the opposite of *life*.

Because in truth, Foolish is not a god of life. He is a god of revival, of stitching yourself together with a thin string, gluing together broken pieces, burning two pieces of metal into one. Foolish is a god of revival even after he has stepped down from being the God of Death.

In myths, specifically ones spoken by those Greeks, it is the position of the Sun God of which is passed down and around. The reins of a golden chariot changed only a few times, which seem like too many times.

Here, it is the position as ruler of Death that changes. It is taxing, admittedly, to hold the power one does as God of Death- to hold the void under a tight grip, to tame limbo.

Foolish has never quite lost his connection to Death, though. It is how he knows of the death count of others. It's how he feels Schlatt's death being *tampered* with. It is how he knows when Jack Manifold enters and leaves. It is how Foolish knows when a god unfamiliar to limbo enters and leaves only moments before Jack does.

Foolish knows.

--

Niki has been dreaming. Call them nightmares, call them too strange to be a dream, too realistic, too repetitive- Niki has been dreaming. Each time she closes her eyes, she can hear Wilbur saying "*Niki, when I'm gone, can you promise me to keep our family safe?*" It haunts her; it follows her around and makes guilt weigh heavy on her weak shoulders.

It was hard to realize she was wrong. It should not have been hard.

Tommy was- *is* - a child.

A child.

Her little brother.

And she wanted to kill him.

She was disgusted by herself.

Even still, she dreams. Her dreams become more peaceful once she admits her mistakes. Her promise to Wilbur is still there every single time, but she knows she will try to fulfill that promise now.

She will try.

But her dreams have changed. Brief flashes of red vines, of a large egg-shaped figure, of glowing red eyes making a kind demon look *terrifying*, of vines spreading and spreading with no stop-

It breaks up the server, both the grounds and the people, making its way through and making

people betray others. Niki does not want it to be true, but her dreams have been so *telling*-

And one day as she gains the courage to look at the crater of L'manberg, the crater even bigger from Technoblade-

She sees red vines.

And suddenly, her dreams become something so much more than they already were.

--

Jack Manifold has information.

Death has seemed to change him (as it should anybody). He *had* been angry at Tommy; willing to fuel Niki's anger to get revenge.

Then he gets information and Jack feels sick.

He couldn't kill Dream and resorted to setting his eyes on killing Tommy- for *what*? Exile was-

Jack didn't *want* to have information on exile; information of how *DreamXD* had whispered to his mortal counterpart's ears, information of how Dream had-

Jack Manifold decided it was time to stop being a coward.

His goal of, well, *murder*, hadn't changed.

His target did, though.

Dream was number one on his hit list now, after all.

--

It was frustrating, needing to rely on information from the notes he'd taken and the books he'd brought. Techno had promised to return to Karl's Library soon enough,

There was just so much to learn. Ranboo had yet to remember much, but he hadn't expected that just because he would stop forgetting would mean he'd start to *remember*. It was like expecting to start healing just because you stopped bleeding.

Still, Ranboo sighed as he flipped through the same book *again*. He knew it was important to look through *all* the information, especially since a majority of the books and legends they held had notes in them from Karl.

Actually.

Karl was.. A time traveller.

Who went to the past *and* the future.

And wrote about it.

"How did I forget about *that*?!" Ranboo screeched, unintentionally waking Techno from where the piglin hybrid had fallen asleep on an open book.

"Haah?" Techno asked sleepily.

Ranboo turned to him, adrenaline running through him from the realization, "Techno, we could find out things from the *future*! Or things from the *past*! Techno, I *forgot* that Karl was a *freaking time traveler*! Is a time traveler!"

"You never told me this?!" Techno accused frantically, waking easily from the revelation.

"I forgot!"

“How did you *forget*, I thought we *fixed your memory problems?!?*”

“Screw off!”

They had been running on very little sleep and tea or coffee gratefully given from Fundy for the past few days.

It made sense they were not very *awake* .

--

Tommy sits at his seat, sipping his tea, it being *morning* . He ignores the screech from Techno’s house, instead focusing on the feeling of the letter in his hands.

Even though he knew that as long as his compass kept pointing that Tubbo would be alive, the continuous return of letters was comforting.

Tommy,

Your letter is so you, i just had to cry. Michael said his first word today!!! He loves bees just like me but he’s a troublemaker like you tommy

Of course you’d continue your religion there. Have fun

I hope Ranboo does forgive me one day. Hopefully he does when i return

I don’t know when i’ll be ready to return, big man

You’ll wait for me, right?

Tommy grinned fondly, ignoring the *not-tears* forming in the corners of his eyes. He grabbed the quill from nearby, ignoring the way he splattered ink onto the corner of the page and on the table, beginning to write. He hated to write with a quill, but he did so anyway. He wanted Tubbo to know that Tommy would always wait.

Chapter End Notes

dnaiwd so on the 30th i will be going on vacation for two weeks. i will be away from my laptop and likely won't be able to write unless it is by using my phone. i'm going to be working on a chapter or two to upload in between those two weeks but i can't guarantee anything!! so uh yeah :')

ALSO i'm doing a DTSS Prompt Week! they're all tommyinnit-centric and slightly connected, but it switches between origin smp tommy and dsmp tommy!! please give kudos there. i crave kudos.

Remembering Forgetting

Chapter Summary

Karl will always remember how it felt like to forget.

Chapter Notes

self promo in the end notes!!! <3 new fic coming out eyes wide?!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Rin can remember *Traveler*, can remember their careful instructions to her as a child, the ones that *Traveler* had told her to always remember. The same words that she whispers to herself each night until she will finally meet *Half Prince*, after telling her kin of the words; of the message she had been trusted with.

Traveler had whispered kindly to her, handing her the chorus fruit she'd not tasted all her life despite how her people flourished on the food, despite her mother's tales of the fruit that grew in the void.

Traveler had been weird to her parents, strange and new from his light skin and white-purple-green eyes, with his bad pronunciation of their tongue, holding a book and staying near their warped forest with buckets and drinking potions too light of a color to be lava, and closer to the color of the shroomlights that Rin liked to collect.

And it's now, many years later, does she still remember the words she tells to her kin, to her grandchild Edward who travels to the overworld. She remembers the *place-of-speaking-not-aloud*, the *entering-with-voices*, and as the *Half Prince* comes to her home, her grandchild (now old, but still her grandson) following behind, Rin tells *Half Prince* about it, about it all.

She feels happy.

--

Karl had traveled multiple times, had gone to the In Between, to many places and many stories. He

can still remember how it felt to never be certain if your memories were the right ones, but also how stable he felt, rid of the anxieties his amnesia had given him, rid of the fear plaguing his every waking day.

And even now as Karl walks with a heart lighter than before and a mind more stable than ever, he remembers the echoes of being on the verge of insanity; can remember the horrifying guilt and shame from being unable to remember.

Nowadays, the bad seems like a nightmare, so far away now with the good days close, but Karl will never be able to forget the fog of confusion settled over his mind, can never forget reaching for something that should be there but never feeling it, won't forget the way Karl was scared to feel anything, to have any moment be special if only because there was the possibility he'd lose the memory. Karl can't forget the way peoples' faces blurred into one, familiar features blending into another's face, voices that should sound different mixing into a ruined song.

Karl will always remember how it felt to forget.

He will *always* remember (and that *almost* makes him want to begin forgetting again, if only because he doesn't want to feel that way ever again).

Somedays Karl truly does wonder if maybe it was better to forget, better to be oblivious and forgetting, sometimes in the way Ghostbur was- so innocently leaving behind each negative memory.

But Karl won't ever forget the fear, the pain, the guilt, the shame, *everything*.

He's okay now, though, and sometimes it takes a bit for that to settle in.

He knows it in the mornings; he'll wake up in a foggy confusion, reaching for his memory book only to find nothing, falling into panic as he searches before he has to truly *wake* and realize he hasn't used his memory book for (what's technically) three years.

He knows it in the afternoons, when he feels the *In Between* reach to him, and for a moment he stumbles, uncertain of how to escape its grip, before he's able to gently guide it away or even allow it to carry him wherever it pleases.

He knows it in the nights, when he returns and he looks into the mirror and sees lighter eye bags

beneath his eyes, sees clear eyes with a shine in them he hadn't realized was gone, sees hair untamed in a way that's not from being unwillingly dragged to a different time in the middle of the night.

Karl's *okay* now, and that's-

That's so new and different that Karl takes a bit to adjust.

But just because *Karl's okay*-

Doesn't mean the rest of the server will be.

Karl knows, now, how to gently guide the *In Between* away or even to a certain time, and now it feels more like he's working with his time travelling rather than against.

It's exciting, it's new, and Karl knows he has more to learn even while he works on saving the future of the Dream SMP.

If he has to live a thousand different endings to find the perfect one, so be it.

It'll be worth it.

--

When Rin, or *Shiny-Eyes-Of-Family-Stones*, or *Shiny-Eyes* sees *Traveler* again, she is old and her kin have grown old as well. She clings to her life best she can but does not expect much.

She has fulfilled her promise to *Traveler*, and she is ready to accept the arms of the Void once more, which will take her just as it takes the rest of her peoples, just as it took her parents and their parents.

She is old, and she waits, and she sits, hands touching the bedrock, laying down on the rock, listening to the song of her Peoples echoing through the Void, and she lets it slowly take her.

A sharp light attracts her attention, away from the echoing song, and to the figure that appears.

Traveler looks just like she remembers, if a bit older, with a bit longer hair, with a cleaner sweater. He has the same grin and same eyes, and she smiles at his sweater.

He grins back, and as Rin leaves, he says to her in Old Endern, "*Thank you.*"

She kept her promise to her friend, and that is almost as beautiful as the songs of her people.

--

Karl had lived through timelines, through lives and days and he knows enough to change things, knows the egg will corrupt and live until the Dream SMP because destroying it too soon upsets those in the Skies, that the Egg has to die only one way, in a way even Gods cannot send punishments.

Karl knows the smallest things change others, like different dates and times, like Techno returning for his hound army lining up with Ranboo's failed execution, like the Egg's growth and weakness reaching its peak to Jack's death.

And yet Karl also knows the biggest things change others, too- an offering of *allyship*, a library full of knowledge given to the one person he'd ultimately trust in all the timelines.

Seeming like coincidences to everybody else, Karl sets things up, because this is one way to make sure his friends will be safe-

Safe even in the middle of a war between Gods.

--

Karl hated the nether, as most do. Karl especially hated the nether because of how he was more prone to overheating- he often took long sips of his water. But he needed to do something,

coordinates stuck in his mind, an image of a forest at the front of his head.

He's got fire resistance potions taking up a majority of his inventory, stacks of obsidian he'd loathed to gather, and buckets.

He needs to do this, he needs a place other than the *In Between*, but also needs this library here for a reason.

That reason being that Ranboo *needs* to know about the Gods on this server if any of them want to survive the upcoming months.

Chapter End Notes

oh and also ahha you thought this chapter would be happy? YOU FOOL.

anyways the self promo is that when i reach 100 followers on twitter, i'll be posting the first chapter of a multichap benchtrio-as-disney-princesses fic! it's crack treated seriously, and the seriously is taken.. well, seriously. Follow my twitter so I'll post it sooner!! I just need like 26 more followers :D follow!!:[do it.](#)

Six Months Is Half A Year, Did You Know?

Chapter Summary

Michael's journey, and people Edward has met.

Chapter Notes

First of all, I'm SO sorry for not updating. I've been feeling unwell the past few days, and I've lost inspiration a bit. Updates will likely be slower than usual, especially since school is starting for me again in about two weeks, and since it's in-person again, I'll be busier than ever. :(

HOWEVER, can you believe it has been more than six months?? I have been writing this fic for a bit more over half a year. Holy cow y'all.

I love absolutely everybody who has been here since the first chapter I posted for Reflection of Oneself, and to everybody who has come along and decided to read my fic. We have 900+ subscriptions, 3.5k+ kudos, and 77k+ hits. This is just so absolutely amazing, and I love you all so much. So enjoy the chapter with some Michael and Edward backstory!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Michael can remember the nether. He can remember lava and fear, and never quite belonging. He was not outcast, but he also was not included, and it left him with an aching for.. *Something*.

His parents were not bad. They weren't really *good*, but they fed him and kept him safe as parents should, and maybe gave him too much freedom and not enough care, but they were okay parents.

He loved to explore. As long as he returned before his parents worried, it was okay.

It's just-

The times became longer, right? He'd test the limits, see how long he could stay away for them to miss him like his pack did with the other kids-

But they didn't even get upset.

He didn't blame them for it. He was smart, he knew their instincts flared up upon noticing a pack member was missing.

It wasn't their fault that their instincts didn't go haywire when he disappeared. It wasn't their fault that something made him different, made him okay with the outsiders who didn't wear gold, even when his pack would snarl and growl and attack. It wasn't their fault that something was different about him; not his personality, but *him*.

It wasn't their fault, but Michael couldn't help but feel sad. He was lonely, despite never being alone, and he didn't *really* mind that like he should. He understood, and it was better that way, but he wouldn't deny he liked affection.

It's what often made him explore, find things to sate his curiosity. He'd watch those in bastions and wonder how they all work together so well, he'd watch endermen teleport everywhere and anywhere- all of it was interesting. Better than moping all day.

It's also what led him to meeting his papa.

See, Michael has parents. Biological parents. He knows that.

He doesn't have a mom or dad, though. Parents, yes. Mom and Dad, in the aspects of the *roles*? No.

Michael's stomach had been constantly growling, as he'd forgotten to grab a bit of extra pork from his parents for when he'd explore and lost track of time- or even rare times when he'd get lost or stuck. He could return, but he's not starving yet, and he's far more interested in the tasty smell from nearby. It's familiar but better, and he's not particularly scared of too much in the nether other than hoglins, lava, sometimes ghasts, and sometimes enderians who sometimes mistake him for a block (they're always nice, though, even if he can't understand them, so it's okay- he just gets frightened at the sudden movement).

So he follows the scent- maybe it's a fellow piglin, one who'll spare him some food.

Instead, it's somebody of a species he doesn't know but has seen- he doesn't recognize this one at all, as to be expected, but they don't reach out to attack him. They look at him with curious eyes, and Michael doesn't understand what they say, but they seem nice, and they offer him food.

And then they try to leave and Michael has to choose between a kind stranger from another dimension and the familiarity of being alone.

He chooses.

--

The overworld is different. It's weird- it's *clear*, if he could describe it. There's no humidity, no fumes, no heat clear in every breath. Instead, the air is so strangely cold, so unfamiliar that Michael didn't know what to call it at first. He shivers, shivers because it's cold and he's not quite sure where he is.

But the stranger is nice, and this is new, and Michael is scared and excited.

He wants to see, wants to know, and he thinks he can put his trust in this stranger who offered him food.

--

The overworld is, as expected, interesting. Edward comes this way and follows *Traveler's* directions, to a place where it is cold and white, where *rest-but-not-old-warrior-with-pink-and-nether* is. Apparently, it is a place Edward could stay in without being attacked, and Edward's not one to argue.

Edward meets so many people.

He meets Warrior, with hair pink and new. He knows that Warrior is from the nether like Edward, and Warrior *is* kind. His eyes are pools of blood, dark and on his calmest days looking more akin to the brown of dried blood, but those eyes can also be very kind, Edward learns. Warrior is *kind*.

He meets *Survivor*, or *Explorer-Survivor-Angel-With-Wings-Of-Death*. Survivor's wings are large and the color of the void, but has eyes as blue as the sky, hair as light as sand, a smile that is old and weathered but bright. Edward does not meet Survivor much, but the man holds a weight with him older than time itself. Edward doesn't know what to think of him.

He meets Prince, a halfling, who is young and nervous and scared, and Edward immediately wants to protect the child. Because Prince is still a child, and Edward wants to protect Prince until he can become a King. Edward would be willing to become a knight.

And even more he meets; he meets those who want to hurt him, those who are kind, those who don't care- not good, not bad, not evil, not nice, but something else.

They're people.

He meets a child who is angry, and despite being scared for his life, Edward finds himself wondering why the child covers hurt and fear with anger and violence.

He meets Wingless Bird again, who looks too much like Survivor. This child has blue eyes too, but these are the blue of the sea on a stormy day. Hair blond, too, but more akin to wheat rather than sand. But his back is bare of any wings or feathers, and Edward can't explain as to why it's too easy to imagine Wingless Bird with wings. It's why Edward gives such a nickname.

He sees a man with a smile for a face, who Prince hates, who Warrior is untrustworthy with. Who once came and scared Wingless Bird.

Edward meets so many people.

Chapter End Notes

As I said, updates will get slower once school starts. For now I'm trying for every two weeks at the most, but when school starts I might have to push it to once a month. I will try my best to update more, though. Thanks for reading!!

Memories (That One Can't Remember)

Chapter Summary

Ranboo feels warm.

--

His vision flashes black.

--

Making new memories and remembering things that he can't remember knowing.

Chapter Notes

:)

this chapter is very fluffy! also i miss ghostbur.

i need to sleep so i will <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A loud clap interrupts Ranboo and Techno from their piles on the floor, surrounded by books.

An even *louder* voice exclaims, “Alright, big men, enough *studying* ! You’ve been holed up in here for, what, three days? You have to go outside *eventually!*”

Ranboo blinks, then rubs his awfully dry eyes, “You.. have a point.”

He’s surprised by how raspy his voice is. How.. how long *have* they been reading? He knows he’s passed out a few times, but he honestly thinks he and Techno have just been sitting there and reading for a while now.

“But I-”

Tommy interrupts Techno easily, “Yeah, no, I know how you get with your adhd and hyperfixation, but you totally need a break. C’mon, go shower, ‘cause you all are stinky, and then we’re going to spend the *entire* day outside.”

Techno grumbles, but gets up anyways.

[MotherInnit? Chat whispers in his ear, quite literally.]

[No wrong thing. Idk. HenInnit? Like,, mother-hen?]

[LMAO HENINNIT]

[HENINNIT]

[HENINNIT]

[Wow tommy's a better mom than my own mom </3]

[HENINNIT]

Chat, admittedly, had a point about Tommy sort of mother-henning them. Still, it was heartwarming. It only reconfirmed the knowledge that Tommy was a *good* person. Not nice, not polite, but *good* and *kind*. In his own, Tommy-Innit way.

Ranboo smiled as he went to go clean himself (but, y'know, not shower. Because *pain*).

--

The snow was cold, as to be expected. Ranboo couldn't help but wonder where they were headed as the snow slowly gave away to grass and spruce trees without snow heavy in their leaves.

They eventually came to, not a plain, but an empty area in the middle of the spruce forest. Tommy then proceeded to set down the basket he'd been holding, before pulling out a blanket he'd probably made himself.

"Picnic time, big men!" Tommy grinned, proud of himself, and Ranboo couldn't help but grin as well. The good mood spread, and they were all eager to sit down and enjoy a nice lunch together.

It was just a *bit* awkward. Tommy and Techno were on the verge of comfort in teasing, but not quite, and sometimes it didn't get across that they were *joking* and not actually insulting. Tommy didn't want to talk to Phil, too rightfully angered even while Phil seemed to *want* to reach out but couldn't seem to find the confidence. And they said *Ranboo* had no backbone. At least Ranboo knew how to apologize.

Tommy and Techno talk to one another fairly easily- and how *relieving* it is, to know that Tommy and Techno aren't on bad terms anymore, Ranboo couldn't describe. Ranboo didn't really know how to talk to Fundy, but Edward was having fun conversing with Fundy, and Ranboo didn't want to intrude, so he let the two talk without purposefully listening in.

That left Phil and Ghostbur.

Ranboo wasn't sure how to feel about Phil. He was Tommy's dad.

Tommy's dad who had never really been a *dad*. Not in the right way, at least.

Ranboo didn't want to talk to Phil.

Yes, the man seemed lonely, but that was no reason to talk to him.

Instead, Ranboo turned to Ghostbur. He'd never really known Wilbur, or *Alive* bur, so Ghostbur was the only..bur.. He knew. He supposed it must be a breath of fresh air, to meet somebody who genuinely did not see somebody else when they looked at Ghostbur's face.

Ghostbur was nice, too. A bit nice, but Ranboo could relate to the whole losing-memory-thing, so there was that. They could bond and everything!

"You know, Ranboo," Ghostbur's voice is echo-y as always, but Ranboo finds it strangely comforting, "You used to be very, very blue. I love blue, but I'm glad you aren't very blue anymore!"

Ghostbur's so kind. Blindly kind, yes, but it's a kindness the server hasn't seen in too long. They relish in the innocence Ghostbur brings in a server that's seen too much war and hate.

Ranboo likes his company. Ghostbur's funny. Ghostbur's *sweet*. Ghostbur's *good*.

"I'm glad, too," Ranboo smiles softly, not quite sure of what to say. Ghostbur was smart enough to *see* Ranboo, and- good enough to *care*.

"Oh, did you know that I saw a blue *bird*, yesterday? It was so pretty-" Ghostbur begins rambling, and Ranboo is content to listen to every word Ghostbur says.

Ranboo feels so warm.

At some point, the conversation changes when Tommy addresses the entire group, asking *which* of them exactly hate Dream the most and why.

"But were *you* ever cheated on by him on the day of your wedding?" Fundy bites back to Phil's weak answer.

"No-" Phil stumbles, frowning even with his answer of '*he hurt Wilbur, but I don't really hate him*'.

"Then shut up," Fundy grins, but it's not as vicious as Ranboo would have thought it'd be.

Tommy laughs very loud at that one, even when Tommy's yet to share his own experience.

Ghostbur brightens as he gets to speak, "There was that time that Dream left me in the rain! I don't think it was on purpose but he kept-"

The ghost trails off, eyes conflicted as he tried to continue his sentence.

"Ghostbur?" Tommy looks extremely concerned.

"I- Uh.. I don't know what he did to me. But it must've been bad! So it's better I don't remember!" Ghostbur smiled brightly, and Ranboo might've believed the ghost if Ranboo didn't *know*.

Ranboo frowns, but knows Ghostbur doesn't want to talk about it- isn't ready to be vulnerable,

open, to admit to being *so fucking scared*-

So Ranboo just continues the conversation with a, “I’m, like, eighty-percent certain that Dream was taking advantage of my lack of memories!”

“Oof,” Tommy says intelligently.

“And that’s why we’ll kill the green man,” Techno nods, satisfied with his own answer.

Phil blinks.

Fundy agrees with Techno.

Ghostbur, very enthusiastically, yells, “Sounds fun!”

--

By the time the sky falls dark, Ranboo trudges through the snow, sleepy. The moon behind them is extremely bright, however, making the snow shine as they walk back to Techno’s cottage. It’s cold, and Ranboo doesn’t shiver.

Tommy’s halfway asleep in Techno’s arms, but while Ranboo’s (best?) friend had planned for the entire day, he hadn’t planned for how colder it would get once night would fall and was shivering in Techno’s arms.

“Tommy, mate, if you want, I could fly you home? It’d be faster and you wouldn’t be as cold for so long,” Phil offers.

Tommy looks uncertain between being petty and being cold or going and not shivering, before deciding the latter was okay, “Sure.”

Techno hands over the blond to the avian, and Phil adjusts to hold Tommy safely while still being able to fly perfectly fine.

As Phil rises to the sky to fly high enough to not reach the clouds but also not make snow rise with the flap of his wings, Ranboo feels like the sight of dark wings against a dark sky is far too familiar and nostalgic.

He's hit with a huge, confusing wave of nostalgia before his vision flashes black.

--

White stone and a black void, large wings and the comforting sound of their flap against a dark sky, somebody's laughter that sounds familiar to his own, a weight on his shoulders that feels suspiciously like how Techno's coat has-

Somebody's smile and their tears burning into their sad expression, and he wants to tell them "*Goodbye, I don't want to leave,*" but he can't open his mouth, can only stare longingly as-

--

Ranboo wakes up with tears burning into his skin.

Chapter End Notes

cmon i had to do it to em

Cruelty in Kindness

Chapter Summary

Ranboo's not feeling too well.

Chapter Notes

i'm really sorry for not updating :(i'll put more in the end notes!! i'll try to update more often but no promises

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I thought I *remembered*.” Ranboo sobs, uncaring for how his tears *burn*, he's felt worse, “So why am I seeing things I *can't remember*?”

All he can do is clutch his head, wanting to protect himself from the world as he awkwardly curls into himself. He feels too small to have such a tall figure, and he's sobbing. It burns his skin, his palms, and he knows he'll regret it later but he's so into despair that he *doesn't care*. He wails and sobs like he hasn't done since he learned how to quiet his cries, taking quick breaths in between his sobs, he screams with no sound, and he cannot *stop*.

He doesn't want to; he wants to show the world how it has ruined him, how this is what he's become because the universe for some reason decided to stab him in the gut once more.

It was so *cruel*.

The universe let Ranboo believe for one beautiful moment that he was *okay*. That his problems were fixed. That he could be happy, and not scared. The universe was so *cruel* in giving him the idea he could be *happy* and then *ripping it away from him*.

He sobs and cries and hides himself and he does not stop.

--

Techno watches from the crack in between the ever so slightly opened door and the frame as it hits him just how *young* Ranboo is. How even with the enderman hybrid standing feet over him, the teenager can look so *small*. Techno almost wants to go in, give comfort even if he *knows* he

wouldn't help much, but something tells him to stay.

Or, maybe not something, but some *one*.

[Let him cry, Techno.]

The voices whisper in his ear and tell him *so gently*, so strangely gently because so many of them are soft sometimes despite their crave for blood, and Techno listens. He always listens when they're like this, their words combining into one thing for him to hear, gentle and quiet but *wise*, making Techno wonder what they are, where they came from, and who they used to be.

Techno quietly closes the door and pretends he can't hear Ranboo's sobs.

The kid passed out for a few hours, so the sky is dark, extremely so. Phil's returned to his house at Techno's insistence, but Tommy sits on Techno's couch asleep. Techno's brother had woken up to Ranboo screaming in his unconsciousness, before Fundy convinced Tommy to rest. The fox-hybrid actually sits on the couch with Tommy, looking up with expectant eyes. Techno shrugs. He has no answers to give to Fundy.

Fundy just nods.

They sit in silence, ignoring the background noise of Ranboo's wails, and hope that he'll stop, soon, if only because he sounds like he is in so much *pain*.

--

Ranboo's exhausted from crying. It's an old, familiar feeling that makes him want to close his eyes and rest. His skin still aches, stings, and burns, but Ranboo ignores it and uncurls himself, letting his limbs spread. It feels weird, too open, to not be curled up, but it also feels freeing. Relieving. It feels *nice*. Undeniably nice. It makes him feel like he can finally breathe; the air cools his cheeks that are warm from lack of air.

He feels exhausted, but not particularly in a bad way. It feels like he cried out all of his emotions; his worry, his anxiety, any negative emotions left over or awakened seemed to have drained out of him with his tears.

He closes his eyes, and despite feeling dehydrated, he falls asleep easily.

There's something so terrifying about hearing somebody cry like that. Maybe it's human instinct or natural empathy from hearing heart-wrenching sobs like that, some natural thing that just makes you feel sick hearing something so *pitiful*.

Tommy's always hated pity, though, and so he'll give Ranboo none. It hurt, waking up to hearing one of his *best friends* screaming his head off. He refused to leave, though, and Fundy stayed there with him. Once more, it warmed his heart. Maybe *family-wise*, Fundy was his 'nephew', but family trees were often confusing, and Fundy had never been a *nephew* to him.

But Fundy was a good older brother. It- it almost *hurt*, seeing how good of a brother Fundy was. Funny, caring, empathetic. It hurt because it reminded Tommy of Wilbur. It hurt because it both reminded him of the good and the bad.

And at the same time, it was so, *so* good. Because Fundy was *Fundy*, Fundy was an older brother who *knew* how it felt, Fundy could share that *hate-love-hate* for Dream, Fundy was understanding and that had been what Tommy *needed*.

So Tommy curls into Fundy's side as Ranboo's sobs finally quiet.

Ranboo's dreams weren't silent. Rather, Ranboo's mind was remembering. Distant memories, specific feelings, random little moments Ranboo thought of. Nothing concrete. Simple things like the taste of chorus fruit, like the texture of silk, like a stray thought, a feeling of boredom, a sense of safety, and warm arms wrapping around Ranboo's back comfortingly. Small, simple, happy things that comforted and scared Ranboo.

Because, once more, he was remembering more he'd forgotten, all while believing that he had gotten better. When in truth, he hadn't. What else had he forgotten? Was he truly as innocent as he thought he'd been, if he couldn't even remember his entire story? He'd been expecting- he had been *expecting* this, because there'd been nothing when it came to thinking of his past, but he couldn't have expected the *pain*. The *panic*.

It should've been fine, but it wasn't. And maybe it wasn't remembering that scared him.

It was the happy memories he was remembering.

(Because if he could forget those, forget those happy memories, what else did he forget? And if he could forget those small things, then who was he?

Memories make a person, and Ranboo was missing them.)

The next time Ranboo woke up, it was to a glass of water on his table. He stumbled out of his bed, surprised to see a just barely lit-up morning greeting him from his window. Morning already. Ranboo was tired, exhausted from crying, still, but he had slept too much to sleep more. He found himself appreciating the fact that everybody had probably left him alone to cry. He cares for them, and he knows they care for him, but he'd have felt.. *ashamed* for crying like that in front of them. At least, he would have in the moment.

It was weird. Weird, to wake up, and know you'd cried so hard and hurt so badly, but all that's left is an ache in your heart. Like those emotions at that moment were so *strong*, but you'd sobbed them all out.

Chapter End Notes

OK but not me forgetting i'm on the first page of ranboo-centric bc it's been that long since i wrote

Sorry sorry

I genuinely am not in the DSMP fandom rn and i find it really hard to write for a fandom i'm currently not into. I'm still a part of it but it's getting hard to write w/o motivation (that motivation being a love for the lore), and ik this fic will be very long and have paced it out to be at least 100 chapters. I'm only halfway through the plot, not even, but don't worry bc soon enough we'll get through the canon part and i think it'll get easier for me to write? I'm genuinely so sorry though. I hate when fics have slow updates or go on hiatus.

I'll update more when i have the motivation. School is not kicking my ass but the lack of motivation is.

I miss you all though :D

The Limbo Between Life and Death

Chapter Summary

Who is Charlie Slimesicle?

--

Jack wakes up.

--

Techno and Ranboo talk.

Chapter Notes

disappears for three months

helllooo??? anybody still there-

yeah. i uh. maybe dipped for three months. no regrets tho

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Charlie Slimesicle is not a good liar.

Well, anybody could tell you that. He *was* a liar, obviously, but not really a good one.

He forms, once more, the same day as always. He could form earlier if he wanted to, but sometimes he doesn't want to.

For some reason, he's stuck. Some days he goes back in time to before he forms, before he joins society. Some days, he returns to a time he's already formed and talking to Quackity from Las Nevadas.

He can't seem to get past that day.

(Quackity from Las Nevadas falls in front of him, over and over and over, he doesn't *get it*. His very being is strange, he knows, he has seen horrors and sadness and so much happiness, all while not quite able to understand much of it.

He learns being *human* is a terrifying, horrible thing.

Some days he wakes before he forms and does not form at all, because whenever he becomes human he is **sad** , but he always has to watch Quackity fall faster when he does that. So he forms when he is ready for Quackity from Las Nevadas.

He hates being human most days, but other days he can see Quackity from Las Nevadas with a gleam in his eye that isn't angry or mad, and Slimesicle thinks it is okay.)

Slimesicle has seen so much, has been alive for a very, very long time. He cannot die.

(He has **almost died** before, as close as he could get to **death**, there was a reason he turned to a small, small being of a slime, there is a reason it took so long to become human while keeping a conscience-)

Charlie Slimesicle from The Above knows a lot, but he still does not know why he knows so much.

He watches, though. He watches- watches brother be executed, watches brother be saved, watches Techno from War save him, watches Techno from War fail sometimes, watches Tommy from nowhere in particular fall deeper, watches Tubbo from a box go mad.

He watches Bad from the Nether become corrupt with the Egg from The Above. Sometimes he watches Quackity from Las Nevadas also become corrupt with the Egg from The Above.

The Egg from The Above is corrupting Quackity from Las Nevadas again (and Slimesicle cannot stop it-).

--

When Jack wakes, it's to a new, strange burning in his veins. It is like his blood was replaced with lava, his heart with a burning coal, and his skin with ash. He breathes, but even that tastes smoky to his tongue. Something is wrong.

He returned to life, grabbed it back with his hands, and he'd expected repercussions but not like this. He had expected pain as a punishment for daring to tear his soul away from the realm of death, but not like this. Not this burning kind.

But here he is, burning up inside as though he's gained a terrible fever.

He certainly doesn't know where he is. He stands not in a crater, but in strangely familiar ground of something slightly squishy in a way. When he finally opens his burning eyes, it's to a forest of red.

Never one to be quiet about his thoughts or ideals, his jaw dropped, "Why..."

"Why did I revive in the nether...?"

--

The tired feeling still hadn't disappeared by the time Ranboo heard a knock on his door. He had an idea of who it was, and called in to come in.

As expected, Techno came in.

It's so surprisingly comforting. Or, well, not surprising- just *comforting*. It's still new.

He can still remember crawling into his panic box, and desperately, oh so desperately, wishing somebody would come and help him. *Wishing* that somebody would hear him from his soundproof room and just tell him it would be *okay*.

Techno told him it would be okay and *made it okay*.

"None of us expected that to happen," Techno says rather than a greeting. Ranboo awkwardly lays

in his bed, moving his legs up to his chest so Techno can sit at the end and face him.

Ranboo chuckles, “Neither did I.”

“‘M sorry there was no immediate fix,” Techno offers, really looking sorry.

“Well..just a bit of time in the nether to make up for *years* couldn’t have fixed that much. Still, it feels.. It feels like there’s something else.”

“What else?”

“I can’t-” Ranboo makes a low growl of frustration, “It’s hard to explain. It’s like something’s blocking my memories. I’ve been fine recently, I can remember stuff, but I still can’t remember any of my old memories.”

Techno’s frowning, looking slightly lost in thought, “We both know only one person could have done that, though. Or- it could be one of those.. Gods.”

Ranboo nods, curling into himself, “I wish we knew more.”

There’s a moment of silence where the two are thinking, before Techno speaks up, “I know it isn’t likely, but if you want, we could go to the nether and try to find more. It’s about time *both* of us do, but we could also find out more there. That is where you found Karl’s library.”

“Well...yeah,” Ranboo agreed, “Have you told the others?”

“No, I wanted to wait until you woke up,” Techno answered, getting up and leaving the room, gesturing for Ranboo to follow.

Ranboo got up, stretching for a moment (and always being pleasantly surprised by how far he gets to stretch). He picks up his grass block for a moment, letting out a happy, quiet *vwoop!* before leaving his room. Tommy sits on the couch, curled up next to Fundy. Fundy holds a cup of coffee.

Phil's nowhere to be seen, and neither is Ghostbur.

"Good morning," Ranboo greets awkwardly.

Tommy startles, rubbing sleepy eyes, "Fuckin' finally. Good morning, boob boy."

"Morning," Fundy says, like a normal person, before taking a sip of his coffee.

"I, uh.. I've got something to tell you," Ranboo shuffles awkwardly to the table to sit down and grab a piece of cold bacon.

"You two know about hybrid customs already, yeah?" Techno starts, grabbing the bacon and eggs to reheat them in the furnace.

Tommy looks as though a lightbulb lit above his head, "Oh yeah! I remember - all those trips you took as a kid, yeah?"

"Mhm," Techno nods, taking the bacon and eggs out before setting them on the table with a plate for Ranboo. Ranboo *vwoops* his thanks. Techno makes a...chuffing? noise.

Fundy's ear flicks in curiosity, "Hybrid customs?"

Ah, right. While a shapeshifter, Fundy must not have been very knowledgeable of hybrid customs.

"Yeah, us hybrids have to go to a place that our 'mob' side can deem as an environment. For example, cow hybrids go to plains, - and normally live there - nether hybrids usually spend a week of each month in their mob home or so, although it kind of varies. For piglins, we go back for a period of about.. Three months? Or so each year. I don't know much about endermen hybrids, but it's better to be safe than sorry," Techno explains.

"And I'm supposing both of you have to go?" Fundy tilts his head.

"Yeah. We'd best tell Phil, too, before we leave. And Ghostbur - where is he, actually?" Techno

asks.

Ranboo's curious about that, too, but this bacon is crispy in the *best* way.

Almost as if called, Ghostbur floats through the wall, opening the window to bring in a bouquet of blue flowers.

"Hello!" he says, "Good to see you awake, Ranboo!"

"..Hello to you too, Ghostbur," Ranboo answers, swallowing his bacon, "What're those you've got?"

"Oh, well, I figured if you weren't awake yet, I could drop these off at your bed if you're still not feeling good. But you're awake!"

"That's very kind of you, Ghostbur," Ranboo smiles.

(Ghostbur thinks Ranboo is very nice, because Ranboo never knew Alivebur, and so he doesn't look at me with pain-

Something in his head aches, for a moment, as Ghostbur turns his gaze to Tommy.)

"Mhm. Do you want the flowers now?" Ghostbur asks, eyes looking out the window to where Friend is.

"Yes, actually. Could you just hand them to me? Do you.. Remember Techno's trips as a kid?" Ranboo asks tentatively.

"Ooh, yes, I do! He still needs that, huh. Do you need those trips as well?" Ghostbur is smiling, but there's a distant look in his eyes.

"Yes. We were going to leave soon, but we need to tell Phil," Techno answered for Ranboo.

“M’kay! I think Philza Minecraft is doing Avian things, though. Looks busy,” Ghostbur said, before wandering away.

Ranboo holds the blue flowers between his hands, twisting them around and around.

“Do you want to pack up first, Ranboo?” Techno asks, turning towards him.

Tommy interrupts, “You’re not going so soon, are you?”

“Well..” Techno looks away sheepishly, “We figured it would help Ranboo.”

Tommy is-

Pouting?

That is the only word to describe what Tommy’s face is doing.

Oh, no.

Oh, no, Tommy is looking towards the two of them.

Ranboo and Techno share a panicked glance, but only for a second.

Tommy is looking at them.

He is pouting.

Oh no.

Both Techno and Ranboo begin to sweat nervously as Tommy brings out the *puppy eyes*.

There is a tense silence, with Fundy staring with confusion from the background, and Ghostbur humming from the background.

“...We’ll wait a few days,” Techno sighs, giving into defeat. Ranboo slumps over. His *soul* hurts from those kicked-puppy-eyes. Ow. Very, very effective. Scarily effective.

Ranboo gives a large sigh himself, as Tommy lets out a happy yell.

The sigh is undeniably fond, though.

Chapter End Notes

on jan 6th, it'll mark an entire year that reflection of oneself has been up,,, yet its still not done,,, holy shit-

anyways, happy holidays!!!!!!!!!! might make a xmas special <3

Trying to Meet Somebody's (Newly-Glowing) Eyes

Chapter Notes

the new lore grabbed me by my ankles and right back into here. don't know how long i'll be here, but holy cow. so much has happened. i havent even watched the streams, though :\"D

the gist of it is enough apparently-

anyways, i live!! again. and am going to grind some more chapters tonight so i can try updating maybe-weekly. maybe bi-weekly. i make no promises.

(but i will try for longer chapters in the future!! and i'm also going to try wrapping up this fic at like chapter 80 bc holy cow there are so many chaps here.)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo is excited to return to the nether. How can he not be? All the other Enders are so kind there, and he wants to meet them all again.

He's pretty sure he's being too obvious, considering the noises close to purrs that he's making. Showing any emotion??? *Disgusting*.

The trip was meant to be *just* Techno, Ranboo, and Edward, but then Tommy used those *darn* puppy eyes on them all, and, well. They crumbled. *Ranboo* had an excuse, what with his backbone of a chocolate eclair.

And, well, Techno was unfortunately susceptible to peer-pressure.

Ah, yes, two Tall Hybrids with no backbone.

His bag is heavy against his back; books are pretty heavy, after all. Tommy, on the other hand, brings nothing other than a light duffel.

Techno sighs at Tommy's antics as Tommy waves wildly to Fundy. Techno sighs even louder when Tommy slips on the snow from the jumping and waving. Ranboo bursts out in laughter at Tommy, as Tommy gets up and glares at the snow like it burnt down his house, killed his children, and then did a fortnite dance.

“*Is Wingless-Bird okay?*” Edward asks, as Tommy meticulously tries to remove snow from his hair; a futile attempt, considering it was lightly snowing.

The snow matches the white streak in Tommy’s hair, and Ranboo’s mind flashes to an allium for just a moment.

“*Yes,*” Ranboo answers, and tries not to think too much of the Endern-Name that Edward has given Tommy.

He fails, but the snow is cold on his nose, Tommy’s eyes are a joyful blue, and he can almost let out a *vwwhoop!* of happiness because this- *this* is family.

This is family, and so, *so, good.*

--

Fundy stares awkwardly at Phil. Phil stares back just as awkwardly.

They both shuffle into their respective houses silently.

“Fuckin’ old man,” Fundy mutters.

“Fuckin’ furry,” Phil mutters.

--

Ranboo can’t help but *love* the nether. It is so unfortunately too-hot, but the more hybrid-part of him most definitely adores being near his kind. It makes sense? His kind had always lived near each other in the end, right? So of course he was going to love being near his other kind. Edward *was* kin, but there was nothing as amazing as the large sense of community Ranboo got from other enders.

“Ranboob, your tail is fucken’ smacking me in the face,” Tommy complained.

“Boo-hoo,” Ranboo says, this time making his tail smack Tommy in the face.

“Boob boy-!”

Techno rolls his eyes fondly as the two chase each other through the nether. Good thing he packed tons of potions of fire resistance. Already, the feeling of going into hibernation is getting into him. The warmth makes him sleepy, and knowing that the runts are healthy and *okay* makes him feel that they’re safe enough for him to rest.

He reminds himself they have to make it to Ranboo’s base, first. They don’t go to Techno’s base because it’s closer to the piglins and he will *not risk anything*. The second they reach Ranboo’s base, he might just collapse. Well, the second they reach Ranboo’s base and Techno makes sure they are fed and safe and warm.

Then, immediately, that reassurance to himself is broken to pieces by a *familiar* voice coming from the *pool of lava*.

“Tommy Innit?”

Ender, why couldn’t they ever catch a break?!

--

“Jack Manifold?” Tommy stares at Jack like he isn’t there. Maybe he isn’t. Tommy wouldn’t *know*, and he can’t *breathe*. No, no- he’s *breathing*, but something is wrong-? What is wrong-?

(“*Tommy*,” is whispered into his ears, soft but so, so cruel, and Tommy **knows** what’s going to happen next, but-)

“Tommy?” Ranboo steps forward, gently putting his hand on Tommy’s shoulder, but *no*- Dream used to do that, but-

Ranboo is different. Because of course he is. His hand is gentle, but not in the way Dream's were. Dream's hands were gentle like Tommy was glass. Ranboo's hand is gentle because he is unsure. Ranboo's hand is gentle because he cares. Ranboo's hand is gentle and his nails don't dig into Tommy's shoulder.

This is *Ranboo*, and if- if anything, Ranboo he can trust. (Tommy tries not to think about how he's not sure if he could say the same for Techno. Tommy tries not to think about how if it were Techno's hand, he'd still be just as panicked.)

"I'm-," Tommy takes in a large breath, just to make sure he really *is* breathing, "I'm fine, Ranboob."

Ranboo looks like he doesn't quite believe him, but wisely mentions nothing of it. Tommy turns his gaze back to Manifold.

"Manifold, is that really you?" Tommy asks, but in just mere seconds his gaze returns to Ranboo, as if asking if Jack Manifold is there for Ranboo, too.

Ranboo seems to understand, and nods. There's a spark of empathy- of *understanding* in his eyes. Tommy wonders, out of the three of them, who has had the worst hallucinations.

...Prime, they're all so fucked up.

Jack Manifold's voice interrupts Tommy's thoughts.

"Yeah. It's...it's me, Tommy," Jack Manifold answers, before looking down to himself. "I don't really know what *me* is, though."

"Pardon?" Tommy squints at Jack Manifold, trying to discern what's different. Nothing, except that behind Jack Manifold's blue-and-red theater sunglasses, there's a glow- *wait a fuckin' moment*.

Never one to hesitate, Tommy grabs the sunglasses off of Manifold's bald head, before almost dropping them in shock.

“Oh my Prime!” Tommy gasps, before moving his hands into the sign for W-A-P. *Worship and Prayer.*

“What? Why’d you take my glasses?” Jack Manifold says, glaring with his *bright yellow eyes that were glowing yellow.*

“Your eyes, mate,” Tommy says, still in shock.

Ranboo responds, too, “Check your *eyes.* ”

Techno, who has been glaring at Jack this entire time, squints, before putting on his glasses. His jaw drops, before he whispers, “Your eyes are glowing. Is that new, or-?”

“YES, it’s *NEW!* What the hell, why-” Jack Manifold stops mid-sentence, brow furrowed and looking down to himself.

Then to the lava he’s casually standing in.

Eventually, he looks back up to them.

“Advice for the smart: do *not* decide to revive yourself, it sucks, and apparently turns you into a mob-”

They all break into arguments and yelling. Ah, and a lot of cursing from one Tommy Innit.

Chapter End Notes

thank you for reading!!! pls tell me what u think of jack. and today's chapter in general.

oh and tell me whenever ur missing michael and tubbo bc i forget abt them sometimes
DAJODOOANWADO-

have a lovely day or night <3

Chapter Summary

uhm hi.

so. hello guys! it's me, the author and uh. yeah. i somewhat abandoned this fic??

i'm sorry for leaving without a word and only saying something months later but i simply have no plot, and kind of left the dsmp fandom. i thought school was just kicking my ass (read: it was), but i also lost motivation for the fic as like comments lowered and ideas stopped coming. i'm sorry to say this will probably be discontinued or at the very least will be on hiatus for longer considering the fact that I had no update schedule or any chapters ready. again i'm really sorry. it sucks when a fic ends especially when you liked it, and i always hate when that happens, but i hope y'all can still enjoy what was written so far. and now, the dump of all the stuff i had planned for this fic!

SNIPPETS:

The Legend of The Twins | Past Twins

The following is the legend of The Twins, two Guardians of whom are connected; and how they fell apart.

Guardians are formed in the most mysterious of ways. Some rise from the spirit of a mortal, becoming their counterpart. Some are born the same day as their counterparts. Other times, a counterpart mortal forms after a God becomes a Guardian.

Alas, that was not it for the Twins. There are many myths for the two; they were born together and died together.

However, the Twins were not twins in the sense humans thought of them as. No, before the Twins were Twins, they were one and another. They were Gods.

One a God of Mischief, the other a God of Nature. Both were stuck upon the Land of the Gods, but were the closest of friends. They were young gods; not young like humans but they'd only been born in the last few decades or so. One would expect the two to have conflicting natures, but instead they both seemed to fit together perfectly.

Then, on the mortal plane a friendship was made. A bond seemingly unbreakable, strong enough to turn Gods to Guardians. And suddenly, the two Gods were reborn as the Twins.

The friendship is unknown yet known all the same; the friendship of a blond with mischievous eyes and a brunette with a fondness for nature. The identities of their mortal counterparts are unknown and for good reason.

If the friendship of the counterparts is to fall apart, the Twins will split - one of the Twins to wreak havoc upon the world, and the other stuck in despair. It's said one's anger will burn one half of the world, and the other's tears will flood the other half.

So it is best their bond stays unbreakable. The Twins are harmonious and unstoppable together, but apart they are destructive, cruel, and susceptible to pain.

After all, only Guardians retain their powers while on the mortal plane.

--

There are many different Gods and Guardians. If a God becomes a Guardian, a new God will be made to replace them. Sometimes, Guardians are replaced in a way.

For example; the Twins used to be a title and not Guardian name; the title was used for the Guardian of Chaos and Guardian of Alcohol.

The two were close; they laughed together and did just as the Twins do now. They would pull pranks, would manipulate the land around them for their games, even. They had a bond - they promised to be friends for life. They were certain their mortal counterparts would not break their friendship. Alas, it was known who the mortal counterparts were. [-----] and [-----] lived near the Dream SMP, in an era of peace. The counterpart of DreamXD manipulated [-----r] and [S-----], and their friendship fell apart.

The Guardian of Chaos and Guardian of Alcohol became miserable; they both knew that their counterparts would soon die. It was inevitable. They would be reborn once more as ghosts.

The two Guardians, no longer Twins in title, but now strangers, said their good-byes, hoping at least in the Afterlife and as ghosts they could become friends.

They hoped.

--

Ranboo traced over the last words etched into the page. The Twins.. The *Twins*. Who?

The current Twins were most likely Tubbo and Tommy. Tubbo.. Tubbo was changing. Tubbo was different. Something was wrong with him. Tommy was hurt. Something in Tommy was broken.

Tommy and Tubbo were no longer friends. Maybe..? Maybe they were...?

Ranboo shook his head, trying to find more evidence of the God of Alcohol, the Past Twins, or anything more. It seemed like this legend was the only thing that mentioned the God of Alcohol and God of Chaos other than the *Recorded Evidence of Guardians*.

Sighing as he looked around at the stacks of books he had yet to read, Ranboo picked up a small book, barely a few chapters long. It was a saved journal of some random peasant or something.

He flipped through the pages, eyes caught on the description of the peasant's sight of a Guardian.

"...he wore robes of blue, and his eyes were closed as he laid against the trunk of a birch tree. He was sleeping, in a plain with only one tree. It was weird, y'know? Random man, sleeping in the middle of a plain with nobody nearby for miles. Only came across him when i was travelin... he woke up, and his eyes were different colors! Weird, i tell ya. I asked him who he was, and he said, "Guardian of Sleep and.. Isolation." It was really weird."

Ah.

Ranboo grabbed his notes for the Guardians, adding in a note on *GeorgeNootFound*'s notes, and making a whole new section for the *Past Twins* and *God of Alcohol*.

--

so yeah^^ that was lore actually meant to be included in a chapter, but then i realized it'd be more fun to simply not give y'all that lore until later, or in a special chapter.

there's still more ehe

God of Isolation and Sleep; The Relationship Between Guardian and Mortal Counterpart

George is the closest to his Guardian counterpart. His Guardian is him and he is his Guardian; they are one in the same yet different. Their relationship is complicated and confusing to others. How a Guardian and Mortal Counterpart can be One without being Ghost is unheard of.

Yet they work. In a strange way, it makes sense.

George has always been alone, in his own way. He may have been close to others, but eventually he drifts away. The conflict of others has never interested him. He has tried to include himself to their wars, to their elections; but not once did attachment grow in his chest. Fondness for some people, yes. But maybe he just knew he should be alone.

There were people he was fond of. Dream, one of the only people who understood his loneliness but stayed with him anyways; Dream who looked at him like he hung the stars. It bewildered him, but made him feel *warm*. George was cold, and Dream was warm.

Sapnap, as well. Sapnap who was fire and everything George was not; the two clashed in what George assumed were friendly ways all the time. The two were opposites; George who preferred being alone and Sapnap who craved human affection. Still, Sapnap was.. Kind.

George rarely let people become close to him; he kept everybody at a distance. So when those few people close to him *hurt him*..

He was reminded why he liked being alone in the first place.

George, every so quietly in an almost plead, "Dream, just say you hate me."

It hurt. It hurt *so much*. Even if George had no care for being king; for rule or any of the such - he'd taken the gesture from Dream and treasured it. To have it taken from him, from the same person who handed the crown to him- *it burned*. George is always so *cold*, and the hurt burns him, the warmth he gained from their affections turning into a raging fire that only *burned*.

In a nervous tone, Dream answers, "George, come on now- you're being dramatic."

And the hurt turns to rage; emotions of which George keeps so distant from himself suddenly turn into a fire so strong he imagines this is what Sarnap must feel everyday to be as he is.

--

George knew lots of things; he could see what each side would do next. He knew exactly what would happen next; the possibilities and what he *knows* people will do. Some days, he questions how he knows so much, but he doesn't really think about this much.

He just *knows*. And perhaps, it is because he knows that he stays away from the drama and *war*. It is a choice; to distance himself from the conflict that only ends in *pain*. Maybe others would view it as cowardly and selfish; and maybe it was. Still, George knew it was the only way to be *happy*. To leave. To be alone. To isolate oneself.

He had done it before; it would not hurt to do it again. Being alone was a part of him. He had known it all would have ended with him all by himself once more.

(And maybe, it was that reassurance that allowed him to take the hurt and pain that had grown into a fire and douse it with water; he had known this would happen. He'd had this bucket of water next to him the entire time, after all. And how much could a fire hurt with a brick wall for separation?)

--

yeahhh!! gogy. i remmeber having lots of fun with gogy and his counterpart.

Fun Plot things:

- Slimescicle was going to be an all-knowing god.

- Ranboo was a prince of the End, which I think I made obvious. His god-counterpart, Enderboo, closed off entry to the End after Ranboo was kidnapped by the other gods. Ranboo was to later find out about his kingdom and use the end-portal in Karl's Library to make his way back. It was kind of Ranboo's mission to restore entry to the End when needed/when it was safe. ...Also Enderboo had to sacrifice himself to close the entry to the End so oof.

- Karl, who had disappeared for a majority of the fic (in case you didn't notice), was acting ruler of

the End.

- Ranboo and Karl would then work together to stop the gods' fighting. Techno would help too obviously,, so would everyone else :D

I had a lot planned out for the fic but nothing necessarily written. I hope this much is enough for you guys to imagine a happy future, as I imagine it to be Ranboo constantly traveling between the End and the Overworld and Nether with Techno.

(PS: The Egg likely would've been destroyed by Jack working together w Tubbo and Tubbo's nukes.)

End Notes

Thanks for reading ! For anything you wanna know about me just check out my profile, such as my social medias, blanket permissions, and my pronouns (she/they/he)!

I love comments so if you feel like it, please do leave one! I'd love to see what you all think about this fic ;)

also: oh my god oh my god this lovely person bear drew techno in the apron,,, im in love: [here!](#)

fanart for chapter 22 as well!! : [here!](#)

ALSO I drew art. :) for my own fic ik ik but uh :] hi? it's george and his guardian counterpart <3 [tada!](#)

Reminder to Literally Anybody: This is expected to be very long, and the myths will overtake canon. the myths and lore I've created is slowly overtaking this story? Uncertain. All the lore & backstory I've made is essentially to connect all the plots in canon while sticking to this story.

Aka: This fic will be following along with events in canon to an extent. There's still canon divergence, obviously, but I'm following along with the new events in canon. For example, I will be adding in the egg & related events soon (hopefully a smooth transition or so).

Essentially, as new plot comes out in the dsmp, I will also be adding a Reflection of Oneself sort of version for that plot. Does this count as an au?

Anyways, yeah. Expect me to include (and kill) canon in this fic <3

and! JOIN THE DISCORD! (yup i made one!):[discord!](#)

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